

The Webs We Weave

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The Webs We Weave

by [apscribbles](#)

Summary

Eight years ago Tony Stark tracked down Peter Parker to come to Germany.

Eight years, a fight with The Avengers and a personal battle with a man that went by Vulture passed.

Peter Parker had put a lot of thought into his decision and left Tony Stark behind. Who wanted to be involved with someone who blackmailed him into a battle he was unprepared for and then wanted to control every task he got involved with.

A collapsed building would never leave Peter's mind.

Eight years and Tony hasn't given up the pursuit to reunite with him.

Peter has no interest in reconnecting.

Notes

Just incase you missed it in the tags, my grammar is horrendous and I often find myself not proofreading my work. I can only beg forgiveness.

Chapter One

Tony Stark could be labeled a lot of things, but patient wasn't one of them. People had always had a habit of falling all over themselves to get any attention they could from him. It was extremely rare to have someone deny him their time and attention. While he had long accepted that lack of behavior from the other Avengers and Pepper, there was one person who he could *not* accept it from.

Peter Parker.

The boy had spent the last eight years avoiding him and anything to do with him. Spider-Man had even taken up avoiding any fights that involved The Avengers and if he did join, he left without a word once it was over. The spider themed hero had even turned down multiple offers to join the team, much to their disappointment. Of course, Tony would never admit he most likely was the cause behind his refusal. No, Peter Parker was making it very clear his involvement with any thing Tony Stark related was over completely.

It was driving Tony insane.

From the moment he had met the 15 year old, he knew he was something special. Tony had no doubt he could mold the boy into an amazing hero. Everything had started off so well, that was, until Peter's idol worship vanished under a collapsed building. Peter Parker no longer wanted Tony Stark as a mentor.

The suit Tony had made him was returned as soon as the Vulture had been taken care of. Tony found it on his desk with a yellow post-it note explaining it, and anything else Tony could offer, wouldn't be needed or accepted again. At first Tony had assumed Peter had just been overwhelmed by what had happened and needed some time to deal with things, so he left him alone. A month went by before Tony decided Peter had had enough time and as he prepared to call the boy, a news flash caught him by surprise. A fire in an apartment building in Queens was being reported by the local news. As firefighters gathered and people crowded around the building there was a shout of surprise. Tony watched in shock as Spider-Man swung into the building, quickly flying back out with an infant in his arms. He lowered himself to the ground and handed off the baby to a sobbing, thankful mother. Tony was rooted to the spot as people notably praised the return of their local hero. His new suit was similar in extent to the one Tony had given him, but it obviously wasn't Tony's suit. No, this suit had been created by someone else. Tony's heart clenched.

Tony kept close watch on the hero for the following few months. His fighting skills had dramatically increased and so had his confidence. It occurred to Tony that Peter was most likely training with someone on the side. Whoever it was, they were very good.

Hell's Kitchen. Daredevil. Spider-Man. The words were being connected more commonly than not as Tony kept a close eye on Peter's nightly movements. While none of The Avengers ever paid much attention to the vigilante from the area known as Hell's Kitchen, Tony suddenly found himself *very* invested. It was well known Daredevil stuck prominently to that part of town, it had Tony wondering how Spider-Man had become involved. He tried hard to ignore the grim thoughts that Peter had taken up with the man to get the training and mentorship he was no longer interested in from Tony. The thought was depressing. All his grand plans for the growth of both Peter and Spider-Man were quickly slipping through his fingers.

Looking out over New York from his office in Avenger's Tower, Tony sighed as his call went straight to voicemail. It didn't matter how often Peter changed his phone number, he would keep trying. He knew he hadn't exactly done best by the kid, but damnit, he was trying to make amends! If Peter would just stop acting like a child and answer his calls, everything could be worked out and be fine. Peter would get the even more improved suit Tony had made and then accept The Avenger's offer. If Peter would only answer his phone!

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Peter Parker had not missed Tony Stark in the past eight years. It didn't help that the man was persistent in trying to talk to him. After Vulture had been taken care of, Peter had had a long talk with May and then returned Tony's suit. He had debated returning to being Spider-Man at all, but May had insisted he not let Tony keep him from what he felt was right. She had quoted his Uncle Ben's advice that with great power came great responsibility. While Peter took to creating technical elements for his new suit, May had worked diligently to help put it together. The two had many discussions about Peter's return to the streets before May finally asked if Peter knew anyone he could get some hero advice from. Knowing how much she worried, Peter set out to find someone he could confide in. His first stop was Reed Richards. The Fantastic Four were well known for their heroic efforts, but Spider-Man was considered a vigilante, and Reed had suggested he find someone that better fit that role. It was then he had been sent to find a man known as Daredevil. Their first meeting had been rocky, but after finally getting to tell his story, the man had quickly taken Peter in. He offered all the advice and training he could to the new, and young, hero. As time went on, Peter and Matt had revealed their identities to each other, and developed a close relationship. Matt had become the closest thing to a father figure since Ben had died. May had been thrilled.

Over time, Peter began to let the fear that Tony would out him to The Avengers, and use it to force him to join, eased. It nagged in the back of his mind the longer the years went on, but the severity of it had decreased. With the decrease in concern came the increase in freedom. No longer worrying about impressing Tony left room for Matt to push Peter to do his best and if he messed up, just learn from it and do better next time. There was no pressure from Matt to be perfect on the first go.

It didn't stop the dance Tony and Peter seemed to be having though. Stark Industries could often keep Tony busy for months on end, which Peter was always thankful for. Time would pass and Peter would begin to think Tony had given up, then he would receive a call or an email. After eight years Peter had yet to figure out why Tony kept reaching out to him.

It had been a month since Tony's last call. The call was followed by an email later that week. It wasn't really usual for Tony to try to get ahold of him so close together. Peter looked at the large tower in the distance. His legs dangled over the edge of the building he was sitting on. He pulled his mask up just above his nose and blew out a breath. It had been a pretty quiet night and for once he was thankful. He was still nursing a heavily bruised side from a recent fight gone bad. A soft thud, followed by a sweet smell came from behind him.

"Evening Spider. Word on the streets is Daddy Warbucks is growing testy about his little prodigy avoiding home." the silky voice held a tone of amusement. Peter turned to take in the green eyes twinkling with laughter behind the black mask. Felicia Hardy made her way towards him, her hips swaying as her skin tight leather outfit left very little to the imagination. She smiled as she sat down

beside him.

"Well he can get over it. Annie is doing just fine." Peter rolled his eyes and leaned back on his hands.

"He's causing the other Avenger's to take a heightened interest in you. If you keep up this avoidance game, you may find yourself in a forced confrontation. They know you're involved with Daredevil, and that you've been seen with me."

"Seriously Cat? He's gonna send a barely recovered team to retrieve me?" Peter frowned.

"They're far from broken Spider. You really need to start paying attention to the biggest group of heroes in the city. They're even more united now and it's really putting a damper on business." Felicia pouted and tossed up the middle finger towards the large Avenger's Tower. Peter chose to ignore her complaints that her endeavors were being thwarted.

"Well, I want no part of Tony Stark and that includes The Avengers."

Felicia sighed as she turned back to him.

"You know I'm completely behind your decision, but it doesn't mean I don't worry. If The Avengers do decide to bring you in, you may not be able to keep that pretty face hidden. They'll want to know since none of them kept their Identities secret from each other."

Peter took another deep breath. "Tony's not a monster. I may not be his biggest fan but I don't think he's hurt me that way. However, if he thinks having The Avengers get involved in trying to force my hand is a good idea, he's mistaken. I don't have time for someone who thinks taking away a suit would stop me from being APider-Man. I have a permanent scar on my back as a reminder the suit isn't what makes me able to fight. My brain is my biggest asset. If I had been less focused on the suit and how I needed to impress Tony, I probably could have handled things better. I was Spider-Man before Tony Stark, and I've remained Spider-Man after him."

The two sat silently for a moment before Felicia spoke.

"I don't disagree with you Spider. I just want to make sure I'm free for a fight if it comes down to it." She winked.

Peter paused and studied her face. Felicia had become a staple in his life the past three years. They're first run in had been him stopping her from robbing a jewelry store, which had only led to her amusement. Over the next few months she had taken to trying larger heists just to lure him out. The longer they interacted, the encounters started to shift until they eventually found themselves in bed together. They revealed their Identities to each other and dated a year before calling it quits and becoming friends with benefits.

"Don't even start Parker." Felicia frowned, interrupting his thoughts. "I know that look and I'll rat you out to May and daddy Daredevil if you try to take all this on alone." she said crossing her arms.

"Sometimes it worries me how much you talk to May and that you feel comfortable enough approaching Daredevil to tattle on me."

Felecia chuckled as she ran her finger down his cheek and on to his chest.

"Together or not, you'll always be my spider. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a date to get to." She grinned as she placed a quick peck on his lips and stood up.

"Kiss and run? You tease you!" Peter grinned at her.

"Oh you know where I am anytime lover." she smirked over her shoulder and slapped her ass with a giggle. "Now go do that deep thinking you do whenever I bring you big news. I'm going to have some fun."

Peter watched as she disappeared over the side of the building. He didn't feel like putting thought in to what she had told him this time. Stretching slowly to avoid aggravating his bruises, he decided to call it a night. Maybe he needed to follow Felicia's lead and try dating again. As he swung off the building back towards Aunt May's, he knew that wasn't going to happen though.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Tony is keeping secrets.
Peter bonds with his mentor.

Chapter Notes

I'm not happy with this way this chapter starts. I don't think it fits with the tone of the first chapter. I may edit it later.

**So now I'm REALLY 1,000 shades of "ehh" about this chapter. An entire section was lost during transfer and I, for once, didn't have a physical copy of it. I could have cried!!

I have a tone I'm trying to get across and the loss of that section has just screwed with me. And edit is most likely to happen at some point now.

I also apologize for not writing a longer chapter.

"Tony? You in here?"

"Just a sec!"

Steve heard papers rustling as he entered the door to Tony's workspace. Tony was frantically gathering papers and shoving them into a folder.

"You need something honey?" Tony asked, shoving the folder into his desk.

"Just that lunch is here. Everything ok?"

Tony watched as Steve's bright blue eyes glanced to where he had put the folder.

"Who's joining today?"

Steve raised an eyebrow, detecting Tony's obvious deflection. Despite his now peaked curiosity, he decided to let it go for now.

"Us, Clint, Nat, Rhodey and Pepper."

The two made their way to the elevator. Tony could feel the questions radiating off Steve, but luckily he didn't ask them. He hated not telling the man what he had been doing, but there were some things Tony wasn't ready to open up about.

After everything that had happened between them, keeping secrets wasn't something Tony was proud of.

Two years after the fight in Germany, the missing members of the Avengers had returned from Wakanda with a much improved Bucky Barnes.

Tension had been off the chart as the two groups wondered if they could ever be one again.

It had taken Pepper Potts losing her shit to turn the tables. After an hour of the CEO putting everyone in their place, she created mandatory group sessions with the goal of drawing everyone back together.

It had gone terribly for five months before the fights turned to reluctant discussions. Three months later tolerance. Two months after that, acceptance. One month later, forgiveness.

Somewhere in between acceptance and forgiveness, Tony Stark and Steve Rogers found something else.

A year after the return of Steve and his group, The Avengers were completely back together and Tony and Steve were completely in love.

No one was surprised.

Now, Tony was keeping secrets from Steve. After five years, he still hadn't told the man about his private attempts to reunite with Spider-Man. There was no reason to broadcast their history. When Peter joined finally accepted his place on the team, Tony was positive they would come to an understanding. No, he didn't like hiding things from the team, especially Steve, but Tony Stark didn't exactly have the best history of admitting fault. It didn't matter though. His perfect opportunity to bring Peter in was quickly approaching, and Tony had already set his plans in motion.

The sound of raised voices was heard as soon as the elevator door opened. Clint and Rhodey were arguing over which pizza toppings were best while Nat and Pepper watched.

"You don't know what you're talking about! The best topping is- of course STEVE would be able to drag Tony out the lab!" Rhodey grinned, catching sight of the two.

"Thank goodness." Pepper rolled her eyes. "I was getting tired of talking to your forehead when I called."

"What you got cookin down there anyway?" Clint asked, rummaging through the boxes of pizza.

"Just some suit designs. I can't get the ideas out of my head." Tony replied quickly, grabbing a slice of pizza and heading to the table. Steve raised an eyebrow and Natasha watched Tony carefully before turning back to Pepper. Soon, friendly conversation and jokes filled the room.

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"What do you know about Spider-Man?"

Steve looked up from the counter he was wiping. Everyone had returned to where they had been while Steve had stayed behind to straighten up. Natasha crossed her arms and leaned against the counter, watching him closely.

"Nothing really. Tony doesn't really talk about him. It's obvious though that the two had a falling out."

"So why's he so adamant we get him to join the team? It's especially increased recently."

Steve looked down at the counter, thinking. Tony rarely mentioned anything about his brief involvement with the young hero. They all knew Tony was the reason the kid had been in Germany. The boy had seemed so eager to impress. Steve would be lying if he had never wondered what had happened between the two, if anything.

“I won’t say I’m not curious, Nat. I’ve wanted to ask, but Tony is extremely tight lipped about it. I’ve considered asking Pepper but I don’t want to betray Tony’s trust.”

Nat nodded. Her brows furrowed for a moment before she sighed. “He’s got plans for a highly advanced suit for the kid.”

“Wha-how do you know that?” Steve asked with wide eyes.

“I make it my business to know when someone is shorting me on information. He keeps the plans in a folder in his desk in the lab.”

“That’s what he was shoving in the draw when I got there.” Steve frowned.

“Why is he so closed lipped about him? Why create a suit for a kid who has turned us down multiple times?”

“Maybe there’s nothing to it. Maybe he’s just hopeful. Spider-Man seems like a good kid.”

“Maybe.” Natasha frowned. “Then again, he doesn’t seem to keep the best company.”

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“Take your chocolate milk, wrap up in your blankie you got there, and get off my counter top. Toddlers sit on the couch.”

Peter pouted as he slid off the countertop and pulled the blanket tighter around him. He took his drink and shuffled over to the couch, partially falling on it dramatically.

“Just because you traded in all your childlike wonder for suits and ties, doesn’t mean the rest of us did.”

“Tell me that when you’re no longer a struggling college kid lying to his Aunt about his piss poor finances. If I didn’t supply you with food you’d be dead from starvation with your metabolism.”

Matt Murdock did NOT pull his punches or his words. Most of the time Peter appreciates the honesty, but this was NOT one of those times.

“Thanks Matt.” Peter deadpanned.

“You know I’d be willing to help you out Pete.” Matt sighed as he joined Peter in the couch.

Peter looked across the couch. Once the blind vigilante had taken him in, Peter had come to see him as a father figure. He hadn’t felt that way about anyone since Uncle Ben had died. He had thought at one time Tony might fill that role, but that had ended quickly. Matt seemed to slip into the roll effortlessly. If he was honest, Peter really liked the feeling.

“I know, but you already help with food and I really want to carry my own weight.”

Matt smiled softly at him.

"It's late Pete. Just stay here tonight and head out in the morning."

Peter just smiled into his chocolate milk.

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Peter yawned as he left his last class of the day. He stopped at a trash can and dumped the empty lunch bag Matt had left him this morning.

Peter snickered at the parental action.

Daredevil might be an imposing and feared vigilante, but Matt Murdock was a total softie.

Looking at his watch, he decided to make his way to May's. She had made him promise to join her for supper that evening.

He had just left the campus when his phone began to ring. He checked the caller ID and was surprised to see Harry's name. He had mixed feelings about Harry these days. After Spider-Man had put his father behind bars, he always felt anxious around his friend. Harry however, had never seemed happier, and Peter tried to keep that in mind.

"Hey Harry."

"Hey Pete. You got time to meet me for supper tonight?" Harry asked with a smile to his voice.

"I'd like to, but Aunt May made me promise to eat with her tonight." Peter replied.

"She'd kill you if you missed." Harry laughed. "How about tomorrow? I've got something important I want to talk to you about."

"If this is your way of tricking me into being your third wheel while you propose to MJ, I'll choke you." Peter said flatly.

"Like I'd beat around the bush with that Pete. No, this is something I want to discuss with you."

"Ok Harry. You got me for tomorrow night. Just let me know when and where."

"Sure thing. See you tomorrow." Harry said cheerfully before ending the call.

Peter stared at phone blankly. He and Harry hadn't spent any time together since Norman had been arrested as the Green Goblin. The young Osborn had been placed in charge of his father's company, leaving very little time for himself. It seemed odd that Harry would make it a point to meet with him while still in transition.

A ting brought his attention back to his phone. A text from May lit up the screen.

*Will you pick up some milk on your way here?*

*Sure thing.*

Shrugging off Harry's call, Peter shoved his phone back in his pocket and headed to supper with

May.

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Summary

#### LOTS OF LIBERTIES TAKEN.

Job offers. Job offers everywhere.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"How's Matt?" May smiled as she placed a plate of roast and potatoes on the table.

"He's Matt." Peter grinned.

"He made fun of your chocolate milk addiction again. Well, he's not wrong." she shrugged with a smirk.

"Aunt May!" Peter gasped in mock offense.

"You're 23 and drinking chocolate milk while perched on countertops."

"I don't always drink it while on countertops, and chocolate milk knows no age." Peter huffed, shoving a spoonful of potatoes into his mouth.

"You're maturity gives me hope for the future."

"Well let me impress you further by telling you I'm meeting Harry for supper tomorrow."

May's eyes lit up in excitement.

"Oh Peter, I'm so glad! I've been worried about him with everything going on. More so Peter, I've been worried about *you*. I know how you feel about what happened."

Peter frowned as he looked at his plate.

"I helped put his father away for good, Aunt May."

"Spider-Man did his job and stopped a dangerous threat. Peter Parker was there to comfort his best friend. Harry did grieve honey, but not for his father being locked away. He grieved for the people hurt and for himself. I watched the two of you grow up Peter. Harry wanted nothing more than to be close to his father. Norman never really paid him any attention. They never had a relationship to ruin. Harry grew up fully aware of Norman's shortcomings. Harry's not mad at Spider-Man. If anything, he's relieved that everyone, including his father, is now safe from Green Goblin."

Peter looked up into his aunt's face. Her gentle smile eased his growing anxiety.

"Of course, Harry isn't the only one dealing with things."

"MJ." Peter breathed.

"She's been calling me occasionally. She's trying to find out what's been going on with you." May nodded.

"I've been using Harry's transition in OsCorp as my out. MJ and Harry are a couple, it's hard to see one and not the other."

"I figured." May sighed as she looked at her nephew. "Peter, please don't meet Harry with guilt hanging over you."

Peter took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

"If it helps, go meet him with the knowledge that he was head over heels in love with you through middle and high school."

Peter choked on his food while May smirked in fake innocence over the rim of her glass.

Peter yawned as he fell on to his bed. He only felt mildly embarrassed at being 23 and still basically living at home. May never asked why he didn't find his own place. Despite Matt's teasing, they both assumed May was fully aware of Peter's financial woes. Living with May allowed Peter to pretend, if only to himself, that he had plenty of money and could help her keep their home. After Uncle Ben had died, Peter made it his priority to put May's needs first when he could.

"Goodnight sweetheart." May smiled as she entered the room.

"Love you, Aunt May." he smiled as she kissed his forehead.

"Love you too, Peter"

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Tony groaned as he flopped down in his chair.

"Rough meeting?" Steve asked as he entered Tony's lab.

"Ross is kicking around talk of the Accords again."

Steve frowned as Tony rubbed his temples.

"I thought they dropped it after everything with Bucky? If we had operated by the accords, Bucky would be locked up and the real threat still loose."

Tony frowned at the mention of the once Winter Soldier. While he had come a long way in his feelings about the man, occasionally the hurt over his parents would return. Steve was right though. If things had gone through with the Accords, the surviving Hydra problem could have been a major threat.

"He's nothing if not persistent." Tony sighed.

"No one even likes that man. I can't figure out how he still has his job." The two men looked at the

door as Pepper Potts walked in.

"It wasn't a problem till we started acting like a team out in the field again. When we were staying out the way, they didn't want to push us. Bucky saved us in that aspect. Once it was 'leaked' that a man suffering from years of physical and mental torcher wasn't being offered real help, Ross couldn't risk lashing out."

"That 'leak' sure was something." Steve grinned slyly.

"Even if there was no leak, he'd still be wasting his time." Pepper smirked triumphantly. "Fresh on the table, Charles Xavier and Reed Richards have voiced concerns about the Accords. Xavier is concerned about how slippery a slope those Accords create. His school is safe place to help mutants learn to control their powers so they can live without fear. He worried that if the Avengers are governed in such a way, then they'll eventually try to branch out them. Reed feels the same."

"Well, with that news my worries just decreased significantly."

Steve smiled at Tony's lightened mood.

"So what bring you down to the depths, Pep?" Tony asked as he stood up, latching himself to Steve. Steve smiled and wove his arms around the slightly smaller man.

"You two are disgustingly sweet." Pepper faked gagged. "Anyway, I'm here with the plans for your 'intern program'."

Steve raised an eyebrow at her tone. He was definitely missing something.

"I just want to extend an opportunity to a deserving college kid." Tony responded casually to Steve's questioning look. "I know a teacher who I trust to give me a good candidate."

"Are you sure about that?" Steve asked.

"If I don't like the choice, I've already got a backup plan." Tony shrugged.

"Who?"

"A kid named Harley Keener."

Pepper crossed her arms and frowned after Steve left the lab for them to finalize things.

"This is a waste of time. You might as well go ahead and bring in Harley." she sighed.

"I know what I'm doing Pep. It's not like he's in a position to turn it down."

"You're backing him in to a corner by going through his professor."

"I'm aware." Tony replied, refusing to yield on his decision.

"He's had plenty of time to come talk to you, Tony. You're hot and cold antics don't help either."

"It's not like I've been after the kid constantly. I back off to let him know I'm giving him a chance to think about things. If I keep hounding him, he'll just ignore everything. Besides, I now have a good excuse to reach out to him. He's close to graduating and this is the real chance to bring him in. It's an opportunity for both of us."

Pepper pinched the bridge of her nose.

"You don't even know if he's acknowledged any of your attempts to reconnect!"

Tony raised an eyebrow in disbelief.

"Pepper, I know he's at least looked at the emails. I send important things through email, Pep. I need to know they're received and opened by the person I sent them to. So I created a program that tracks them and the computer they're seen on. It's his. I should figure out a way to track phone messages!"

"Tony, you're pushing even *my* patience here. That's skirting a thin line. It's an invasion of privacy."

"The kid's important to me Pep. I can't just drop him. No matter how stubborn he is, I'll keep pushing. He could be so much more. I didn't do everything right, I can admit that, but that's why he needs to just talk to me."

Pepper rolled her eyes and threw her hands up in resignation.

"Well, I sent the email to Dr. Connors yesterday. You're welcome. Now you'll just have to wait and see what happens."

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"Morning, Dr. Connors." Peter greeted as he entered the man's lab.

"Good morning, Peter. Ready to make a breakthrough?"

"You seem pretty confident today."

Dr. Connors grinned as he showed Peter his notes. They were scribbled on the back of a receipt and several napkins.

"Sudden inspiration?" Peter raised an eyebrow teasingly.

"Never let a thought pass without writing it down Peter. You never know when that random thought could be the answer you were looking for."

For the past few months Peter had been working with his professor for the free hour he had before his class started. He had been excited to the one on one time in the lab.

The two worked in comfortable silence for a while before Dr. Connors cleared his throat. Peter looked up, curious if the man had actually made his breakthrough. After his failed attempt to regrow his arm had left him with a scaly alter ego, the man had drastically changed his goal. It frightened him to know the creature was lurking just below the surface. The two had been working on, what was hopefully, a cure to rid the man of the Lizard for good. If nothing else, they hoped they could at least give full control of his mind and body over to the Doctor even during transformation.

"I saw your picture in The Daily Bugle. How is Spider-Man?"

Peter smiled to himself. After Spider-Man had helped with changing him back after his first transformation and rampage, he had been nothing but grateful. It wasn't often Peter got to feel appreciated.

"Still protecting the city."

A small smile crossed Dr. Connors' face before he turned serious.

"Peter."

"Yeah, Dr. Connors?"

"I received an email yesterday. It took my by surprise, but I'm actually excited to tell you."

Peter looked at him curiously. Dr. Connors smiled proudly at him before continuing.

"It's every teacher's dream to see their student's talents recognized. I can't think of anything better I could have the privilege of telling you."

"Ok, Dr. Connors, you have my complete attention." Peter grinned as he crossed his arms and leaned against one of the lab counters.

"Stark Industries sent me a request for a recommendation for an intern for their company. Its an internship that works directly with Tony Stark. I know it's not the type of field you're leaning towards right now, but you've got top grades in the engineering and physics courses you've taken. It wouldn't be a stretch for you, Peter."

Peter blinked slowly, his mind blank.

"Could you repeat that?"

Dr. Connors chuckled.

"I know its a shock. To be honest, I'm not sure why *I* was who they asked. I'm not exactly the go to person for engineering students. Maybe it's just that Tony and I know each other so he trusts me to find him a good fit. You're grades more than justify me picking you."

"Th-thanks Dr. Connors. I-It's a big deal." Peter stuttered out.

"It's also a fully paid internship Peter. You could quit that pizza delivery gig you try to keep and even give Spider-Man a break from The Bugle."

Peter smiled at his professor, desperately hoping it didn't look as tense and forced as it felt.

"What about our work here?" he asked, grasping for something to ground himself to where he was.

"Peter, I created the formula that turned me into the Lizard. It took me years to do it. I was never expecting this one to be developed overnight. I really want you to think about this, Peter. Lot's of students here would love to get the chance you have. Please, at least take some time to consider it."

Peter groaned internally. There was no way he was gonna share all the reasons he would *not* be taking the offer. Instead, Peter looked at the man's hopeful face and forced another smile.

"Sure Dr. Connors. I'll think about it."

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Peter fidgeted in his chair as he waited on Harry. He tried to follow May's advice, but it was easier said than done. It also didn't help that he kept running his conversation with Dr. Connors over in his head.

"Hey Pete." Harry smiled as he slid into the seat across from him, saving Peter from his thoughts.
"It's been a while.

"Yeah, I know. I just knew things have been busy for you so I didn't want to take time away from you and MJ."

"Well we've both missed."

Peter felt himself relaxing at the sincere tone in Harry's voice. Looking closer, Peter noticed the relaxation in Harry's posture. He honestly couldn't say he had ever seen Harry so lose. Maybe Aunt May had been on to something after all.

The two paused their conversation as a busty waitress bounced up to their table to take their order. She smiled widely at the two before making her way back to the kitchen.

"I'll try to get by and spend some time with the both of you soon." Peter smiled, no longer as worried as before.

"Definitely. Anyway, I'm not here to nag you about being MIA ." Harry chuckled. "I'm here with a proposition."

"Harry Osborn, are you hitting on me? What would MJ say?!" Peter gasped as if scandalized.

"Oh, looks like some oblivious little nerd *just* found out his best friend was in love with him during their school years." Harry rolled his eyes. "Aunt May drop that bomb on you last night?"

"I choked on my food."

"Would you be interested if I *was* offering?" Harry grinned mischievously.

"Are we gonna be exclusive or will MJ be joining us?"

"As if I'd share you after all this time. You'd have to be my sexy side piece. We'd have to be quiet about it around MJ though, she might try to take you for herself."

"Take me Harry?" Peter cried.

The two men watched each other a moment before bursting into laughter.

"Seriously Pete, we've missed you." Harry smiled, his laughter dying down.

"Now that the tempting offer of a hot sex is on the table, I'll see you both Saturday." Peter chuckled.

"Nice. As tempting as that topic is, it's not why we're here."

Peter raised an eyebrow at Harry's tone.

"Something wrong Harry?" Peter asked.

"No. Everything's great actually." Harry smiled brightly. "No, this is about you. I want to hire you Pete. We're looking to strengthen our medical discoveries department. I want to give you your own lab and make you the head of any projects we get."

Peter blinked blankly for the second time that day.

"You're perfect for the position and you're graduating next month. I don't want an answer right now though. I *want* you to think about it. It's a big job to jump in to and I know most graduates don't just slip in to a position so demanding. I wouldn't consider it for anyone else but you. Just think about it and we'll talk about it later."

Peter couldn't respond if he wanted to.

"If it wasn't for the fact I can practically *see* the wheels turning, I'd think I shorted out Peter Parker."

Peter shook his head. He couldn't seem to wrap his mind around Harry's sudden offer.

"I do want you to think about it Pete, just not right now. Right now I want to enjoy a meal and catch up with my best friend."

Peter studied Harry a moment before pushing his offer to the back of his mind. Right now he would also like to enjoy his friend's company. He could save his newest job offer for a typical panic attack later.

Chapter End Notes

I feel like I need to clarify something with Tony. He's not crazy or obsessive over Peter. He's just looking for a way to not be fully at fault for what happened between them. So he's trying to push a confrontation with Peter in hopes of finding a way to patch things up. I've tried to lead that on without flat out saying it, but I don't know if it's working.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

A familiar face returns.

Peter has an encounter of The Avenger variety.

Chapter Notes

[Felicia's texts]

(Peter's texts)

Also, I won't be including Wade's boxes in this story. He didn't always have them in the comics so I'm choosing to stick with that.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Felicia sighed as she stretched. She was disappointed to have spent most of her night out without seeing her spider.

"I could really stand to work off some....stress." she grinned.

"I'd love to help kitty cat, but there's only one for me."

Felicia spun around, ready to fight her unwanted guest. She rolled her eyes in exasperation at the large man in red and black leaned against the rooftop door. Strapped to his back were his signature katanas and favorite two guns holstered on his hips.

"Back in town I see." Felicia smirked, straightening up.

"And looking to catch myself a sexy little spider. I tried big red first. Can you believe he broke my jaw and threw me off a roof? Rude! Anyway, just puts you next on the list sweetie."

"Not tonight. This cat is in need of some attention. The spider is mine tonight, *Deadpool*." she huffed.

"No fair!" Deadpool's shoulders slumped. "You get to see him all the time! How am I supposed to woo him if I can't get any alone time?"

Felicia giggled as the mercenary whined. A familiar sound of webs being shot caught her attention.

"Hey Cat."

The two looked as the man in question dropped down facing her, missing the perking up mercenary.

"You ok?"

"I'm not-" she was unable to finish.

"Spidey!"

"Oh no." Peter groaned before being enveloped in a tight hug and lifted off the ground.

"I've missed you my love!"

"Put me down!"

The man squeezed once more before lowering Peter back to the ground, keeping him locked in-between his arms an close.

Felicia could only watch in amusement as joy radiated off Deadpool while Spider-Man was less than enthused. Looked like her night's plans had changed, but given the circumstances she was that upset about it. She's be lying if she said it didnt entertain her immensely to watch the mercenary and spider continue their game of cat and mouse.

"Well, don't you two look cozy." Cat grinned.

"Cat, please!" Peter glared, struggling out of Deadpool's hold. Despite the fact he was stronger and could have easily broken the hold earlier, Peter couldn't bring himself to intentionally cause the man harm. Deadpool only ever took that as a sign he was wearing the feisty spider down.

"Don't worry Spider, I'll leave the two of you alone so you can catch up. Just remember you're in public boys, so keep it clean." She winked as she walked past the now free Spider-Man, slapping him hard on the ass. Peter yelped at the unexpected contact, watching as the thief blew him a kiss before jumping off the roof and disappearing.

Peter turned to look at Deadpool as the man let out a strangled sound.

"How long before *I* get to slap that perfect ass?"

~~~~~

Peter groaned as he fell face first on to Matt's couch. His face still burned from the embarrassment of fleeing in sheer panic from Deadpool after Black Cat deserted him.

"Traitor." he hushed into the cushions.

A ping from his phone had him fumbling blindly for it where it had fallen to the floor.

[I saw you flee like a scared baby bunny. Is that how all heroes handle things? >D]

Peter glared at the text. She had stayed to watch!

(I hope you know a good lawyer. I'm turning you in the next job you pull.)

[Oooh, I love it when you get all righteous hero. Doesn't matter though, I happen to know a fabulous lawyer in Hell's Kitchen.]

(Matt Murdock only defends Spider-Man. He's on payroll.)

[Last I heard, Spider-Man couldn't afford a payroll.]

(You don't know what Spider-Man's working with.)

[Oh, I know *very well* what Spider-Man is working with. I hear a certain mercenary is extremely interested in finding out as well.]

(I hate you.)

[You're precious.]

Peter stared at his phone. Leave it to Felicia to find utter enjoyment in his humiliation.

(You're loving this.)

[The itsy bitsy spider and the big bad mercenary. It's a love story I'm making! I'm shipping it so hard.]

(I don't know what to do with you.)

[You could always pay me a visit. This talk about what Spider-Man is packing has me a little hot and bothered.]

(You just told me you're supportive of the idea of me, a *hero*, hooking up with a guy who kills for money!)

[I prefer the term anti-hero. Plus we all know he's really cut down on his jobs and what kind they are. He's changing for his love!]

"Peter."

Peter peered over the back of the couch as Matt walked toward him in full Daredevil attire. His shoulders were tense and his brow furrowed. Peter hadn't even heard him come in.

(Matt just got here and he's got his 'we need to talk' face on. Looks like you're on your own kitten.)

[Boo. Next time Spider.]

"Something wrong Matt?" Peter asked, setting his phone on the coffee table.

Matt sighed as he sat in the reclining chair across from him. He remained quiet a moment, resting his elbows on his knees and lacing his fingers under his chin.

"I had a visitor earlier tonight."

Peter raised an eyebrow. It had been a while since Spider-Man and Daredevil had last patrolled together. In the time lapse, Matt rarely ever had anything he felt should involve him. However, given his own night, he had a pretty good idea what Matt was about to say.

"Deadpool is back."

"Yeah, I ran in to him when I found Cat. Apparently he went looking for her after you."

Matt groaned and ran a hand down his face.

"Peter, when was the last time Tony tried contacting you?"

Peter blinked in surprise. Matt never asked about things between him and Tony.

"I heard from him through Dr. Connors today actually. I was offered a paid internship with SI."

Matt sat in stunned silence.

"Is there something I should know?" Peter asked, growing anxious at Matt's silence.

"Peter." Matt took a deep breath. "Deadpool plans to stay in New York for an indefinite amount of time. I want you to avoid him as best you can. Given his obvious interest in you, I know that might be a challenge."

"I can handle Deadpool, Matt." Peter tilted his head in confusion. Matt had never said anything about his interactions with the mercenary before.

"I'm not worried about you handling Deadpool, Pete. I'm worried about you and The Avengers. Every time Deadpool has been around, it's been extremely low-key or The Avengers have been occupied. Deadpool's interactions with you have managed to go unnoticed because of that."

"And it won't stay that way long now." Peter nodded with a sigh. "Especially since The Avengers are free and Tony's looking in to me again."

"I'm sure they already know he's here, Pete. If they find out there's a connection between the two of you, they'll come after you like they do anyone he's involved with. Tony will make sure you get brought in and questioned about him."

Peter watched as Matt stood and made his way to his room to change. He smiled softly to himself at Matt's words. Matt has always respected Peter's skills and judgment. He knew Peter was more than capable of handling himself. No, Matt's concerns mostly centered on anything that unnecessarily put him in the path of Tony.

Laying back on the couch, Peter stared at the ceiling. His mind was sorting through everything that had happened in just the last few hours. While tucked into the safety of Matt's apartment, Peter relaxed and let him mind wonder to his current and unexpected job offers.

Peter snorted.

No contest. He was definitely taking the job at Oscorp. It was exciting to think he was actually going to be able to afford things and help Aunt May more. Harry's excited and hopeful face was unexpected though. It disappointed him to realize he had gotten so used to a tense and anxious Harry that he had unconsciously began to just accept it as Harry's personality. The Harry that offered him the job though, was none of those things. Peter smiled, happy that Harry could now be as well.

His smile fell however at the thought of Dr. Connors excitement at telling him about the Stark internship. Surely he would be just as happy about Oscorp.

Peter sighed.

Just what kind of stunt did Tony think he was pulling? Going through Dr. Connors guaranteed Peter had to at least acknowledge the offer instead of just brushing it off. Making it a paid position only made it a more appealing offer for Dr. Connors to pass along. It was an underhanded and arrogant move. It was completely Tony Stark. Was that why he had tried to contact him more than usual?

Peter growled and threw his arm over his eyes. He lay there a few minutes before he felt Matt stand in front of him.

"Here."

Peter removed his arm and sat up. Matt was holding his favorite cup, which only ever housed one particular drink. Peter grinned and took the offered cup.

"Now, tell me about your day after you left preschool."

---

Matt frowned as he exited the shower and changed. Peter had left to head back to his aunt's an hour ago, a text letting Matt know he had made it home on his phone.

While Matt had been wary of Oscorp, it had become well known that the heir had big plans for positive changes in the company. Peter seemed excited to take the job Harry was offering, and it relieved Matt to know Peter would be better off financially. His feelings on the Stark offer however, were a different story entirely. Matt would be hard pressed to deny that after the past few years he had somewhat adopted Peter as a son.

It hasn't started out that way. In fact, He had dismissed the young hero entirely the first time they met. Daredevil was a lone vigilante and he worked best that way. He had no interest in working with a fresh out of the box crime fighter. However, no matter how much he dodged the wall crawler, Spider-Man kept coming back.

He admitted that when he finally gave in, he was startled by Peter's story and request to be trained. He had been even more startled when the boy had confirmed the age his voice sounded.

How had Tony Stark thought bringing a 15 year old kid to fight highly trained, super enhanced, *adults* was okay?

"I can't, and won't go back to Tony Stark." Peter had said with a stony face.

Matt had nodded, told him to follow and the two set out on their first patrol as mentor and mentee.

He knew Tony had actively been trying to reconnect with Peter during the past eight years. Peter was very open about it, telling him when a new attempt was made. This was a new tactic for the man though. Hit Peter in two out of three of his most vulnerable spots. His mind and his wallet, which round about effected his third spot, Aunt May. Offering Peter a paid position in a high tech lab was like offering water to someone dying of thirst, of course he would want it!

Truthfully, if Harry's offer hadn't come on the heels of Stark's, Matt wasn't sure if Peter would have been able to turn it down. He didn't think Peter himself would know. At least they'd never have to find out.

~~~~~

Peter yawned as he stumbled into the kitchen. He had been out way to late for the light of day to harass him this way.

"Morning sleepy head." May smiled as she cracked an egg into the frying pan. "Hungry?"

"Starving." Peter smiled, kissing her cheek as he got out plates and cups.

"How was dinner with Harry?"

"He offered me a job after graduation next month."

May faltered in her egg stirring before spinning around to give him an excited smile.

"Peter that's wonderful! I told you everything would be fine."

Peter chuckled lightly.

"He really did seem happier than I remember."

"I told you that too." May winked.

"It's still hard Aunt May. I know I should be thrilled I saved so many people and Harry himself, but I still feel weird about it."

"Oh honey." May smiled softly, dividing the eggs between their plates. When she finished, she pulled him into a firm hug. "It's alright Peter. Maybe spending more time with Harry will help. You can keep an eye on him and help make things easier for him."

Peter returned her hug and took a deep, steady breath.

"That wasn't my only job offer though." Peter started slowly.

"Look at you, Mr. Popular! What was the other one?" May laughed as she put bread in the toaster.

"Dr. Connors told me I had been chosen for a paid internship under Tony Stark."

Silence descended on the small kitchen. May stood frozen, her back to Peter.

"May?"

"I'm sorry." May turned slowly towards him. "You were what now? I could swear I heard you say you were offered a place at SI....under Tony Stark."

"Yeah, I was." Peter rubbed the back of his neck nervously.

"Aw, isn't it such a shame SI lost such a valuable potential employee to their *biggest competitor*, Oscorp." May said, fake sympathy thick in her voice.

"Aunt May!" Peter gasped in mock shock.

May rolled her eyes and stuck out her tongue.

"You're gonna be the best employee Oscorp ever had. Stark Industries should be quaking in its

boots." May said firmly and whirled around the kitchen to finish up the rest of breakfast. Peter just smiled.

~~~~~

It wasn't often Peter had free time, so when he did, he spent it out leisurely swinging through the city. He was however, currently on a stakeout of the one nick in his Anti-Tony armor.

Watching the doors to the little hole in the wall coffee shop, Peter waited for The Avenger, James Buchanan Barnes. Better known as Bucky to everyone in Avenger's tower.

The ex-assassin was the only thing about The Avengers that interested him. After all, it was because of him that Tony had drug him out of Queens at all. It also lead to his research of The Sokovia Accords.

Peter growled at the thought of the accords. Tony had brought them up to Peter with the included offer of being a full fledged Avenger. Peter had managed to avoid the whole thing thankfully. Given his ignorance of circumstances and full stories at the time, Peter may have signed without being fully aware of what he was doing. Knowing what he does now, he was relieved to not have gotten caught up in it. The Avengers were a powerful force who only did what they thought was right. Giving control of that type of power to anyone could only lead to an abuse of power with The Avengers taking the blame.

Peter's attention was caught as the man he was waiting for exited the shop. He was being extremely careful to try and blend in to the crowd. Despite the warm weather, the man wore a light jacket, most likely to cover his metal arm. His face was hidden under a low titled baseball hat.

Peter wasn't exactly sure when he had taken up following the man, but it had become a habit. He wondered how the man managed to live under the same roof as Tony given everything that happened. Sometimes it made Peter wonder if he *was* being childish.

No. No, it was better to avoid that line of thinking. Peter knew he was justified in his feelings towards Tony.

What Peter really wanted to know was how the man dealt with the mistrust he was positive had to hang around the team, regardless of their apparent closeness.

The Avengers had been split over him. They had been divided two years before coming back together. Despite the five year passing, Bucky still seemed a little closed off. Unlike the rest of the team, who Peter often saw some of them out together, Bucky was mostly alone. There were times he would be with Steve or Sam, but it mostly seemed he enjoyed going alone.

From his rooftop vantage point, Peter continued his surveillance of the former soldier. Curiously, the man ducked into a secluded alley. Slowly, Peter scaled the wall for a better look.

"You can come out now."

Sighing, Peter dropped behind him.

"You've been tagging me a while, Spider-Man. To what do I owe the pleasure?"

Peter didn't respond, unsure where to go from here. He had been caught off guard by his presence being outed. Although, given his past, Bucky was most likely paranoid about his surroundings. Of

course he would eventually catch on to Spider-Man following him around some.

"Come on kid, what's the story?" Bucky raised an eyebrow and took a sip of his coffee.

"Story?" Peter tilted his head in confusion.

"Yeah. Where you been? The teams been together for five years now and you avoid us as much as you can. After the fight in Germany we figured you'd have a permanent set up at the tower since you were so eager to please. Tony never talks about you. You refuse to talk to him the few times we do cross paths. Inquiring minds want to know kid."

Peter narrowed his eyes under his mask.

"Thats my business. Don't you all have your own problems?"

"Sure we do." Bucky shrugged. "But our problems are all out in the open with each other, so yours is the only secret. Naturally, that makes it the most interesting."

"I wasn't an Avenger then and I'm not now. So keep me out of the tower talk."

"Yet you've been following me. Come on kid, give me something. I promise I'm not going to run back to Daddy Stark and Papa Steve."

Peter raised his eyebrow.

"You didn't know? You got to two Avenger dads now kid. Tony and Steve are an item."

Peter choked.

"He was *never* my dad." Peter growled. "And if Captain America and Iron Man wanna get married, it won't make Steve Rogers my dad either."

The two stood in silence for a few minutes before Bucky sighed.

"Look kid, you've obviously been following me out of curiosity. I get it because it's my fault Tony dragged you into the fight to begin with. Not gonna lie though kid, I'm just as curious about you. I see you on the news a lot. You do a lot of good, despite some of the less than flattering stories about you. Tony's about as subtle as glitter about watching to see if your ok. Everyone has some sort of investment in you. I won't deny I'm rather pleased to be your first off the clock encounter."

Peter paused, processing the information he had been given.

"So, what? Because Tony can't keep a low profile I'm the hot topic of Avengers Tower?"

"Arn't we the most interesting group of super heroes you've even met?"

Peter didn't know how to respond. He did know he wasn't too happy to be such a big deal amongst The Avengers. He had really just assumed they didn't care.

"I get it kid. You distanced yourself for your own reasons. I can respect it, probably more than most. So, don't worry, I'm not gonna go back and tell anyone we had this little meetup. I like you, so I'm not gonna do anything that would scare you off from ever working with the team again. To be honest, I like having this little secret over Stark." he smirked mischievously.

Peter couldn't help the chuckle that bubbled out of him. He quickly cut it off though and raised his wrist to the top of the building.

"I appreciate the secret." Peter said before shooting a web and swinging off.

---

Peter felt conflicted as he swung through the city. He should have never let curiosity control his actions. He should have known that alley was a setup to get him to come out. The contract with the man went against everything he had stood for the last eight years. He wasn't supposed to get involved with anything related to Tony Stark. It wasn't that hard a rule to follow, and yet he still screwed it up. Eight years down the drain. Now Tony would take it as an invite to further intrude into his life. Sure, Bucky had assured him he wouldn't tell anyone, but what reason did Peter have to believe him?

Peter grunted as he missed his step, hitting the rooftop hard.

He slipped up with Bucky. He was going to regret it.

Peter ground his teeth and slammed his fist on to the rooftop.

"Penny for your thoughts sweetums?"

Peter jerked and pushed backwards in alarm.

"De-Deadpool?"

"Call me Wade, baby boy." Wade grinned through the mask. "Now why don't you tell Daddy what's wrong."

Peter gasped as Wade easily lifted him up into a standing position. He looked up into the expectant white eyes of Wade's mask. He was extremely grateful for his own mask as his face felt hot from the blush he knew he was sporting.

It wasn't like Peter knew what to tell him about his problem though. Wade had always been coming and going, so it was unlikely he had caught on to Spider-Man's strange relationship with The Avengers. The public hadn't caught on. Frowning, Peter turned his head away.

"Well, let's see if I can guess." Wade rubbed his masked chin. "You're moving fine, so no trouble on the ass kicking front. I was worried when I saw you hit the roof though. You're not big on conversation, and knowing how sassy and talkative that mouth can be, it's gotta be personal."

Peter looked back at Deadpool in bewilderment as the man continued to ramble off observations in an attempt to deduce his problem. How did Deadpool know him so well? He shook his head as he realized Deadpool has paused a moment.

"That leads me to the conclusion of, Avengers trouble sweet cheeks?"

Peter just stared.

"I'll take that as a yes." Wade grinned in victory. "Must be something big given how you act around them."

"wh-what?"

"It's pretty obvious Spidey. Even when you help them, you duck out the minute they have it under control. They're also the biggest name in the city and you never talk about them, but I can see that

nose crinkle under the mask when they're mentioned."

Peter frowned. He had never thought Deadpool was stupid by any means, but he had no idea the man paid *that* much attention to things. Or was it just Spider-Man he paid attention to? Peter felt his blush return.

"I notice everything about you baby boy." Deadpool wiggled his eyebrows, moving into Peter's personal space. "And no, I can't read your mind. I'm just very in tune to your body language."

Peter sighed and move to sit on the edge of the roof. Instantly, Deadpool sat down beside him.

"I just don't want to get involved with them and I ran in to one of them today. I don't want to send the wrong message." Peter said, not really wanting to explain his real problem being Tony. Peter paused. According to Bucky, *all* the Avengers were interested in him in some way. Maybe Tony wasn't gonna be his only problem anymore.

"Stick with me baby boy and I'll keep The Avengers off your tail!"

"Actually, I was told hanging out with you would bring them to me faster." Peter smirked at Wade's fronted gasp.

"Big red tell you that? I knew he was against me."

"He's probably not wrong though."

"Oh, the cat burglar is fine but the reforming merc is where the line is drawn." Wade threw his hands in the air.

Peter laughed softly as the mercenary's antics. He knew Matt was right about Deadpool being a red beacon to The Avengers, but the more he thought about it the madder it made him. Why did he have to regulate who he hung out with? Deadpool wasn't as bad a guy as people thought he was, and he *had* been doing better. Although he didn't approve of murder, Deadpool had started only taking jobs of taking out major criminals. Not a single hero didn't have blood on their hands, so who were any of them to judge? The only real question was did Peter want what being around Deadpool would bring. Matt wouldn't think so, and Peter hated the thought of putting more stress on him. Aunt May, surprising enough, secretly enjoyed anything Peter did that might annoy Tony. He loved her so much.

Peter sighed. He was most likely about to make a huge mistake, and Matt was going to let him know it later. Did it really matter though, he had already made one mistake today, why stop there? Both were gonna lead The Avengers right to him anyway.

"Hey, Dp?" Peter said, interrupting Wade's rant.

"Yeah Spidey?"

"Stick with me."

Deadpool grinned.

"You got it baby boy."

## Chapter End Notes

I had this chapter wrote and revised it several times, then we had a back too back death in our family. I feel like I lost my flow here, especially at the end, but its not unsalvageable.

## Chapter 5

### Chapter Summary

This one is all over the board...sort of....kind of.....maybe.

### Chapter Notes

I was planning to have this uploaded yesterday but migraines are no joke.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Three weeks later and Peter was feeling like he might have made a mistake.

"I said stick *with me*, not *to me*!" Peter hissed as Deadpool latched onto his back as he swung to the far side of the fight.

The Avengers were currently bearing the brunt of the battle up the street.

A lot of things happened in New York, but acid spitting, mobile plants was a new one.

"*Excuse* you! Did you miss little shop of horrors down there?" Deadpool hunched as he pointed to the street below.

"*Excuse you!* Did you miss where you're a mercenary with an amazingly fast healing ability and small arsenal strapped to your body?" Peter yelled, flinging the mercenary off and into the gathering plants.

"Betrayal!"

Peter rolled his eyes at Deadpool's cry and watched him expertly roll into the landing and immediately start slicing through the plants.

"Any reason we're hanging towards the back, sweetie?"

"Not in the mood for a direct team up with The Avengers." Peter responded, webbing up several plants for Wade to cut through.

"But you choose to team up with me!" The merc cheered.

"Yeah, I did." Peter chuckled. "So just be ready to bail as soon as things wrap up. I don't want to engage in a group pow-wow."

"But Spider, I was hoping to meet Stars and Stripes!"

"You're welcome to stay DP, but I don't think you'd like the outcome. You're not completely off the "High Level Threat" list yet."

Wade pouted as he finished clearing out their section. From where he was positioned on the wall, Peter noticed The Avengers making their way over as they had finished up on their end.

"Time to go DP. Company is coming."

The merc nodded and hopped on Peter's back.

"By the way, this body's only a high level threat to you baby boy. Now, take me away lover!" Wade cooed in his ear.

A lesser man, Peter proudly noted, would have decked him.

"Keep it in your pants on the field, Wade."

"Oh! So we can have sexy time off the field now? Are we at the point yet? Is this how you and Black Cat got started? Our story begins!"

Peter rolled his eyes and took a running jump to swing away. As soon as he shot the web, a familiar puller blast shot right through it. Peter felt Wade's legs tighten around him as he stumbled his landing.

"Good thing I hadn't got real air." Peter growled.

"Spider-Man."

Peter watched as Iron Man landed in front of the other Avengers.

"Iron Man." Peter returned.

The stoic face plate of Iron Man slid back to reveal the strained face of Tony Stark. The two stared at each other, the atmosphere tense.

"We just wanted to thank you for your help." Steve said, stepping up next to Tony.

Peter nodded. He looked at the other members of the team, his gaze stopping at Bucky. The man looked at him, void of any sign of acknowledgement of their previous encounter. Peter felt a small, surprised tingle of appreciation for the man.

"What are you thinking being with him?"

Peter was drug out of his thoughts by Tony's angry question. He glanced over his shoulder to where Deadpool continued to cling to him like a backpack.

"Last I checked, who I hung out with wasn't any of your business." Peter glared through the mask.

"You do know who he is, right kid?" Sam asked, moving to stand next to Steve. "Just want to make sure."

"Yeah, doesn't exactly fit your style. He's still pretty high class threat level, even if he has calmed it a good bit. See? I can at least give credit where it's due." Clint rolled his eyes and then grinned.

Tony glared at the archer, who simply raised an eyebrow at him.

"Well, this is getting interesting Spidey-kins." Wade grinned as the other Avengers moved in closer. All looking like they had different opinions of the situation.

"Not helping." Peter hissed.

"Look, as fun as this is," Deadpool started, sliding off Peter's back. "This fine ass spider and I have a date and you're really cutting in to our time. Bye!" Wade called happily, scooping Peter up bridal style and dashing off.

"Now would be a good time to shoot some webs, Webs."

Peter nodded, looking over Wade's shoulder as the stunned Avengers began to regroup. Shifting, Peter raised his wrist and swung the two off through the city.

~~~~~

"Matt was right. Being with DP brought attention....quickly."

Peter frowned as he handed Felicia her ice cream cone and sat next to her. He looked out at the people enjoying the sunshine and letting their kids play on the park playground.

"Oh please, you've been in *way* worse scenarios then that. If you ask me, Iron Ass is the one with the problem. He just can't handle that his precious little baby spider might be corrupted by his beefy hunk of man meat mercenary boyfriend." Felicia rolled her eyes as Peter choked on his ice cream.

"WHAT?"

"Shh, I'm laying down facts." The blonde hushed him with a finger over his mouth. "Very few of The Avengers have room to even remotely judge Deadpool."

"Forget that!" Peter yelled. "Deadpool is *not* my 'beefy hunk of man meat mercenary boyfriend'!"

Felicia looked at him with a raised eyebrow, daring him to question her further.

"I didn't realize I left that statement open for debate, Parker. I said I was laying down facts, and that was in those facts. It's settled. I have deemed it so. It's my opinion that you need to get your personal life together and my opinion comes only second to May's." Felicia replied confidently, taking a bite off the top of her ice cream.

"I'd argue you more, but I'm to insulted by that attack on your ice cream to do so."

Felicia smirked as she took a slow lick up the side of it.

"Better?" she smirked.

"Now you're just being indecent with it." Peter grinned.

"Whatever." she rolled her eyes. "As I was saying. You need to get your personal life together, Peter. It's either school, work, or late night activities that don't end in bruises of the good kind." Felicia paused with a mischievous smirk. "I mean, tonight could."

Peter swallowed thickly as Felicia ran a bright red finger nail down the center of his chest.

"I thought I was supposed to be getting my personal life together and hooking up with Deadpool?"

"In case you forgot, stealing things is what I do. Now, if you'd be so kind as to offer yourself up to Deadpool, then I can do my thing and steal you back. I'm gonna need you to get with it soon though, waiting isn't one of my strong suits." Felicia purred, pressing in close to his side.

"How does that even work? How can you push me to him, then take me back? Talk about whiplash." Peter humped, finishing up his cone.

"Oh Spider, I'll take you any time I want. I don't need to wait for you to admit your feelings to crash in and whisk you away. However, you are right. Doing that would go against my entire stance on the creation of my new favorite couple!"

Peter felt a blush rise to his cheeks.

"Where are you even getting this from? Sure, I'll admit DP flirts with me a little-

"A *little*?"

"But that doesn't mean anything. He flirts with everyone, even you! I *don't* encourage him."

Felicia glared at him as he crossed his arm.

"It sure wasn't Matt you took with you yesterday."

"He was at work! What's that got to do with anything? So what I took Wade with me to the fight? I don't see where it's a big deal."

"Wade now is it?" Felicia smirked. "First name basis with him now? Does he know Peter Parker?"

"Wha..n..no! He just told me his first name when I ran in to him after I had that talk with Bucky." Peter stuttered.

"Mr. Winter Soldier! When did *that* happen, *Parker*?"

Peter shrunk back slightly at her tone.

"Three weeks ago?" he shrugged weakly.

"And I'm just finding out about this *now*?" Felicia's glare increased as she crossed her arms. "I'm just now finding out about this but *Deadpool*, your 'not boyfriend', found out right after it happened?"

"It wasn't planned out! He found me on a roof having a slight panic attack."

There was a long pause as Felicia took a deep breath, and Peter waited anxiously for her to speak.

"Since I'm such a perfect friend, I'll forgive you as long as your man is the only other person who knows....well, I'll be alright if May knows."

"He's not 'my man', so quit with that, and not even Aunt May knows."

There was another pause.

"You could have went alone you know."

Peter raised an eyebrow, confused at what she meant.

"The fight, Parker. You could have went alone. You've done it plenty of times before. You could have went by yourself but you didn't. You chose to take him with you. You don't do that, Spider. You haven't done that since Matt quit taking you with him."

"The Avengers were gonna be there. I felt better having him there!"

Peter could have punched himself as soon as the words left his mouth. The 'I win' grin working its way across Felicia's face only cemented his mistake.

"You 'felt better' having him there huh? I was under the impression you handled yourself fine the other times you had to fight alongside them. Maybe Daddy Daredevil needs to know his little sider son needs back up around the big bad Avengers."

"I do not! He was just....I just thought....I..." Peter's eyes darted around, desperate for a distraction from a conversation he was confused about not wanting to have.

So he took Deadpool to a fight? What was the big deal? It did make him feel better about being around The Avengers with him there. Plus, he worked well with Deadpool. They had partnered up several times during Wade's times in the city. They had always made a good team. He liked the easy banter they shared during a fight as well. Lots of people found the merc annoying, but Peter took it in stride since he knew a lot of people found him annoying at times too. If anything, Peter found Wade kind of endearing.

"No! We're just good friends and he was just staying with me like I had....asked him to." Peter felt the panic rise. Why couldn't he keep his mouth shut?

"You *asked* him to? Like, for the fight? I find it hard to believe that's when you asked him given that pause, sweetheart."

"It's a friendship thing! I asked him after my talk with Bucky! He found me on the roof and helped me calm down. I asked him to hang around despite whatever The Avengers would think because it's my life! I didn't ask for any other reason! Why are you reading more into it than what's actually there? You are *so* off base it's unreal!" Peter insisted.

"Just precious." Felicia sighed. "You're right there at the cusp of your feelings. It's so cute! It's ok to admit you, if nothing else, are glad he's decided to hang around more permanently. I don't mind him. I like his personality and so do you. There's nothing wrong with it, Peter. At least admit that."

"Yes. Fine. I'm glad he's staying. It's easy to be around him, even if he does flirt." Peter hunched and crossed his arms.

Felicia smiled, pleased with herself.

"You're so adorable my little spider. I can't wait to hear how Matt handles you completely disregarding his advice to avoid Deadpool so The Avengers wouldn't track you down."

"He's not gonna be happy." Peter sighed. "Matt doesn't ask much from me."

"I'm sure it'll be fine. I'm in love with the blatant disregard of authority figures. You know, you're still single. We should get together. Tonight preferably. You owe me any way." Felicia smirked as she pressed further in to his side.

Peter looked at her, her low cut shirt catching his eye.

"My eyes are up here, darling."

Peter's face lit up in a blush.

"I'll see you tonight." he managed to get out.

Felicia smiled and stood up from the bench, then leaned over to pull him into a kiss.

"It's a date."

Tony glared as footage of their last fight played out before him. What was Peter thinking? Associating with a well known mercenary? One who S.H.I.E.L.D had a major grudge against. He also didn't miss the fact that they worked to well together for this to not have been a common thing. How had none of The Avengers caught on to this? There was a list of people they were supposed to look out for and yet somehow, this idiot had slipped right past them! How long?

This was *exactly* why Peter needed Tony's help and guidance. Deadpool was the *last* person Spider-Man, with his already dubious relationship with the city, needed to be seen with. If the kid wanted to be taken seriously, joining The Avengers was the perfect choice. Perhaps he could change Peter's mind once he took the internship. They could then repair their relationship and put their past behind them. Spider-Man could leave his vigilante lifestyle and become a publicly acknowledged hero. Daredevil a long forgotten memory.

Daredevil. There was a name Tony never cared if he heard again. Once Spider-Man had been spotted with the devil of Hell's Kitchen, Tony had definitely *not* been jealous. No, it was just an innocent team-up to stop a drug deal. Surely just a one time thing.

Until it wasn't.

It was months, almost a year before Spider-Man became a mostly solo act again. It was obvious he had received heavy training under the other vigilante. His attacks were more precise than they had ever been and he was clearly trusting his senses more.

No, Tony Stark was definitely *not* jealous. He was just happy to see Peter on his own again. Confident.

"Gotta say, the kid keeps the oddest company."

Tony shot a look at Rhodey joined him.

"They work well together though. I won't deny he's playing with fire however." The man watched as the footage continued on.

"Exactly why he's making a mistake. I'm sure that idiot hasn't filled Spider-Man in on just *how* much trouble he's in with S.H.I.E.L.D. Not to mention the damage that will be done to his reputation." Tony glared as he watched Deadpool cut down a webbed plant.

"I don't know why S.H.I.E.L.D even bothers. Not like they can do much to him. You can't exactly keep the guy down. Besides, the kids a vigilante Tones. He's already got a sketchy rep. His recent sighting with Reed Richards has helped it a bit though."

"WHAT?" Tony yelled, jumping up and sending this chair rolling across the lab. "When was this?"

"This morning. He was spotted talking with Richards outside the Fantastic Four headquarters. You'd know this if you left the lab instead of analyzing this, now old, footage." Rhodey raised an eyebrow.

"What was he there for?"

"Don't know. You'd have to ask Reed. Maybe he's about to make them The Fantastic Five." Rhodey smirked as he turned and left the lab.

Daredevil, Black Cat, Deadpool and now The Fantastic Four? Who else thought they had a claim on *his* Underroos? Spider-Man was an Avenger. That's where he needed to be.

That's where Tony wanted him to be.

He wanted Peter with a real team. A team that would protect him. He didn't care how capable The Four thought themselves to be. The Avengers could do so much better.

Tony wanted to do more.

Did anyone else know as much about the kid's past as he did? He doubted it. Peter hadn't even really wanted to talk to him about it.

Eight years was a long time. Tony could admit that. He could. It didn't stop the hope that Peter would realize he had made a mistake and come back to the team he needed. No one could possibly tell Tony Stark no and stick to it, except maybe Pepper. In Tony's mind it felt like trying to get the rouges back. They had made some mistakes, but everything was good now. It could be with Peter too. His upcoming graduation was the perfect opportunity to bring Peter back into the fold.

Natasha Romanov was not an easily fooled person, and Bucky Barnes didn't fool her one bit. He was hiding something. Something about the elusive Spider-Man

"So, you telling me freely or am I going to have to beat it out of you?"

Bucky raised an eyebrow at her as he turned for the punching bag he was hammering.

"Tell you what?"

"I want to know what you know about Spider-Man." she demanded, crossing her arms.

"What makes you think I know something?" Bucky asked, turning to fully face her.

"You were the only one *not* to react to finally catching Spider-Man after a fight. You're lack of reaction was the biggest reaction." Natasha glared.

"Sorry to disappoint you Nat, but I don't know anything about him." Bucky shrugged.

"No, but you've talked to him haven't you?"

Bucky blinked at her. He wasn't sure why he was surprised by her question. Of course Black Widow would pick up on the most minuscule thing and piece a puzzle together with it.

"Yeah, I talked to him."

"And you didn't feel like telling anyone? We all know Tony's chomping at the bit to talk to him, and I'm positive Steve and Clint want him on the team as much as Tony. Why hide that you've talked to him?"

"Because it wasn't exactly supposed to happen. I guess in a way I kind of forced his hand. Not that it matters. I don't have any secrets to share. He didn't spill on what went down with Stark or anything else."

Natasha sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose.

"So you had an impromptu meeting with Spider-Man and have nothing to show for it?"

"Just personal satisfaction that he *did* talk to me at least. Look, I didn't tell anyone because it was my business and I promised the kid I wouldn't. It's pretty anti-climatic."

The two stood in silence a moment before Natasha spoke.

"I want to meet him. I barely had any interaction with him in Germany. All I got was his alias, then we fought. I want to know why eight years hasn't deterred Tony Stark. He wouldn't have kept after any of us that long." she frowned.

"We weren't right under his nose either." Bucky shrugged. "We went under the radar. The kid's out there all the time. It's like a challenge. If after everything we were able to move past, you don't think Tony thinks he can just get the kid back too?"

"For eight years?"

"It's Tony Stark and clearly the kid told him no and bailed. We don't know how much effort he actually makes because he tries not to let anything slip around us and Pepper keeps him pretty busy. I won't deny he's keeping pushy about the kid now though." Bucky frowned.

"Something has changed." Natasha nodded.

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"Gotta say, I've missed this." Felicia grinned as she stretched, the sheet slipping down to expose her busty chest. "Went a little rough tonight Spider. Pent up sexual frustration will do that to you. I'm not complaining if you'll deliver a repeat performance though."

"You sure know how to flatter a guy." Peter looked over at her.

"I'm a liberated woman, I have no trouble admitting a good time." she winked at him.

Peter chuckled as he sat up and flung his feet off the bed. He stood, letting the sheet fall off him as he moved to find his discarded clothes.

"If only Deadpool could see that ass like this." She laughed mischievously as she rolled over to look at him.

"Really? Now? I'm naked and we just finished having sex. You want to bring him up now?"

"I just love that cute little blush." She smirked as she stood up and moved behind him, pressing up against him and running her fingers down his toned chest. "Besides, I have to enjoy it while I can still have it."

Peter shivered as she trailed kissed along the back of his neck.

"Keep that up and I'm gonna throw you on the bed for round two."

"Don't threaten me with a good time."

Peter felt the kiss land on the center of his neck, giving him no choice but to make good on his threat. Felicia squealed as she hit the bed, grinning as Peter climbed over her.

"Hang on tight kitty cat."

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Peter laughed nervously at the exasperated expression on Daredevil's face. His good mood from his few rows with Felicia slowly edging away. The two had developed an unspoken agreement about leaving each other before morning to avoid drawing attention to a vigilante or a known thief exiting an apartment through the window. However, the look he was currently getting was killing the buzz.

"Well, you listened about as well as I expected you to." the man sighed.

"Sorry Matt." Peter frowned as he rolled his mask up to his nose.

"No sense in worrying about it now." Matt waved his hand dismissively. "Honestly, it makes things easier this way. I actually found myself relieved that he was with you."

Peter froze, unsure of what to say.

"Wow. That's....that's unexpected." he finally managed. "I mean, you did tell me to stay away from him."

"I did."

"....but I didn't."

"But you didn't."

"So you're excepting it because you basically have to at this point."

"So I'm excepting it because I basically have to at this point."

"Are you just gonna keep repeating what I say?" Peter narrowed his eyes.

"I'm just making sure you know where we stand currently." Matt replied calmly.

"Ok, you're flooring me honestly. You're ok I'm hanging out with Deadpool despite telling me not to." Peter admitted.

"Well, after your impromptu meeting with the ex Winter Soldier and Avengers, I feel better that someone you trust can be with you."

Peter was once again speechless until he caught all of what Matt said.

"How did you know about Barnes and The Avengers?"

"Your two little masked caretakers." Matt smirked.

"Cat and DP? *They* told you?" Peter struggled to speak.

"Deadpool caught me earlier tonight. He drops in on me sometimes. He's adamant that the three of us should form a vigilant team and call ourselves Team Red. Cat...she dropped by my office and for the record, I'm pretty sure she wants to sleep with me."

"You should be flattered. The girl has good taste." Peter grinned.

"I'll pretend I didn't hear you say that and off handedly compliment yourself at the same time. However, you're deflecting." Matt frowned.

"No, you're not wrong. Things are gettingintense? I never meant to talk to Barnes, but from what I can tell he's keeping his word on not telling anyone about it. I think the thing with The Avengers was more on Tony than anything. Also, I have to tell Dr. Connors I'm not taking the internship." Peter sighed and sat on the edge of the roof.

"Any idea about the increase in contact attempts?" Matt asked, sitting down beside him.

"I've been thinking about it. Trying to figure out what's different about now from any other time. I go the intern packet in the mail as well as three different email reminders about responding. Oddly enough, Harry Osborn was the answer." Peter could see Matt's eye brow raise under his mask.

"You think Stark knew Harry was going to offer you a job?"

"No, not that. It was the reason Harry didn't give me time. Graduation. He offered me the position after graduation. That's Tony's angle. He's pushing more now because he's got an opening. Like Dr. Connors said, it's an amazing opportunity and to get it right out of college is a dream. He gets an intern he knows and out problems are magically solved. Happy ending." Peter rolled his eyes.

Matt was quiet before he spoke.

"You came to me a hopeful wreck Pete. You were a young kid, with amazing abilities, looking for trust and guidance. You've come a long way as both Spider-Man and Peter Parker, so I'm going to ask you a serious question. Do you think your problems could be solved?"

Peter snapped his head up to look at the man in surprise.

"What?"

"Tony. Do you think your problems could be solved?"

"I don't want to be an Avenger."

"You'll never be an Avenger, Pete. You're pretty much property of all the vigilante's in New York at this point." Matt smirked. "But that's not what I asked you."

"I don't know." Peter sighed and frowned. "With you it was always about learning from mistakes. Mistakes you never made me feel less for. With Tony, it was always like I needed to stop. Everything that wasn't mundane, like helping kids find parents, helping old ladies cross the street, or getting cats out of trees, was wrong. Do you know he had a setting on the suit he gave me called the 'Training Wheel Protocol'? It gave him so much access to what I did and where I was. I didn't like it then and I sure as hell couldn't put up with it now."

"No one's asking you to. It's just something that occurred to me recently."

Peter looked at his masked mentor and thought seriously about his question.

"I don't have an answer to that. Sure, eight years is a long time for a grudge, but I like where I am now. While tolerated, The Avengers aren't exactly high on vigilantes and I can't deal with that and Tony. I really don't want to think about it. It was a lot to deal with at 15. Uncle Ben hadn't long been passed and Aunt May was adjusting to that loss and being the sole provider of a kid. I didn't handle the loss easy either. He was so cocky when he found me, but I was so star struck I didn't even notice. I realized pretty quickly why they say you should never meet your heroes."

Matt nodded and looked out over the city.

"Suit up early tomorrow night. I'm expecting something to go down at the docks. Jessica filled me in. You're coming with me."

"It's been a while." Peter grinned. "I'll meet you here."

Chapter End Notes

Don't kill me. Peter IS still single.....for now.....

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Spider-Man and Daredevil hit the docks.

Peter makes an important decision.

Let's talk feelings.

Chapter Notes

I wrote and rewrote the start of this chapter multiple times. I just couldn't figure out where it needed to be. Some parts are rushed, some drag. I'm just giving fair warning. Also, I did read back over this so hopefully I caught any mistakes.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"You sure you're ready for this, Parker?"

Peter turned and watched as Jessica Jones made her way towards him, followed by Matt in full Daredevil gear.

"Why must you hurt me this way, Jess? I thought we really had something." Peter cried dramatically, throwing his hand over his heart.

"It'll take more than that to get in these pants." the detective grinned.

"So you're saying there's a chance?"

"Another time children." Matt sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. "I don't know why I ever allow the two of you to be around each other."

"Like you could stop us." Jessica rolled her eyes. "Anyway, here's what you need to know."

Peter and Matt moved in as Jessica filled them in on her observations of the past week.

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Daredevil and Spider-Man watched from the shadows as the NYPD searched the docks.

"Looks like Jess wasn't the only one getting tips on the docks." Peter frowned.

"I don't like it." Matt replied. "Jess is through in her work. If even she thought something was amiss, she wouldn't have bothered us. Someone went through a lot of effort to draw attention here

without making it look obvious."

"Well, it looks obvious now." Peter sighed. "Jess is going to be pissed about this. She'll take this personally."

"Better for us. She'll be ruthless to find out what's going on now. Guess we should leave before someone spots us and throws us on the chopping block."

"Jameson would have a field day." Peter grinned.

"Some times your sense of humor baffles me." Matt shook his head as the two silently left the warehouse they had staked out.

"If I didn't laugh about J.J.'s quest to end the Spider-Man menace, I'd probably begin my path towards super villain."

The two made their way through the city, stopping on the roof of Alias Investigations.

"I'm going to talk to Jessica-" Matt started.

"Good luck." Peter saluted.

Matt rolled his eyes and sighed.

"I'll let her know what happened so she can keep an eye out on any connections away from the docks. I really don't like this, makes me think there's something bigger than a simple turf war going on."

"Well, I'm gonna swing around the city a bit. Maybe I'll catch something. I was really hoping to work off some energy at the docks tonight. I'm turning down the Stark offer tomorrow." Peter rubbed the back of his neck and looked out at the city.

"It'll be fine, Pete. You've already got the position at Oscorp. You'll feel better once you get it over with." Matt smiled lightly, placing a hand on his shoulder.

"Rip it like a bandaid I guess. See you later Matt. Tell Jess she's a raging beauty for me." Peter grinned, firing a web.

"I am *not* telling her that." Matt scowled as Peter laughed, swinging off through the night.

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"No dock fight, one robbery, no car jackings, two muggings and one break in. As a hero, I shouldn't break the code and complain but *when* does this city's crime practically fall asleep?" Peter grumbled, kicking his legs over the side of the building. "I really needed something to let out this energy on."

"Oh I could help you with that baby boy!"

Peter jumped, spinning around to come face to face with Deadpool.

"Hello sweets! How are you on this fine evening? I couldn't help but overhear your problem and just *had* to offer my services."

Peter could see the eyebrow wiggle under his mask.

"Thanks but no thanks."

"But why not?" Wade whined, throwing his arms around Peter. "I'm just as good as any old bad guy Spidey! Bet I could give you a rush they'd never dream of giving." he purred in Peter's ear.

Peter felt his face flare up in heat, never more thankful that he had the mask on and pulled down.

"You missed the docks!" Peter rushed out, desperate to distract from the current conversation.

"What? What about the docks?" Wade asked, pulling back and sitting properly beside him.

"DD and I went on a stakeout of the docks, turned out to be a semi bust."

"You and DD went to the docks without me? That was the perfect opportunity to forge Team Red!" Wade yelled, throwing his hands up in the air.

"Yeah, DD mentioned you were pushing that."

"Think about it spidey-cakes. Daredevil, Spider-Man and Deadpool. Team Red could be the newest and greatest team in New York!"

Peter smiled as Wade rambled on about how Team Red would easily best the other super groups of the city.

"Some how I don't think a team of vigilante's would be New York's first choice of defenders, Pool."

"It would only be because they didn't know what they were missing." Deadpool hushed him before pausing. "Of course, things would have to change for us." he smirked.

"What do you mean?" Peter raised an eyebrow in suspicion.

"Well, you and Double D already know who each other are outside the mask, so naturally, it only stands that I would get to know both of you outside the mask as well!"

"Yes, I could definitely see Daredevil willing to share his secret identity with you." Peter replied, waving his hand in a dismissive gesture.

"How is that fair when your Black Cat knows who he is?" Wade pouted, crossing his arms over his chest.

"How do you know that she knows?" Peter asked, not at all watching the way Deadpool's muscles flexed under his suit.

"I've seen them chatting. There's no way she *doesn't* know who he is."

"Were you spying on them?"

"Well, I hadn't planned to if that's what you're getting at. It wasn't until I heard that sweet Spider-Man name that I took a pause."

Peter froze. If Wade had come across a conversation between Felicia and Matt about him, what exactly had he heard? It wasn't unusual for any of them to use each others real names when they thought they were alone.

"I couldn't help but hear how my Spider-baby is a little genius with offers from both Stark and

Oscorp. I hear its a real drama as to who you'll pick. My money is on Oscorp."

"What else did you hear?"

"I'll be honest with you, *Peter*, it is nice to have a real name to call you."

Peter's breath hitched, nearly causing him to fall off the roof if Deadpool hadn't caught him.

"Don't worry Petey-Pie, it's not like I'm going to invade your privacy anymore and find out exactly who you are. I can be patient when I want to be. It'll be all the better when you finally fill in the missing pieces and fall madly in love with me! Then we'll get married and have little spider babies!"

Peter couldn't respond as he stayed wrapped up in Wade's arms. There was going to be a *serious* discussion with Matt and Felicia about their in costume chats. Now Deadpool knew his first name! Despite the fact the man swore not to look further in to him, Peter couldn't stop the rising fear in his chest. Shaking his head to clear his senses, Peter dove on the merc, pushing him down on the rooftop and holding him there with his super strength.

"I promise you Deadpool, you won't like what will happen if I catch wind of you breathing a single *word* about my first name to anyone." he growled, straddling the man below him.

"Petey, honey, I wouldn't dream of it. Do you really think I'd let *anyone* else get to call your name while your in the suit? It's bad enough I have to share that information with your two other cohorts." the merc assured. "Now, I'm just going to let you know if you feel something hard, it's not my gun."

With a gasp, Peter flung himself off the merc in embarrassment. He'd been too occupied by Wade knowing his name to think about what he was doing.

"I didn't mean for you to move!"

Before Peter could react, he found himself pinned under the mercenary. Wade straddled him as he held Peter's hands down above his head. The two stayed that way, both breathing heavily.

"I may joke a lot Spidey, but never when it comes to you. I won't be telling anyone your pretty little name because that's just for me. I can only hope that you'll take my silence as a sign you can trust me and one day give me a face to go with that name. You know I've got your back in anything you do. I've also made it no secret during the years we've known each other that I'd love to pin you down to my mattress just like this. I mean every single thing I've ever told you."

Peter didn't even try to fight the hold as Wade's words sunk in. He had heard every line Wade had ever thrown at him and despite a blush he usually got, he thought he managed to keep a slight distance at developing and romantic feelings towards the man. However, as he looked up to the white eyes of Wade's mask, he felt a warmth settle in his lower regions at his words. They were so sincere it hurt. He felt his breath hitch as Wade let his hands go and leaned back, still keeping his held down. Their meet-up, while it had started out very light hearted, had quickly deteriorated into an intimate confession. Peter felt his heart race as Wade finally moved off him and held out a hand to help him up. Slowly, Peter took it as Wade pulled him to his feet.

"You're not usually so quiet baby boy. Maybe I broke you. Tell you what Petey-Pie, I'll leave and give you a chance to think about what I said. I really do mean every word. Go home and get some rest." Wade smiled as he raised his mask slightly and planted a kiss on Peter's masked cheek before leaving him standing on the roof top alone.

Once Wade was out of sight, Peter raised a hand to his tingling cheek.

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Peter smashed his alarm as it blared in his sensitive ear. After arriving back to his aunt's he had found it hard to fall asleep. His encounter with Wade ran over and over again in his head and his cheek still tingled where he had placed a kiss. He lay in bed, going over the night one more time, when he heard the ding of his phone. Sitting up, he grabbed it to see a text from Felicia.

[Morning Spider, how was your night?]

A cold feeling hit Peter's stomach.

'Oh God no.'

(A sort of bust. Nothing went down at the docks but it looks like that might have been a distraction to something bigger happening.)

Peter hit send, deciding to play it cool. Surely what had happened between him and Deadpool hadn't been witnessed.

[Interesting. I'll keep an ear out for anything that might help. However, that's not what I'm asking about and you know it.]

'No no no!'

(Well, I mean I stopped a few crimes.)

[Boring]

(Yeah. Considering how my nights can usually go, it was pretty uneventful.)

[Stop stalling and spill as to why I happened to catch you in a compromising position under the very man you've been denying having feelings for. I want the details and if you ghost me on this, I'll hunt you down.]

(It was nothing!)

[Didn't look like nothing when it was clear you weren't fighting against him. He can't hold you down unless you let him. We all know this.]

Peter looked at the time on his phone. He was planning to tell Dr. Connors he was turning down Stark's offer today, he did not need this.

(Look, it really was nothing. You're misinterpreting what happened. We were sparring!)

'Oh please, please, *please* buy that!'

[Liar.]

(It. Was. Nothing. I have to go, I've got a big day today. Going to turn down that internship and all.)

[Good luck with that. Also, I'm not fooled. I'll just go to the other source. DP is always forthcoming with anything to do with you. >D]

Peter paled as he read the message. Deadpool was indeed an open book sometimes. He fumbled

with trying to type out a response but Felicia beat him to it.

[Don't bother. I'm going to ask him regardless of what you say. I can't believe you think you can hide stuff from me. I thought I taught you better than that. Maybe I need to start implementing punishments for naughty spiders in the bedroom again. I mean, I'm sure I can get one more romp in the sack before I have to turn you over.]

'Just let the earth swallow me now.'

[Anyway, let me know how it goes with Connors. Catch you late Spider.]

Peter groaned as he fell back on the bed. Bless Dr. Connors for being the only person he had regular interactions with that *didn't* know anything about his personal life. One last glance at his phone and Peter sighed, admitting defeat. There was no way out of the storm that was about to be unleashed. Even if Wade took pity on him and decided not to tell her, Felicia would somehow find a way to make him cave. She would get along well with Jessica.

"Peter, breakfast is ready! You better get down here and eat before it gets cold! You have a big day ahead of you!" May's voice called out.

Stretching, Peter threw on a button up flannel and jeans and went to the kitchen. May place a plate of eggs, bacon and toast in front of him.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

'No where near as stressed as compared to what's waiting me the next time I see Felicia.'

"I'm fine Aunt May. Had a quick chat with Matt about it last night."

"I can only imagine his insightful words of wisdom and encouragement." May grinned. "Let me guess, he place his hand on your shoulder and told you you'll feel better once it's over."

"I might have spider powers but I swear you can read minds." Peter grinned as May sat down across from him.

"No, I've just come to expect Matt's reactions." she laughed. "Seriously Peter, how are you?"

"Honestly, I don't know why I'm bothered. I don't have any doubts about turning Stark down. I'm not nervous at all about working for Harry. I just can't figure out why I have this unsettling feeling."

"Peter-" May frowned. "Since getting your powers, I've rarely known of you to get a feeling about something and it turn out to be nothing but normal anxiety."

Peter shoveled in the last of his breakfast and sighed.

"I just..I just *know* it's not going to be as easy as a simple 'no thanks I'm good'. Thats what's hanging over me. What comes next? I turn down Stark's offer and then what? He finally leaves me alone? Doubtful."

The two sat quietly for a moment, both in their own thoughts.

"Well, nothing we can do about it now." May smiled gently. "Whatever happens, we'll deal with it together."

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"Hey Dr. Richards!" Spider-Man greeted as he entered the man's lab through his open window.

"Good morning Spider-Man. Here to check up on my progress?"

Reed Richards, leader of the Fantastic Four smiled as he turned to look at Peter.

"You're in luck, I just finished up." He smiled as he held out the new web shooters. "Your designs were extremely detailed and easy to create. I'm sure you could have done this on your own."

"Honestly, I'm taking advantage of you Dr. Richards. I just don't have access to the tech I needed to try this." Peter admitted, swapping out his old shooters for the new ones.

"Well, the compartments for your web fluid are bigger, so you'll be able to hold more. The tasing aspect was fun to implement though. I warn you though, don't get caught in your own web. These things pack a hefty punch."

Peter lifted the bottom of his mask up to his nose and grinned.

"Never hurts to have a secret weapon."

"Well, I admit I took some liberties with your designs. I took a page out of the Green Goblins book. On the top of your web shooters I installed a compartment for knock out gas."

Peter's eyes widened as Reed held up two small vials of clear liquid.

"I've got enough of this to last you a while, but you can always come back to me for more. Since you prefer to use non lethal methods, I didn't figure you'd object to this. To activate it, just tap your trigger switch once and it will convert the liquid to a gas cloud. Each puff is one dose so no need to use it more than once on anyone. It won't hurt you to have another option." Reed nodded, turning Peter's wrists palm down and showing him where the cartridges went. "I realize it makes your shooters a tab bit bulkier, but I personally feel better with you having them. I don't know how old you are, but I know you're young and as a responsible adult it means I have to worry."

Peter chuckled as Reed feigned annoyance.

"So, should I call you Uncle Reed now? Pretty sure DD won't turn lose the title of Dad."

"Uncles are always cooler than dads." Reed grinned, shaking his head and handing Peter a small bag containing vials of the knock out liquid. "Now, get out of here. There's *real* science to be done you know."

"What kind of hero would Spider-Man be if he kept Dr. Richards from working?" Peter agreed with a laugh. "Seriously though, thanks Dr. Richards."

"No problem Spider-Man."

Peter tossed him one more smile before pulling down his mask and slipping back out the way he had come in.

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"Sorry I'm late Dr. Connors! I had to make a stop on my way here." Peter greeted as he rushed in the lab.

"No worries Peter. I was running behind a little myself this morning. I'm sorry to spring this on you so suddenly Pete, but I'm going to be leaving for the next two weeks. We've been so busy here I

completely forgot to tell you Martha, Billy and I are going to visit her family. They're having a reunion and it's been a while since they've all been able to be together."

"That's great Dr. Connors. You need a vacation!" Peter smiled, internally happy for the free time it would give him.

"Before I go though, I need to wrap up a few things. At the top of my list is you, Peter. Have you made your decision on the SI internship? I've gotten a few emails that they haven't heard from you."

Peter rubbed the back of his neck in guilt. He hadn't meant for them to keep pestering Curt the way they had been pestering him.

"Actually Dr. Connors, I'm not going to take the position."

Curt paused, raising an eyebrow.

"I realize it might sound intimidating but-"

"I got another offer! Oscorp. I was offered a lead position there, and I'm going to take it."

Peter paused. No one outside of his inner circle and Harry knew about his offer. Curt was the first person to be told that Oscorp was even offering jobs after the company changing hands to Harry.

"Wow Peter." Curt breathed out, a large smile sliding across his face. "That's great! I forgot you were friend's with Harry Osborn. Truthfully Peter, knowing he offered you a job I'm glad you took it. Poor kid could use some real allies right now. Office politics are a real thing Pete."

Peter smiled as relief started to flow through him. Why had he been anxious again? Shaking his head, he moved to put his backpack down in the corner when the other shoe finally dropped.

"Just make sure you send a response to SI before the day is through. I'm sure they'll want to consider another prospect."

There it was. Why had he not realized earlier that he would personally have to turn down the offer? His email was being spammed with company letters, so of course they were expecting to hear directly from him. It wasn't like sending a simple 'thanks but no thanks' through email was hard, but with him being who he was there was no way it could go smoothly. While any other intern prospect may actually have their emails go through some random SI employee, Peter's most likely would not. He wouldn't be surprised at all if Tony had made arrangements for any of his responses to go directly to him.

"S-sure Dr. Connors. I'll send a response this afternoon. I'll let you know when I send it."

"Thanks Peter. Now, help me get this lab cleaned up before I have to head back home and help load the car."

Peter groaned as his face hit Felicia's couch. Usually he would reserve his meltdowns for Matt's couch, but he would have to make an exception this time. After leaving his internal crisis with Dr. Connors behind, he had received as simple text instructing him to get himself to Felicia's or she would come find him.

Why stop at one disaster when you can have two?

"You're going to suffocate and I refuse to be denied this conversation." Felicia rolled her eyes, pulling Peter's face from the cushion.

"I'm going to assume you've already attained your victory and just want to cause trouble." Peter glared as a smirked crossed the woman's face.

"I always want to cause trouble. Really, where have you been all this time?"

Peter groaned and buried his face back into the couch.

"So, you gonna let him pin you to his mattress or what?"

An inhuman sound ripped from Peter's throat in shock as he flung himself off the couch in alarm and hit the ceiling. He glared down at the blond as she smiled innocently up at him. The two stared each other down before Peter finally broke.

"Who asks that kind of question? I literally threw myself on your couch in obvious distress and you just skip in to launch straight into asking me if I'm basically going to bang Deadpool?!"

"I never said that Spider, but you did, so you must be considering it." she smirked. "All I asked was were you going to let him pin you to his mattress. That doesn't exactly mean anything is going to happen. You're reaction obviously shows you've thought about it though."

Peter sputters before losing his focus and falling to the floor. He rolled over on his back and continued to glare as Felicia grinned above him.

"You're so cute when you try to be scary. You might be able to pull it off behind the mask but not out of it."

"No. I am *not* letting Wade pin me to his mattress and we are *not* having sex." Peter grumbled as he crossed his arms over his chest and turned his head away from her.

"You are so annoying sometimes!" the blond groused, throwing her hands up. "He's hit on you ever since we met him and you're lying if you say you haven't totally warmed up to him. What, are you still in the slow burn phase? Is that what this is? I mean, he's ready, so we're just waiting on you I guess."

"The hell is a 'slow burn phase'?" Peter huffed.

"Where you can't just jump into a relationship bc you're not sure about your feelings and you have to '*discover*' yourself or some shit. I mean, I'm not against them, they're pretty cute, but I'm dying here! Listen, once I get rid of having you whenever I want, I'm so taking Matt to bed. I just couldn't, ya know, have both of you at the same time."

"You're honesty about your bed partners is both refreshing and unsettling. Anyway, Matt's on to you already."

"Duh." Felicia scoffed. "It's not like I don't drop hints left and right. I'm only waiting on losing you to make the final blow."

Peter stared wide-eyed at her as she sat down on the coffee table and crossed her legs.

"Honestly I'm not sure if I should be flattered that you clearly want to sleep with Matt but haven't because of me, or offended that you want to sleep with Matt but haven't because of me. Am I good or you just pity me?"

"I don't do pity sex Parker. I've got no complaints for your prowess in bed. I'm just a romantic softie I guess." she sighed, placing her hand on her cheek.

"Well don't call Matt yet. I'm not sleeping with Deadpool."

"Slow burn. I can wait. I just have one question."

The mischievous glint in her eye only made Peter squirm.

"How did it feel to be held down by that muscle? I mean, he had you there for a little while '*Petey-Pie*'."

Peter felt his face erupt in heat and embarrassment. An honest Peter would have admitted he had gotten a bit excited, but he was not an honest Peter.

"I just didn't want to hurt him!"

"He's Deadpool, '*Petey-Pie*', he would have gotten right back up. It's fine Peter, everyone has their kinks you know. Makes sense now that I think about it. You always do respond well when I take control." she chuckled moving down to straddle his waist. "All that solid muscle looming over you. Holding you down and taking the lead. Big, strong hands running up and down your lithe body and sliding up under your shirt to touch skin on skin. Heat from nimble fingers leaving tingling trails across your ribs and stomach. Hot breath and then a wet tongue on your neck to distract from the hands moving lower and lower and- HELLO! Looks like someone's ready to play!"

Felicia grinned in triumph as Peter scramble out from underneath her in a mortified panic.

"Did Peter Parker start carrying a gun or you just happy to fantasize about a certain Merc with a Mouth?"

"You were on top of me!"

"I wasn't touching you or describing me."

"I'm leaving." Peter fumbled as he moved to grab his shoes.

"I really don't think you want to walk out of here in the state you're in Spider. You might give some little old ladies a heart attack. If you can promise not to picture our favorite merc, I'll help you out with your problem." Felicia chuckled as she moved up behind him, running her hands slowly down to the obvious bulge in his pants.

"You should. This is your fault."

"If you want, I can call *Wade* to come help you out. I've been carrying his number around in case of an emergency." she snickered as he froze. "I know, you're not there yet. In time though my Spider, you'll come to see I'm right. Until then, let's head to the bedroom and I'll show you how to put those web shooters to work properly."

Peter sighed as he hit send on his email. In just a few minutes probably, Tony Stark would read a rejection letter to his offer. Taking another few minutes, Peter sent another email to Dr. Connors to confirm he had handle the SI Internship offer. Now all he had left to do was meet with Harry to sort out the details before his graduation in two weeks. He lend his head back against the head board and closed his eyes.

"Things are about to get interesting for a different reason than I wanted." Felicia smiled, laying her head on Peter's chest and closing the laptop. "Wonder how long it will take Stark to plan a counter attack? Did you mention the Oscorp job?"

"No. That's my business. I don't have to explain myself for not accepting any job offer."

"It's cute that you think you'll be able to keep it a secret before you officially take the job."

Peter groaned and opening his eyes to stare at the ceiling. She was right. He wouldn't be able to keep Tony from finding out he was going to be working with Oscorp and he knew how that would turn out once he did. It wasn't like he'd change his mind though. It wasn't just his history with Tony, it was his friendship with Harry. He wanted to be there to offer what ever help he could to his friend, and he knew he'd enjoy his work there. Peter was perfectly happy with his choice and nothing Tony Stark said or did would change his mind.

A ringing came from the bedside table and Peter moved to answer it, Felicia slowly sliding off him.

"Hello?"

"Mr. Parker?"

"Yes?"

"This is Sergeant Scott. I'm calling to let you know May Parker has been admitted to the hospital after being involved in a car accident. She is not in critical condition but she is unconscious."

Peter felt his heart drop and the officer's words.

"I'll be there immediately!" Peter yelled, jumping up and throwing clothes on as fast as he could.

"What's wrong?!" Felicia asked, hoping out of bed and dressing herself.

"Aunt May. She was in an accident and sent to the hospital." he managed to get out, shoving his foot into his sock.

"I'm coming with you." Felicia said, getting her things together. "I don't want you going alone and I want to make sure May's ok."

Peter didn't argue as the two rushed out the door, praying everything would be fine. Peter had lost a lot of people in his life, but he didn't know if he could ever recover from losing May.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for those of you who were expecting an actual team up between Peter and Matt. I had intended to write on here, but I just could NOT get it out. It kind of works out better though considering where the story is going. If it makes anyone feel better, I already have a team up scene planned out and it's drama all the way. Also, I'm impatient for something to happen between Peter and Wade but I'm committed to Peter slowly having his "I'm gay for Wade" awakening. Let the chips fall I guess.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Peter and Felicia go to May.

Tony is informed of Peter's response.

Matt and Jessica discuss the docks.

Chapter Notes

This chapter starts what a lot of you are waiting for. This is only a touch of what's to come between Tony and Peter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter paled as he walked into his aunt's hospital room. It could have been so much worse the doctors had said. As it stood, May had made it out with some scratches, a broken leg, broken arm and a slight concussion. They were going to keep her another night for observation and then release her.

Pulling the only chair in the room up to the bed, Peter sunk down into it and took May's hand in his. Silent tears slid down his cheeks in both relief and fear. He could have lost her. No more breakfast meals together. No more 'I know more than you think' looks over the rim of her favorite coffee cup. No more love and support from the only living relative he had left.

It didn't matter how old he was, Peter cried at the thought of being an orphan.

A hand slid up his back and onto his shoulder.

"She looks peaceful despite it all." Felicia gave him a small smile. "I'm glad she's alright."

"I don't know what I'd do without her." Peter replied.

Felicia didn't respond. Slowly, she rubbed circles on his back in a comforting manner. The two stayed silent, just listening to the sound of May breathing.

They stayed until the nurse came in to tell them visiting hours were over, but as family Peter could stay overnight if he wanted.

"No, he does not." A weak voice spoke.

The three occupants of the room turned to see May smiling from the bed.

"He does not need to stay over night. I'm a big girl. I can certainly stay by myself."

Peter felt hot tears slide down his face as he rushed to his aunt's side, taking her uninjured hand in his.

"Aunt May! I'm so glad you're ok!"

"Of course I'm ok." she rolled her eyes. "You're not getting rid of me that easy Peter Parker. I have many more years of being the perfect aunt left to do. I'm a ray of sunshine."

Peter laughed loudly as a smug look crossed his aunt's face.

"That you are Aunt May. That you are."

"I'll give you a few more minutes since she's awake, but I'll need you to decide if you're staying or not, Mr. Parker."

Peter thanked the nurse, who smiled and walked out.

"Felicia, honey, please tell my anxiety ridden nephew to go home and let me rest. I've had a very eventful day." May sighed.

"You heard her Parker, and she's the boss."

"Not when she's unable to get out of bed she's not." Peter grumbled.

"Well, if you're going to stay-" May grinned. "then I guess we can discuss this man Wade you're seeing. Tell me about him. Does he treat you well?"

"Well, if we're gonna go we should go ahead! You do need your rest Aunt May and I don't want to be a bad nephew by keeping you from it!" Peter tried to act calm as she started pushing Felicia towards the door.

"I'm going to hand you over to the police, I swear." He threatened lowly.

"You're not off the hook Peter. I shouldn't have had to hear about this from Felicia."

"Y-yeah Aunt May. We'll talk once you're back home." he said as he fully shoved a cackling Felicia out into the hall. "I love you Aunt May! I'll be back in the morning."

"I love you too Peter." She gave a self-satisfied smile before laying back and making herself comfortable.

Once out in the hall, Peter turned and glared at the still laughing blonde beside him.

"I can't believe you told May about Wade! How could you do this to me? Now she wants to have a conversation I'm NOT going to have."

"Oh Peter. She's your aunt! She knew about me as soon as we started dating. She even knows about my, other job. She knows about your other job. She knows all about Matt. Of course she should know about Wade." Felicia rolled her eyes as she walked toward the exit.

"No. No she shouldn't. There's nothing to know about him." Peter huffed.

"Oh, maybe not to start with, but there *definitely* is now. Come on, you're perfect aunt is ok and I'm hungry. Let's go get some food. I'd say we'd sneak her some back in but other than Spider-Man making a delivery, I don't think we'll be allowed in."

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Pepper Potts took pride in herself for her ability to ultimately handle Tony Stark. She could generally wrangle him in and get him to do what he needed to. She fixed the broken Avengers for God's sake! Yes, Pepper Potts was a strong woman not easily shaken.

Peter Parker was going to send her over the edge.

Looking at her laptop blankly, she read the polite, but firm, email declining the SI Internship offer. Rubbing her temples, she took a deep breath. Maybe she should have a drink before she went to Tony, or maybe she could just send Steve. Let Steve handle it. It would be so easy to throw it off on Steve, but the poor man wouldn't have a clue what he was walking in to and Pepper couldn't do that to him. No, she and Tony were about to have a long conversation.

Grumbling to herself, Pepper printed out Peter's email and made her way to Tony's lab. Her frustration grew with each step at the thought of what she was about to deal with.

Entering the lab, Pepper made her way to the back where Tony usually hid when he wanted privacy. Coming around the corner, she froze.

There, bent over his desk, pants around his ankles and drooling around the fingers in his mouth was Tony Stark with Steve Rogers pounding into him from behind.

"You really should listen when I tell you to get some sleep Tony. You're supposed to be a genius and yet here we are because you didn't listen." Steve grunted, giving a hard trust in to Tony's ass. "Now I'm forced to discipline you.

Pepper turned around and walked away as Steve landed a loud smack on Tony's ass. The last thing she heard as she left was Tony begging for it harder.

"Pepper, honey, that is exactly why we need to start making Tony come to us when we need to talk." Pepper grumbled to herself as she took the elevator back to her office floor.

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An hour later found Tony Stark desperately trying not to squirm as she sat down across from Pepper in her office. Steve had definitely shown him the error of his ways for not listening. His ass was still red but you wouldn't find him complaining.

"So, Pep, what did you need to see my handsome face for?" He grinned.

"I have something I think you'll want to see personally." Pepper replied, sliding a manila folder across the desk.

"This folder seems pretty light to call a meeting for." Tony raised an eye, opening the folder.

Pepper took a sip of her coffee as she watched Tony's face.

"HE WHAT?!" Tony yelled, jumping up, thoughts about his tender backside gone. "What is this?"

"It called a rejection letter Tony. I know you can't believe it, but they do exist."

"How can he just turn this down?! He's about to graduate and needs a REAL job! He's currently delivering pizza or taking pictures for that stupid newspaper! This is a perfect opportunity for him! He NEEDS this!"

Pepper raised her eyebrow and sipped her coffee as she watched Tony flail around her office, ranting about Peter's rejection and future. Pepper let him go a few minutes before sighing and speaking up.

"Tony," she rubbed her temples. "How are you so sure he doesn't have another offer? I won't disagree with you that working here would be a good opportunity for Peter, but we're not the only company out there."

"But we're the best! That kid doesn't know what he's doing! I can't accept this Pep. Look at his life currently. He's hanging around that devil from Hell's Kitchen, a thief and don't even get me started on that maniac Deadpool! He's not in a right headspace. Nope. Not accepting this."

"Then what do you plan to do exactly?" Pepper asked, a bad feeling rising in her.

"I'm going to go talk to him. It's long overdue."

The two starred at each other as Tony's face hardened in determination.

"Tony, I don't think that's a good idea."

"You're right."

Pepper's eyebrows shot to her hairline.

"Wha-"

"It's a PERFECT idea!" Tony grinned proudly. "It'll show how serious I am about the offer and how serious I am about us reconnecting and moving on. Once that's out the way, I'll need to schedule a press conference to publicly announce Spider-Man joining The Avengers."

Pepper watched Tony flail around her office again. A headache was steadily growing but she couldn't be bothered with it.

Pepper Potts was a reasonable, put together individual and her brain was shutting down.

"Great talk Pep!" Tony smiled. "I've gotta go prep for a very important meeting. Keep up the good work!"

The click of the door shutting fired back up Pepper's brain. If she had been a responsible person, she would have ran after Tony and demanded he reconsider his plan. However, Pepper wasn't in the mood to be responsible for Tony Stark right now. Picking up her phone, she called her fallback plan.

"Steve? Hey. Tony's about to do something stupid and he won't listen to me. Think you can step in

for me? Thanks Steve. Talk to you later.”

Pepper put her phone back on the desktop and drank the last of her coffee. As she went back to her normal paperwork, she couldn't find it in herself to care that Tony wouldn't be able to sit for the next few days.

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Peter frowned as he cleaned the kitchen. He wanted everything spotless when he brought May home. After the relief that she was ok had settled, a more guilty thought took root. How were they gonna pay the medical bills and regular bills? While the head nurse in ER had been quick to approach Peter about May's job security before leaving, both knew she'd be out for a while. Graduation was closing in and he wouldn't start working with Harry till after that. He knew Harry would find a way to get him on before that, but he didn't want to put him in that position. He was already taking a risk by hiring a friend right out of college. Peter felt sure Harry's board probably wasn't real keen on the idea.

“We'll get it taken care of Pete.”

Peter turned as Matt walked into the kitchen, Felicia trailing behind.

“I called him once you started your manic cleaning.”

He smiled at the two as they sat down at the kitchen table.

“You two want something to drink?”

“Just come sit down Peter.” Matt replies, motioning to the empty chair in front of him. It never failed to amaze him how the blind lawyer/vigilante was able to do the things he did.

“You know, we wouldn't even be having this conversation if you'd just talk to your rich, mercenary boyfriend.” Felicia said, examining her nails with a bored expression.

“Why couldn't I be deaf?”

“He's NOT my boyfriend!”

Felicia looked between Matt and Peter before rolling her eyes and returned to looking bored.

“Daddy Devil having a hard time with Baby Spider not telling him about his blossoming new love?”

“No. I don't want to know about Peter's love life. It's bad enough with you two. You both seem to forget my sense of smell is extremely strong. I can literally smell sex on you. Stop hooking up before being around me.”

Peter's felt his face burn while Felicia looked like she had just received a Christmas gift.

“Well I'm definitely filing that bit of information away for later.” The blonde smirked. “That said though, all the more reason to know about Peter and his future lover, because it won't be me he'll be smelling like.”

“I’m going to throw up.” Matt groaned, placing his face in his hands.

“Don’t worry Matt, that’s not going to happen.” Peter said, trying to assure his mentor.

“Oh it’s SO happening.” Felicia smiled matter of factly.

“I’m just going to go. You two can sit here and bicker about Peter’s whatever deal with Deadpool. I only wanted to tell you I’m here if you need help Peter. Don’t turn it away because you don’t want to ask. I’m sure Harry wouldn’t like you doing that either.”

With that, Matt quickly got up and left the two at the table.

“Well,” Felicia started. “That was fun.”

Peter glared at her.

“Why do you keep telling people Wade is my boyfriend?”

“I know I said I could be patient, but I lied. I want to see you in a relationship now. I love you Spider, and I love our friends with benefits status, but you need something more concrete. You’re a committed relationship kind of guy whether you think it or not. You’ve just settled yourself recently. I’m not complaining by any means, but we both know we’re happy the way we are. We’re never getting back into an actual relationship with family goals. A REAL relationship opportunity though, has been thrown in your lap and you’re not doing anything with it!”

Peter stared down at the table. Wade had been flirting with him since they first met a few years ago. Always a comment about his ass or his skills or his sense of humor. While he had grown on Peter over the time, he hadn’t realized just how much until the slightly larger man had held him down underneath him and made his feelings clear. Then Felicia just had to go and make him think harder by painting a very vivid picture for him. Could he really have romantic feelings towards DEADPOOL?

“Why are we talking about this? I’ve got to finish cleaning the house then figure out what I’m gonna do about the bills!” Peter shot up from his seat. Before he could move however, Felicia dove across the table, knocking him to the floor and sitting on his chest.

“We’re talking about it because the house is clean and the bills for this month are paid! Now, unless you’re going to throw me off, you’re going to lay here and talk to me.” She glares at him, crossing her arms over her chest.

The two engaged in a glaring match as neither wanted to be the one to buckle first. Finally, Peter caved.

“Fine! He’s not...he’s not bad. I mean, I know he has an insecurity with relationships because of his skin, but I’ve seen the lower half of his face. It’s not as bad as he makes it out to be.”

“Wow. What a cute but utterly boring bit of information. I’ve seen the bottom half of his face too and you’re right, it’s not as bad as he thinks it is. That’s not what I want though! I wanna know what went through that cute little spider brain on the roof that night.”

Peter’s face tinted pink as a predatory smile crossed Felicia’s face.

“I detect Mr. Parker may have enjoyed it more than he wants to admit. I’m going to add size kink to your submission kink. It’s very cute on you Peter. I want to know more.”

"There's nothing else to tell!"

"You're lying!"

"I am not!"

"Yes you are!"

"No I'm not!"

"Yes you are and I'll beat the information out of your lying ass if--"

"It kind of turned me on!" Peter screamed.

Silence filled the kitchen as Peter's eyes widened and Felicia practically vibrated in excitement. Neither spoke, both taking in the magnitude of Peter's admission.

"I'm feeling more emotions than I think I can handle." Felicia squeaked.

"I want to die." Peter cried.

"You're such a drama queen."

"No I'm not."

"Yes you are but I'm too proud of you to hold it against you right now. Come on, we have to go get May in a few hours so let's go get some sleep." Felicia grinned, moving to help him off the floor.

"I want to hate you but I'm just too tired to care now." Peter sighed, pulling her towards his room.  
"I'll give you some clothes to wear."

Taking the small bundle, Felicia stepped into the bathroom to change. She loved wearing Peter's clothes. They were so soft!

Stepping back into his bedroom, she slid under the covers and took a deep breath. The Parker home had always had a special smell about it. It wasn't anything in particular, it was just comforting and safe. A home that had seen so much love. She watched as Peter walked back into the room yawning. He stretched, muscles flexing before throwing on a shirt.

"Let's try this again." Felicia smiled, lifting the covers for him to get in.

Peter chuckled as he crawled in next to her, shifting to accommodate her snuggling in to him.

"Goodnight Spider."

"Goodnight Kitten."

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Tony shifted, trying to get comfortable on the soft pillow. His night's sleep had managed to somewhat ease his second punishment of the day, but there was still a pleasant burn to his backside. He had a feeling Pepper was to blame for his night. After he had walked into his penthouse, Steve had thrown him over his shoulder and took him to the bedroom. He could admit he was not expecting Steve to strip him naked, throw him over his knees and spank him till his cheeks glowed. It was humiliating and *extremely* arousing. Tony would die though before admitting to anyone Steve Rogers instilled a spanking kink in him.

"Sleep well?" Steve smiled innocently as he slid a plate of food across the counter.

"No thanks to you." Tony huffed, refusing to give in to Steve's bait.

"I shouldn't have received a call from Pepper then. Besides, I didn't hear you complaining to what came after."

"You just like seeing me helpless."

"Tony, I don't have to spank you to have you helpless beneath me." Steve grinned. "Now eat up, I'm gonna go jump in the shower."

Steve smiled and kissed Tony's cheek as he walked off towards the bedroom. Finishing off the breakfast, Tony dropped his plate in the sink.

"Boss."

"Yeah FRI?"

"I am alerting you to a hit on the Parker name."

Tony's head shot up. He had programmed FRIDAY to report to him if anything ever came up about Peter or May in the news.

"Tell me."

"Apparently Mrs. Parker was involved in an automobile accident last evening after leaving her shift at the hospital. Another driver ran a light and hit her. She is fine with a few injuries."

Tony leaned back against the counter. May was the only family Peter had left, so he could only imagine how the kid felt. He knew he should feel guilty for what he was thinking, but he couldn't stop. There was no way Peter could afford the medical bills and the household bills on his own. May wouldn't be able to go back to work until her injuries healed. This was exactly why Peter should have accepted his offer! If he had just accepted, money wouldn't be a concern! With that said though, Tony could pay the bills no problem. Perhaps, since Pepper didn't seem to want him to reach out to Peter directly, he could do it *indirectly*.

"FRIDAY. I want you to cover all medical charges for May Parker. Also, any other bills under her name or Peter Parker for the next six months."

"Very well Boss."

He knew six months worth of paid bills was pushing his luck as the Parker's didn't like asking anyone for financial help. Surely Peter would want to see him and would realize how serious Tony was about being apart of his life again.

~~~~~

"I'll be so glad to go home and sleep in my bed." May sighed. "Do you know how many times they came in and woke me up? To many!"

Peter chuckled as his aunt complained about how she should have at least been given special treatment to sleep! She worked in ER for crying out loud! He rolled her out to where Felicia had pulled the car around.

"Ready to go home hot momma?" Felicia grinned, stepping out of the driver's seat and looking at

May over the roof.

"I was just telling Peter exactly how ready I am to go home." May returned the grin.

Peter didn't think he'd ever handle the trouble Felicia and his aunt were. He stopped her chair and lifted her into the front seat.

"Are you comfortable Aunt May?"

"As comfortable as I can be honey. Let's get out of here."

Peter shook his head with a smile and rolled the wheelchair back in the door. He was glad May was able to come home. It was a relief to know she would be ok. As he slipped into the backseat of Felicia's car, he couldn't stop his worry as to how they would be able to pay for everything.

~~~~~

"This pisses me off."

Matt watched as Jessica stormed about her office. They had agreed to meet again to go over what had happened at the docks, as Jessica was to angry when he had first stopped by. Things didn't seem to have changed.

"I don't know Jess. I don't think you were wrong. The whole thing feels wrong."

"I don't like being fooled Murdock." the detective sneered and no one. "I also agree that I didn't get false information. I did me research. There's no way the NYPD went as in-depth as me."

"Sounds like you don't think it was a setup."

"No, I think it was. I think it was a set-up for you and Parker."

Matt raised an eyebrow as Jessica sat down at her desk and looked at him.

"The NYPD would love to get their hands on the two of you. If someone was planning something at the docks and managed to catch wind of me snooping around, they could have tipped off the police in an effort to get Daredevil and Spider-Man out of the way. Well, at least temporarily."

Matt frowned as he considered her words. If that was the case, it was very clever. Change the date of whatever you had planned, but use the original date to catch your foes.

"I dread the fact I'm considering reaching out for other help."

"I hope you're not implying who I think you are."

"I'm not proud of it Jess. However, I can admit the man has connections and can get things done. It wouldn't hurt to see what he can come up with."

"I can't believe you're actually gonna ask Deadpool for help. Parker's gonna love it." Jessica grinned mischievously.

"I really don't want to hear about Peter and Deadpool in the same sentence. I've had my fill of hearing about whatever it is going on between the two of them." Matt pinched the bridge of his nose.

"If they're not already hitting the sheets Matt, it's coming. Deadpool's been after Peter since they

met."

"Why do you people feel the need to tell me these things?"

"You're such a dad."

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry there was no DP in this chapter. Things are about to kick off on that front too.

# Chapter 8

## Chapter Summary

Graduation day!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Peter took a breath as he looked out over the city. Felicia had told him to let Spider-Man tour the city for a while. She was popping popcorn for her and May when Peter slipped out his window. He really owed her for all she was doing for both him and May.

May's recovery was coming along nicely. She never lost her high spirits, but she was losing her patience with Peter avoiding the topic of Wade. He blamed Felicia completely. He knew she was feeding May ideas behind his back.

He stretched slowly, knowing he should head back home soon. He only had a few hours to rest up for graduation.

Finally.

While the nerd in him loved learning, he was ready to leave the class lectures behind.

After tomorrow, he will have officially accepted Harry's offer.

As he made to leave, he was suddenly wrapped up in a firm hold and pulled back against a warm body. Before he could panic at the lack of a warning from his spider-sense, an excited voice spoke.

"Spidey! I've missed you!"

Peter stiffened as Wade nuzzled his masked cheek from behind. How had the merc managed to not set off his personal alarm?

"Where have you been? I was so lonely!" Wade whined.

"I had some personal things of take care of."

"Everything ok?"

Peter looked over his shoulder at Wade's tone. He sounded so genuine in his concern it surprised him. Had Wade's voice always sounded that way when he talked to him?

"Uh, yeah. Everything's ok now."

"Good!" Peter could make out a soft smile through the mask.

"Now we can get back to our regular encounters." He said, giving Peter a gentle squeeze.

“We don’t *have* regular encounters. They’re always random.”

“Not anymore Petey-Pie!” Wade chirped happily. “Team Red is officially together! Double D has asked your favorite merc for aid in investigating what happened with the situation at the docks. We’re on the same team baby boy!”

Wade grinned, spinning Peter around and pulling him back in for a hug. Peter’s mind raced.

“What? Wait!” Peter put his hands on Wade’s chest, pushing back just enough to look up into the man’s masked face. “Daredevil. My mentor. The man that can barely be around you. Asked you, Deadpool, to help us with a case?”

“You got it! We’re gonna be working together *very* closely while we try to solve this thing.”

Peter was pretty sure brain was short-circuiting as the warmth from Wade’s body soaked in to his. There was no way Matt had asked Deadpool for help. Hadn’t he just been complaining about not wanting to know about anything to do Peter and Wade getting together? Now all of a sudden he was practically throwing them at each other! Felicia was going to have a field day with this.

Felicia! May! Graduation!

Peter was ripped out of his musings as he remembered what he was doing before being locked in Wade’s hold. A hold, he realized, he had yet to force his way out of. If Wade had realized what Peter was allowing, he didn’t push it.

“What do you say we head back to my apartment and go over what I already have?” He asked suggestively.

There it was.

“I-I can’t! I have my college graduation tomorrow!” Peter said quickly, praying he didn’t sound as flustered as he felt.

“Graduation! Baby boy! You shouldn’t have even come out tonight. All good little spiders should have a nice rest before a big event.”

“Y-yeah.” Peter stuttered, stepping out of Wade’s loosened hold. “N-night Wade.”

“Goodnight Petey-Pie. Good luck tomorrow!”

“Thanks.” Peter smiled and moved to the edge of the roof.

Before he could swing away, he felt a firm smack on his ass cheek.

“Next time you have a big day ahead of you, stay home!”

Peter squeaked and swung off towards home. He felt his face on fire, but the tightness of his spandex couldn’t hide how he felt about the ending to his night.

~~~~~

“Did Spider-Man start carrying a gun or you just happy to see me?”

Peter jumped, a small yelp escaping him as he latched himself to the ceiling. Felicia smirked up at him, crossing her arms.

“Wh-where’s May?”

“Sleeping like a baby. Now, about that.” Felicia grinned, motioning to the bulge in Peter’s pants.
“There’s a story and I want details. Now get down here and spill the gossip.”

“There is no gossip. You know it can just happen sometimes if I think about something arousing.”
Peter glared, hopping down from the ceiling.

“If you think I’m buying that bullshit keep dreaming.”

Peter backed up as she approached, walking until his back hit the wall. Felicia’s suspicious eyes studied his face before leaning in and taking a deep breath.

“My sense of smell isn’t as good as Matt’s but it’s good enough to recognize the smell all over you. Someone had a rendezvous with his secret lover and I’m living for this development. You did this just for me didn’t you?”

“I don’t have a secret lover!” Peter denied.

“You’re right. Your relationship with Wade is to obvious to be considered ‘secret’. I’m guessing our merc caught you. Tell me, was it lewd?”

“WHAT?!”

“Was it lewd, Parker? Did he pin you to a wall or rooftop and ravish you? Is my Peter finally Wade’s man? Can I break out the spideypool crop top I had made in celebration?” Felicia asked excitedly.

“I-I don’t even know how to talk to you! What do you mean ‘was it lewd’? Nothing happened! No I wasn’t pinned to anything! No, I’m not ‘Wade’s man’! And you had a WHAT made?” Peter fumed.

“A spideypool crop top, Parker. Keep up! I’m invested in this relationship and YOU are dragging ass. Clearly *something* happened tonight.” The blonde huffed, tossing herself on to the bed. “Get changed, get in bed and tell me exactly what happened. So help me if you try to get out of this I’ll march right next door and get May up. She’s dying to know about Wade.”

Peter groaned, rubbing his temples.

“I have graduation tomorrow! I need sleep!”

“You shouldn’t have stayed out so late. I suggest you talk fast if you wanna get to sleep.”

Peter grumbled as he changed out of his suit then climbed into bed with Felicia.

“It wasn’t like I planned it.”

~~~~~

“So let me get this straight. Not only did you *let* him *hold* you, you *let* him *slap* your ass?”

Peter didn’t think his face could feel any hotter.

“I didn’t *let* him, he just did it!”

“But you didn’t do anything about it! And now you two are gonna be spending way more time

together! My day is coming Spider.”

“Can I *please* go to sleep now?”

“Of course you can. You’ve been such a good boy!”

“I’m never speaking to you again.” Peter growled, snatching the comforter over his head as he turned away.

~~~~~

Morning came to soon as Peter smashed his alarm in annoyance. Felicia groaned and hid her face in his neck.

“Oh no! You don’t get to complain. I wanted to go to bed when I got in but NOOOOO, you just *had* to interrogate me!” Peter grumbled, trying to untangle himself from where she had wrapped around him.

“And I told *you*, you shouldn’t have stayed out so late.” Felicia huffed, shoving him out the bed.

Peter glared as he looked up at her from the floor. He opened his mouth to reply but was cut off by May yelling out from her bedroom.

“You two better not be doing what I think you’re doing! We have a long day ahead of us!”

Felicia burst into laughter as Peter fell back on to the floor with a grunt.

“Don’t worry May, Pete’s off limits today!” Felicia continued to laugh as she got up, throwing on a pair of Peter’s sweatpants.

“I’ll go help May, you get dressed.”

Peter watched her sashay out the room before getting off the floor. He stumbled to his closet, silently thanking May for making him get his outfit ready before he went out. As he reached for the hanging clothes, his foot hit something soft. Looking down he realized he hadn’t hung up his suit last night. Moving to put it on a hanger, Peter froze as the events of last night really caught up with him. His breath hitched as he could still practically feel how warm and solid Wade’s body had felt. The softness of his voice when he asked if everything was ok. The hand on his ass when he went to leave!

Peter groaned as he buried his face in his suit. What was happening in his life right now? Was he actually in his room, hours before graduation, thinking about his late night run-in with Deadpool? Even more so, was he....maybe a little bit....enjoying it?

This was all Felicia’s fault! Up till the point she got it in her head there was some hidden romance between him and Wade, Peter hadn’t thought about the man that way. No. Never. Never even the slightest bit. Sure, Peter had never hid that he had grown to like Deadpool’s personality. He wouldn’t deny he liked how well they worked together in a fight. He could appreciate how Wade’s body was built for action. The way he moved moved in battle was fluid. The way his muscles flexed under his form fitting-oh God!

Peter dropped his suit and fell back to the floor.

Holy shit.

Had he been watching Wade like that all this time? Had he really been that *unaware* of how *aware* he was of the man?

“There’s no way, on my college graduation day, that I’m crumpled on my floor having an ‘I’m possibly gay for Wade’ awakening.”

Shaking his head, Peter got off the floor and took out his clothes for the day. He firmly pushed all thoughts of Wade out of his mind. He would save those for when he could have a meltdown in private, thank you very much.

~~~~~

“There’s my handsome graduate!” May cooed as Peter entered the kitchen. He smiled and kissed her on the cheek.

“Lookin’ good, hot stuff.” Felicia grinned as she pushed him into a seat and placed a plate of food in front of him. The three sat at the table, happily talking about the day, when May finally got her shot.

“So, Peter, will this Wade be joining us in the crowd today?”

Peter’s eyes widened as he spit his drink out over the table.

“Wha-no!” He coughed, trying to get himself under control.

“Peter’s still playing hard to get May. They had a meet up last night, and while there was some development, it was lack luster on his part.” Felicia rolled her eyes.

“Peter.” May gave him a pointed look.

“Look at the time! You two need to get ready! Come on Aunt May, I’ll carry you to the bedroom!” Peter hurried, scooping the woman up and trotting off.

“Go clean up the kitchen, boy genius.” Felicia laughed, entering May’s bedroom behind them. “I’ll get May ready.”

~~~~~

Leaving Peter to go join his class, Felicia took May to the special seating area they had been assigned after May’s accident.

“I was beginning to wonder if this day was ever going to come.”

The two turned as Matt and his partner Franklin, Foggy is fine, Nelson made their way over.

“Hello, Matt.” May smiled as he leaned down to hug her.

“How are you feeling?”

“I’m perfectly fine. You don’t make it in the Parker family if you can’t take some hits.” May winked.

“You were in a pretty serious accident May.”

“You’re focusing on the details Mathew.” May waves her hand dismissively.

Foggy chuckled as he moved to give May a hug.

“Think you can handle him? I’ve got some things to do back at the office.”

“Oh, I think we’ll handle him just fine.” Felicia smirked, linking her arm in Matt’s and sitting him down in between her and May.

“Then I’ll leave him to you. Enjoy yourself Matty.” Foggy laughed as he walked away.

Matt took a breath and paused. He waited for May to look away before leaning towards Felicia.

“I appreciate the two of you saving the *celebrations* for later.”

“Don’t thank me just yet.” Felicia grinned, bopping Matt’s nose. “Just wait till you get a whiff of Peter.” She whispered back.

~~~~~

“I can’t believe this is where I am in life right now.” Jessica groaned, quickly downing the rest of her beer.

“I tend to draw that kind of philosophical nature out in people.” Deadpool grinned, tossing her a new one.

When Matt had told her he had planned on asking Deadpool for help, he never told her she’d have to work with him as well.

“Let’s get this over with. I want out of this shit hole before your mercenary pals start showing up.”

“Bold of you to assume any of them are actually my pals.”

Jessica rolled her eyes, popping the top on her beer and motioning to the envelope on the bar.

“So what’s in it.”

“Those are some shipments and deals scheduled to go down around the docks for the next few weeks. A few guys here have marks that are involved with some of them. I’ve taken the liberty of being a fabulous partner and used glitter unicorn stickers to show which deal or shipment involve a mark.”

“While the mark thing is helpful, I already have shipment schedules Deadass.” Jessica growled.

“It’s so cute how you detectives think you really get all the details. I can assure you princess, you won’t find anything in that envelope listed on official documents.”

Reluctantly, she reached across the bar too for the envelope, only to find her hand covered.

“Now I’m all good with playing nice, but I have do have a personal agenda here.”

Jessica raised her eyebrow as Deadpool removed his hand from hers.

“What do you want?” She asked, suspicion rising in her.

“As excited as I am for Team Red to become a thing, I’m requesting Spidey as my point of contact from now on. Everything I have from here on out, gets me a personal meet and greet with my baby boy.”

If he was expecting to be ignored, Jessica Jones was going to throw him for one hell of a loop.

“Done.” She grinned, pulling the envelope towards her. “Hand me your phone.”

“Not if you’re gonna break it. I just got this new case!” Deadpool whined, flashing the bright pink, Hello Kitty case.

“No you idiot!” She rolled her eyes, snatching the phone. “I’m ‘being a fabulous partner’ and dumping you off on your precious BABY BOY. There, Spidey’s number. Call him and he’ll get me whatever you have.” She said, tossing the phone back. “Now I got better places to be than here.”

As soon as the door closed behind her, Wade let out an undignified squeal as he stared at his screen. Staring up at him, under the contact name of ‘baby boy’, was Spider-Man’s phone number.

~~~~~

Natasha Romanov found herself in an interesting situation.

There had been a lot to unpack after her call from Fury. The whole team was in deep for not better monitoring Deadpool when he was in the city. The man had been in the city several times without their knowledge. So while he had been less than impressed by that, it didn’t compare to his anger over them apparently allowing Spider-Man to babysit him.

She couldn’t exactly blame Fury for that last bit. Spider-Man wasn’t an Avenger, and the merc had been assigned to their watch. She’d be lying if she said the team, minus Tony, hadn’t been thrilled to be able to pass off the annoying burden to someone else. She’d also be lying if she didn’t admit that Spider-Man had a better control of things then they ever had. Still, he was their job.

So while she had been given the task of informing the others of the team’s failure, this also presented an appealing opportunity. In order to resume full control of the Deadpool situation, Spider-Man would have to be brought in. In order to continue his association with the man, he would either have to join the team or join him on S.H.I.E.L.D’s watchlist.

Either way, Spider-Man would have to face the team. He would have to face Tony.

Taking out her phone, she sent a quick text calling for an Avengers meeting.

~~~~~

From his private viewing area, Tony Stark smiled as Peter Parker walked across the stage, accepting his diploma. He could see May waving her good arm excitedly.

As soon as Peter had enrolled in ESU, Tony had started making donations. This granted him access to all events the school had. The biggest perk though, had to be the special area set aside for sponsors and donors.

“Doing some scouting Mr. Stark?”

Tony turned, startled to see a smiling Harry Osborn.

“You could say that.” He smiled. While Tony couldn’t say he had cared for Norman, Harry had always been nice to be around. His favorite meetings had always been the ones that Norman had let Harry handle. To bad he had only ever been given the dirt meetings Norman didn’t want to be bothered with. Still, Oscorp was growing so the kid had definitely learned something right

somewhere.

“Dad never cared to scout the graduations.” Harry frowned. “I think it’s a missed opportunity.”

“Does that mean Oscorp has its eye on some future employees?”

“Would you try to steal them out from under me if I did?”

Tony laughed and shook his head.

“I don’t think you have to worry about that.”

“Good thing.” Harry smiled. “I’m only here for one anyway. I’m getting the ‘official acceptance’ today.”

“Official acceptance?”

“He’s always had the job. I just had to wait till he graduated to pass him by the board without it looking like the obvious favoritism it really is.” Harry grinned and looked out at the families greeting their graduates.

“Now you have my interest. Any way I could meet my future competition’s star?”

“I’m not sure I should let you. He actually wanted to work for SI at one point.”

“In that case I *have* to meet him. Don’t worry, I’ll uphold some nonexistent code of morality and *not* try and steal your employee.” Tony grinned, holding his hand up.

“Come on then. I’m sure you’ll surprise him.” Harry laughed and lead the way out to a more secluded area. The families were more scattered here and to busy to notice the two as they made their way to the farthest part of the area.

“There he is.” Harry smiled, pointing to the back of a robed figure making their way through people. As they caught up to the man, Harry reached out a hand to his shoulder.

“Tony Stark, I’d like you to meet my newest employee. Peter Parker.”

## Chapter End Notes

Much love! ☺

## Chapter 9

### Chapter Summary

The Avengers meet.

Party at the Parker's.

Late night rendezvous.

### Chapter Notes

If one thing this quarantine has done, its given me free time.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tony froze as Peter turned around. While he had been keeping an eye out for the kid, seeing him up close was a whole new experience. Gone was the naive fifteen year old kid he met, and here was a young man with full understanding of the world around him.

“Mr. Parker.” Tony forced a smile, holding out his hand.

“Mr. Stark. It’s a pleasure to meet you.” Peter smiled, shaking his hand. His body language was loose, but there was a slight tightness to his jaw.

“Mr. Osborn here seems pretty excited to have you on board at Oscorp.”

“Happy to be there. It wasn’t an opportunity I’d turn down.” Peter threw Harry a grin. “I hate to seem rude though, but my family is waiting for me. It was nice to meet you Mr. Stark. You coming Harry?”

“I’ll be there in a sec, Pete.” Harry smiled as Peter nodded and walked away.

“Well, it was nice to see you Mr. Stark.” Harry said, holding out hand. “Gotta go catch up to the grad.”

Tony smiled tightly as he returned Harry’s handshake and watched him hurry after Peter. It was obvious the two were friends. They made their way over to where May sat in her chair, a large smile on her face and tears in her eyes. She pulled Peter down into a hug. She held him there a while before kissing his cheek and letting go. She then pulled Harry in for the same.

While May was busy with Harry, Tony watched as Peter turned to a man and woman who had been standing with May. The blonde grinned seductively and pulled Peter in for a deep kiss on the lips. Her bright red lipstick leaving a stain on his.

The man shook his head then pulled Peter in for a hug. Tony frowned as Peter returned it with a bright smile. The man and Peter were clearly very close, and it didn’t sit well. He should have been the one congratulating Peter with a fatherly hug.

Fatherly hug?

Tony paused and stared hard at the man smiling at Peter. After a few minutes, he recognized the man as Matthew Murdock, a prominent lawyer from Hell's Kitchen. Tony's eyes narrowed. There was no way it was mere coincidence that Spider-Man was in league with Daredevil and Peter Parker was overly friendly with Matthew Murdock.

Tony seriously debated marching over to the two and demanding an explanation, but he knew that wouldn't earn him any points with Peter. Sighing, Tony put the guaranteed confrontation on the back burner as his phone dinged. He gave one last look at Peter, noting the way he purposely avoided looking at Tony, and walked away.

His phone made another ding as he took it out to look. He groaned as he read the message demanding all Avengers meet at the tower for an important conversation. Tony had decided long ago that "important" Avengers meetings were *always* the worst.

~~~~~

Peter let out a breath as he caught sight of Tony walking away.

His graduation? Really Tony? Then again, it had been Harry who had brought him over.

Peter glanced over where Harry was laughing with May and smiled softly. He couldn't blame Harry. He didn't know anything about Peter's current situation with Tony.

"Well, *that* was awkward." Felicia said, linking her arm with Peter's.

"It was more than awkward." Peter whispered. "Harry outed me as Oscorp's newest employee."

Felicia sucked in a quick breath.

"Yikes. Poor Harry. Stab his best friend in the back without a clue."

"That's Harry. He's a keeper." Peter grinned. "You on the other hand, you're debatable."

"Excuse me! I'm a hot piece of ass and you're lucky to get to tap it, Parker. If anything, *I'm* the keeper."

"I thought you were handing me over to Deadpool?"

"All in good time. Right now, you need to finish your little 'possibly gay for Wade awakening'." she smirked at Peter's scandalized expression. "You should close your door before monologuing your inner struggles. There I was, coming to tell you breakfast was ready, and I find you on the floor admitting I was right."

"I never said you were right."

"It was close enough."

"Please stop. I'm dealing with the fact Peter smells like Deadpool, but I won't deal with you two talking about Peter's whatever with him." Matt statted firmly. "Today is a relationship free day. Today, I am your proud mentor and that's final. Nothing about Wade better come out of either

you."

"Matty," May smiled as Harry rolled her over to the them. "Tell me about this Wade man my Peter is having a dating crisis over."

~~~~~

"This better be worth it, Romanov." Tony grumbled as he stalked into the conference room.

"Someone's in a bad mood." Clint grinned.

Tony shot a glare at him before dramatically, because it's Tony, flopping down into a chair next to Steve. 'Bad mood' was putting it likely. Tony wanted nothing more than to march right in to the lawyer's office and tell him off for his involvement with Peter's vigilante act.

"It is. You'll want to listen to this one closely Tony." Natasha leveled a look at him. "I had a little call from Fury."

"Well, that's always good news." Rhodey replied sarcastically.

"It was something." The red head said. "We're in trouble."

"So what's new?" Sam raised an eyebrow.

"We're in trouble for disregarding orders involving Deadpool. The Avengers were assigned to keep tabs on him whenever he was in the city. Judging by his close affiliation with Spider-Man, he's clearly been here more than we've realized."

No one missed the way Tony stiffened at the mention of the Spider-Man's involvement with the mercenary.

"Ok, so we've slacked up on Deadpool." Clint shrugged. "Can't say he's done anything worth being worried about. I mean, if he was doing his usual thing, we'd have heard something."

"That's just it." Natasha smirked. 'He hasn't been and there's the problem."

"I'm sorry. I'm failing to see how the murderous mercenary not murdering is a problem."

"Well *Clint*, it's a problem because we don't know why."

"It seems pretty obvious to me." Everyone turned as Bucky spoke. It wasn't often the soldier ever said anything in meetings. "Given how he was acting at that fight, he clearly doesn't want to lose involvement with Spider-Man. We all know he doesn't kill, so I can't imagine he'd be hanging around the man if he was still doing it."

"Oh, he seemed *real* happy to be working with him." Clint grinned.

Natasha smirked as Tony's posture got more rigid. The man had already been wound up when he walked in, and judging by his reaction to Clint, this wasn't the first thing about Spider-Man he had heard today.

"Regardless, that's why we're in trouble." Natasha carried on. "There's no point in denying it. We

were all happy to throw Deadpool off on Spider-Man. As soon as we saw he was listening to the guy, it was an easy choice to make. The thing is though, Spider-Man is *not* an Avenger. By S.H.I.E.L.D.'s account, Spider-Man isn't suitable to keep tabs on him."

"So what are you getting at?" Tony glared at her, jaw tight.

"We have to bring Spider-Man in. Either he joins the Avengers, discontinues contact with Deadpool, or he joins him on S.H.I.E.L.D.'s list. At least, that's what Fury *said*. Truth is, he wants Spider-Man brought in for questioning as to how he's reigned the merc in."

The room went silent. There was no scenario where bringing in Spider-Man would end well for anyone. Whatever was going on between him and Tony would surely play a large part in the web slinger's decision, and was that really fair?

"I think it's a mistake." Steve frowned. "I don't think we should bring him in. If we do, Deadpool may cut ties with Spider-Man. He knows if Spider-Man talks to us, we'll question him for S.H.I.E.L.D reasons."

"I don't understand why it matters." Wanda frowned. "From what I've heard about this Deadpool, Spider-Man seems to be a good influence on him. Sometimes, you should just leave good things alone."

Tony tuned out the arguing around him. It seemed he was being proven right yet again. Peter needed help. S.H.I.E.L.D. wouldn't just let this go. No, Fury would keep pushing until he got the information he wanted. The Avengers were the only ones who could protect him.

"Bring Spider-Man in."

Silence fell over the room again at Tony's words. No one had expected him to be onboard for bringing the vigilante in.

"You sure about that, Tones?" Rhodey asked, a concerned look on his face.

"Positive. P-Spider-Man will need the protection we can provide him. If he's with us, Fury won't have a reason to go after him, and he will. It will be better for Spider-Man if we're who he talks to. Once he's here, we can find out what he did and we can take the job of watching that lunatic off of him."

"You know, it doesn't have to be some big thing Spidey has on Deadpool." Clint said nonchalantly. "Maybe they're just screwing."

There was absolute stillness before all hell broke loose. Tony's face grew red with fury as he dove across the table at Clint, while the others scrambled to separate the two.

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Pepper hung up the phone with a smile. As soon as Tony had decided to create a position for his personal intern, Pepper had made plans. Unlike Tony, she wasn't willing to believe Peter would accept the offer. Things had not ended well between the two and the constant lack of returned communication spoke volumes. Right after she received Peter's email, she made contact with the other prospect. She hated to think of the boy as a second choice, but Peter was special to Tony and

would always would be. Not that Harley wasn't, he was. Tony had met the boy completely by accident but never lost contact with him. Until he met Peter, Pepper had been sure Harley would be Tony's go to once he was old enough. With Harley coming, maybe Tony would start finalizing those sketches on his desk that he thought he was hiding.

Sighing, Pepper picked back up the phone.

"Happy? I just got off the phone with Harley. He's about to board his plane. I'll need you to stay available to pick him up when he arrives. Thank you, Happy."

~~~~~

Wade sighed happily as he stared down at his phone. Jessica had easily replaced Matt and Felicia as his favorite. He contemplated what to text Peter to let him know he now had his number. He thought for a moment before a thought popped into his head. Peter's graduation was today! What better way to start a conversation than a congratulations?

Grinning, Wade quickly typed out a text to his spider.

~~~~~

Peter grinned as he and Harry talked about MJ's latest audition. As soon as her current play ended it's run, she already had another lined up. He had agreed to ride back to May's with Harry, while Felicia drove May and Matt.

"So, the real reason I wanted you to ride with me is in the glove box." Harry said, a nervousness to his voice.

Curious, Peter opened it to find a small black box. He slowly pulled it out and opened it to find a diamond ring sparkling in the sunlight. Peter narrowed his eyes as he shot Harry a sly look.

"If this is your way of proposing to me Harry, you could have been more romantic. I demand something outrageous!"

"I was afraid you'd reject me." Harry rolled his eyes. "Do you think MJ will like it?"

"She's been waiting for this forever Harry. I may not have noticed your crush on me, but I definitely noticed her crush on you."

"So I've got a good shot at her saying yes?"

"No, Harry. She'll turn you down flat." Peter deadpanned. "I can't believe you just asked me that."

"Thanks Pete. I hate to steal your thunder, but I kind of planned to ask her at your party. I wanted you and May to be there."

"Are you kidding? May will be ecstatic and I'll be relieved it's finally happening. No thunder stolen Har." Peter grinned, placing the ring back in the glovebox.

~~~~~

"I'm going to puke." Harry said as they noticed MJ's car.

"Not on my good shoes you're not." Peter gasped, moving away from his friend as they made their way to the front door.

"I'm serious Pete. This is a big step in our relationship! The only thing bigger in having kids!"

"Getting a little ahead of yourself there, Har." Peter raised an eyebrow. "Let's get through this and the wedding first."

"I think I'm having a panic attack."

"No, you're not." Peter smiled, placing his hands on Harry's shoulders. "You're just thinking too much. I say we do this first. The longer you wait, the higher the chance you'll chicken out. We'll go in, ignore the fact I graduated, you'll drop to your knee, and MJ will lose her mind with excitement. I'd say it'll top off my day." Peter's smile didn't falter as he pushed back his displeasure of Tony's appearance at his graduation.

"Ok." Harry took a deep breath. "I can do this. I'm Harry Osborn and I exude confidence."

"Oh yes, the prime example of it."

"You're no longer my best friend."

"You're right. I'm your *perfect* friend." Peter grinned and shoved Harry through the door.

"There's the illustrious grad!" MJ squealed as she wrapped Peter in a tight hug. "I'm sorry I missed it Tiger."

"It's ok MJ." Peter smiled, pulling back from her. "I got a present for you though."

The red head tilted her head as Peter shoved Harry forward and then down on his knee. The room went silent as Harry took the small box out of his pocket with trembling hands.

"YES!" Mary Jane screamed, throwing herself at Harry and planting a kiss on his surprised lips.

"Guess that answers my question." He smiled as she leaned back.

"I told you so." Peter laughed, walking past the two newly engaged messes on the floor.

"Harry Osborne! May Jane Watson! You two better get over here right now!" May demanded, her face lit up with delight.

As the two crowded around a cooing May, Peter moved to Felicia and Matt.

"Car ride pep talk?" Felicia grinned.

"He nearly did have a panic attack on the door step."

"I could hear his heartbeat from in here." Matt smirked. The three watched a bit before Peter felt

Matt's mood shift.

"I'll come by your place later to talk." Peter whispered. "I'm not sure if May actually saw him, or if she's just avoiding talking about it. I'm assuming she didn't say anything to either of you?"

"No. She was a bundle of happiness on the way here. Gave Matt quite a hard time about your love life though." Felicia smiled fondly. "I love her so much."

Peter groaned.

"Please tell me you saved me, Matt."

"I don't want to talk about you dating."

Felicia snickered as Peter pulled out his phone to see a text from an unknown number on it. His eyes widened in realization as he read the screen.

'Congratulations on your big day, Baby Boy! ❤️ ❤️'

"My day just peaked."

Peter jumped as Felicia grinned, looking at his phone.

"Only one person calls you 'Baby Boy', and I'm dying to know how he got your number."

"You and me both." Peter hissed at her in suspicion.

"It wasn't me, Parker. However, whoever it was has earned my coveted friendship status."

"I think I can answer that one." Matt grumbled. "And she'll have some explaining to do."

"She wouldn't!" Peter cried.

Matt turned to him with an unimpressed look.

"She would." Peter whined.

"Who would?"

"Jessica Jones." Peter huffed.

"The detective? I didn't know you knew her that well. You're holding out on me." Felicia smirked.

Before she could drill him, or Matt grumble, May called to them.

"We have a graduation and engagement to celebrate! Let's get to it!"

~~~~~  
Tony fumed as he paced around his lab. His eye stung from where Clint had hit him, but it paled to

the broken nose he had given the spy. Who did he think he was? Spider-Man was a hero! There's no way he would have any type of intimate relationship with *Deadpool*!

"Heard the meeting went well."

Tony turned and looked as Pepper walked up to him.

"Steve send you?" He grumbled.

"Said it would be better if I talked to you since it involved Spider-Man. You really should fill him in on some things. I mean, if Peter ever comes back, you don't want him finding out that way."

"Not *if*, Pep. No, now it's definitely *when*."

"Tony." Pepper warned.

"No, this is official Avengers business." Tony sighed. "We have to bring him in for questioning on Deadpool. If we don't do it, Fury is going after him."

Pepper frowned as Tony scrubbed his face with his hands.

"Bringing him in is all I can do. Maybe though, I can use this to my advantage. It's not me cornering him. He's got to come here. I can just, use it to talk to him."

"I called Harley." Pepper said, looking him in the eye. "He's already on his way here."

"Now was not a good time Pep. I don't want Harley here the same time I bring Peter back. I can't handle welcoming Harley into the company while dealing with protecting Peter from both Fury and Deadpool."

"You can and you will." Pepper narrowed her eyes. "Harley will do you good. It's time to leave Peter to his own and get your shit together."

"He's working for Oscorp!" Tony yelled.

"Oscorp?" Pepper blinked in surprise. "How did you find that out?"

Tony didn't respond.

"Tony, how did you find that out?" Pepper asked again, crossing her arms.

"I went to his graduation." Tony looked at her defiantly. "I happened to have a conversation with the Osborn kid who introduced me to his new employee."

"Oh." Pepper uncrossed her arms. "Then this is the perfect time to bring Harley in. You like him Tony. He's a good kid and he'll be good for you. You'll have someone in the lab that can keep up with you."

"Pete could more than keep up with me."

"But he's not going to." Pepper sighed. "Tony, listen to me. It's important that when you bring in Spider-Man, you bring in *Spider-Man* and *not* Peter Parker."

"Can't promise that Pep. I am glad Harley's coming. I enjoy the kid's presence and we both agreed he should come even if Peter did take the offer. This is just a messy time Avenger's wise. Depending on how Peter reacts to Spider-Man being questioned, I could really be tied up. It doesn't

matter that it's Peter in this case. I'd worry about any hero doing good being questioned by S.H.I.E.L.D. They're not exactly welcoming."

"Just keep it out of the lab with Harley and it'll be fine. I think you'll find it'll be easier to handle than you think." she smiled as she turned and left the lab.

Tony watched her go. He wasn't oblivious to what she was doing. Pepper didn't plan to just help Tony move on, she planned to replace all thoughts of Peter completely. It wasn't something Tony planned to do. If Tony had his way, he'd have both Peter and Harley in the lab with him. He had no doubt the two boys would get along.

Tony turned and looked at the designs on his desk. Maybe they'd even work a partners in the field. As much as Tony hated to admit it, Clint was at least right about the fact Deadpool had been extremely affectionate to Peter, and Peter hadn't brushed it off. Maybe, just maybe, Iron Lad could replace all thoughts of Deadpool in Peter's mind.

"Hey, Fri?"

"Yes Boss?"

"Call the good captain down here. We have a spider to bring in."

---

Peter kissed May's forehead as he pulled the covers over her sleeping form. Despite the small incident, the day really had been great.

A smooth graduation, after party with his favorite people, and his two long time friends finally got engaged. Smiling, he shut the door to May's room and walked to his own. He paused as he took in his Spider-Man suit laid out on his bed with a note on top. Raising an eyebrow, he picked up the piece of paper.

'Go talk to Matty tomorrow. Tonight should be spent having fun! Go enjoy yourself, *Baby Boy*.'

Under the words was a small paw print.

Peter felt his cheeks heat up. He had fought a lot of villains over the years, but no one could make him doubt his no kill rule like Felicia Hardy. Still, it *was* a nice night. It would be a shame to not go out and enjoy it. Why shouldn't he swing through the city in celebration? Just a solitary night out. No real plans. Just Spider-Man, doing stuff, alone. Alone. Yes. Alone. Not expecting to run in to anyone because who does that? Who *expects* to run in to someone on a rooftop late at night? No one, that's who. No one expects it and no one *looks* for it. No. No one does that.

Peter pulled on the suit quickly, eager to get out to his night alone.

"Totally alone. Felicia said she had a party to attend with her mother so I know she won't be out. Matt's probably grilling Jessica so I doubt I'll see him. Yup, no one to run in to tonight for sure!"

An hour in to his night, he ran in to someone.

"Baby boy!"

Peter yelled as Wade dove off a roof, latching on to him as he swung by.

"Are you crazy?! What if you had missed me?" Peter scolded, touching down on the nearest roof.  
"You could have died!"

"Well now Petey-Pie!"

"Don't you 'Petey-Pie' me, Wade Wilson. I don't care if you come back. It doesn't mean it doesn't hurt, you ass."

Wade tilted his head to the side, studying the angry man in front of him. They stood there a while before Wade smiled wide behind his mask and dove on the smaller man.

"I knew you cared!" He cheered as he pulled Peter into a tight hug and spun him around. "My Petey-Pie, worried about me hurting myself!"

Peter sighed as Wade nuzzled his cheek. He slowly lifted his hands and hesitated on returning Wade's hug. Instead he used one hand to give an awkward pat on Wade's back.

"We've been working together a while, of course I wouldn't want you to get hurt. I don't want anyone I know to get hurt."

Wade just smiled wider before gasping and holding Peter out at arms length.

"How was graduation? I sent you a text!"

Peter was finding out more and more recently, just how nice having a mask was.

"It went really well. My Aunt had me a small party afterwards to celebrate. Two of my friend's got engaged at it."

"A party huh? That explains why I had to meet with the ever polite, Jessica Jones instead of Red."

"That also explains how you got my number." Peter nodded.

"To be fair Peter Pumpkin, we should have exchanged numbers long ago. What if you ever needed me? You'd have had no way of calling me! It's all fixed now though!" Wade smiled, pulling Peter back to him.

Peter realized he should remove himself from Wade's hold, but his body wouldn't follow his brain's advice. He heard Wade rambling on about how having each other's numbers was the best thing ever, and was going to make things easier since he was now who Wade would be reporting any findings to. The last comment made Peter pause.

"I, I thought you were contacting Jess directly?"

"She's no fun Baby Boy. So I traded her for you! You and I are gonna be meeting up a lot more, and not by dubious coincidence." Peter could make out Wade's eyebrow's wiggling.

"Wait. What do you mean 'dubious coincidence'?"

"Let's just say I have my own spider sense."

Peter stared up into the white's of the mask's eyes.

"Do, do you follow me?"

"Regularly." Wade replied proudly.

"Wow. I didn't actually expect you to answer honestly."

"I can't lie to you Petey!"

Peter chuckled at Wade's offended tone.

"I'll gladly take whatever you give me Spidey," Wade hesitated before continuing. "But, you've let me hold you longer than usual. I'm far from complaining though!"

Peter wanted to pull away. He *had* let Wade hold him a suspiciously long time. He wasn't sure he could brush it off, or if he even wanted to. With Wade's observation in the open, his inner crisis from the morning slammed in to him hard. His heart hammered in his chest. He could feel the hardness of Wade's muscles under his fingers. He could smell the uniqueness that was just Wade.

'Now I understand Felicia and Matt. How have I never noticed things like this before?'

Peter didn't realize his thoughts had him distracted till he felt Wade's grip tighten and test the waters of moving further down his back. It was a slow crawl but the destination was obvious. Peter's thoughts became hazy. He hadn't had time to process his bedroom floor revelation, and here he was wrapped up in the arms of his revelation subject. Was he letting things move to fast? Nothing had really happened. A line was slowly inching towards being crossed though. He had only just begun to acknowledge he may have been oblivious to his own feelings, but Wade had long accepted his own. He could let Wade hands continue. He could let them roam wherever they wanted. He'd be lying if the prospect didn't excite him a little.

His mind raced as it analyzed every interaction he had had with Wade since meeting him. The beginning as enemies, the middle as friends, and as cliché as it sounded, it what heading to another step. He could clearly remember every time he got a little fonder of Wade. In every act of fondness, he could see where he was choosing to be in denial about possible other feelings. His growing affection for Wade wasn't Felicia's manipulation like he had hoped. No, she had been trying to make him see what was already there and progressing.

'Well, I can't give Matt grey hair any faster than this.'

Peter thought before he felt Wade's hands reach their goal of cupping his ass cheeks in each hand. He gasped as Wade yanked him closer. He made a pleased sound as Peter didn't pull away, but leaned into him. He flexed his fingers over the spandex covered backside and squeezed a tab bit harder.

Peter bit back a moan at the sensation of Wade's fingers and the fact that he wouldn't be coming back from this. He had let Wade get this far, and he wasn't sure he wouldn't let it go further. His fate was sealed as he couldn't deny the progression of their relationship any longer. He liked Wade.

He liked him in more ways than a hero probably should like a mercenary anti-hero. He had left those feelings alone and buried though, and he was overwhelmed by their desire to break free.

'It's always been there. There is no "probably" to my gay awakening for Wade.'

His hands moved up, a small, nervous shake to them. He lifted the bottom of Wade's mask up to his nose. The mercenary looked like he wanted to protest until he watched as Peter lifted his own, folding it over the bridge of his nose. With agonizing slowness, he lifted up on his toes, his breath ghosting across Wade's lips. He froze for a minute before he went to move again.

As he went to press their lips together a loud bang had him jerking back and out of Wade's hold as a voice shouted in anger and slight pain.

"Shit!"

Running towards the noise, he looked over the side of the building to see Felicia sprawled out on the fire escape, face flaming as she looked up at Peter.

"Cat?!"

"Spider." She smiled, embarrassment all over her face.

"Are you *kidding me*?!" Wade sneered, looking down at the blonde.

"Will you look at the time!" She said, standing up quickly. "This cat has to get home for a nap! Bye!" Felicia yelled, making an exceptionally fast escape.

"Does everyone spy on me?" Peter grumbled.

"I can't believe she cock-blocked me!" Wade fumed before taking a deep breath and turning back to Peter. "She's gone now, so where were we?" He grinned, grabbing Peter by the hips and pulling him in. "I believe all my efforts at flirting were about to pay off?"

With the moment broken, Peter felt panic creep in. He was no longer in the headspace to handle this. He had only just *recently* opened up to the fact he was actually attracted to Wade.

"I-I..." Peter stuttered.

Wade frowned, but didn't let Peter go.

"Why do I have the feeling I'm about to go home with a case of blue balls?"

Peter didn't know what to say. He didn't know what to do. Peter Parker was a poster child for awkward anxiety, especially when given the opportunity to overthink things. He *wanted* to continue, but he was losing his nerve.

"I can turn you lose tonight Baby Boy, but I want a parting gift." His smile, while soothing, had an undertone of mischievousness.

Before Peter could respond, Wade squeezed and pinched both his ass cheeks. Peter yelped in surprise before pulling out of Wade's hold and diving off the side of the building, pulling his mask down before firing off a web and rushing home.

As Wade watched him leave, he growled at the presence behind him.

"Give me *one* reason why I shouldn't kill you."

"I just wanted to see him *finally* give in!" Felicia whined. "I didn't think I'd bust my ass on the fire escape!"

"I was so close!" Wade yelled, throwing his arms in the air.

"I know! Look, almost happened once, so next times the charm!"

"Not if you're following us around!"

Felicia huffed and crossed her arms.

"It's *my* hard work that brought him to his realization jackass."

"Yes. I owe you so much for a perfectly ruined moment. You're amazing." Wade deadpanned.

"If this is how you're going to repay my hard work you suck."

"I'm not having this talk with you. I'm mad, horny, and a good distance from my apartment."

"I'm not having sex with you. That's Peter's job." Felicia rolled her eyes.

"Not at the rate we're going! I can't believe my biggest supporter ruined everything!" Wade whined.

"Just be glad it was me and not Daredevil that found you. He tolerates you, but you groping his spider child might end that."

"Or make him like me more! If Petey likes me, Double D *has* too!"

"The fact you think that's how Peter and Daredevil's relationship works is astounding. He denies it, but the thought of Peter in a relationship gives him serious dad anxiety. Watch your ass Deadpool." Felicia smirked as she turned to leave.

"I'd rather it be Petey-Pie watching this fine piece of Canadian glory!"

Felicia's cackle carried on the wind as she left behind a very sexually frustrated Wade Wilson.

## Chapter End Notes

Poor Wade.

## Chapter 10

### Chapter Summary

Peter gets some unexpected news.

Peter and Matt talk.

New players on the field.

Making a plan.

### Chapter Notes

Please read my bottom notes for a few explanations. Parts of this chapter really gave me a hard time to get out.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Bucky looked out at the city. He could see the coffee shop and the alleyway where he had met Spider-Man for the first time. He took a deep breath and let it out. He knew he was doing the right thing, he just wasn't sure how the others would feel about it.

"Do you think he'll show?"

He looked over his shoulder as Natasha walked toward him.

"I should have known you'd follow me."

"I figured you might try something. I also told you I wanted to meet him."

She stood beside him, not really focusing on any one thing. The two stood quietly, neither feeling the need to talk.

"Two Avengers. To what do I owe the pleasure of seeing you here on my turf?"

The two turned to see Spider-Man crouched on the rooftop ledge. He cocked his head to the side, waiting patiently for a response. Bucky took a step forward.

"I came to give you a heads up. I'm sure you know about S.H.I.E.L.D?"

Spider-Man nodded, waiting for the man to continue.

"The Avengers want to stifle their involvement and bring you in for questioning by us. You come to the tower and we'll keep S.H.I.E.L.D off your back." Natasha broke in.

Spider-Man stared at the two before snorting.

"Seriously? This is why you two are hanging out in my web path?"

"If you don't come in willingly, most of the other Avengers are in agreement to *make* you come in." Bucky's words holding a warning tone.

"So you two breaking away from the pack to come find me on your own? Isn't that a little risky with what happened in Germany? Aren't you all supposed to be a working team again?" There was a slight bite to Spider-Man's tone as the mask's eyes narrowed in suspicion.

"I told you kid, I like you. I don't agree with bringing you in honestly. You're doing good out here and I think it's stupid to mess with that."

"Then why bother me? You're not telling me something and I don't like it."

"You won't like why you're being brought in either." Natasha shrugged. "It's going to happen regardless. It's either us or a personal meeting with Nick Fury. Your call Spider-Man."

"What is it with people being so honest with me?" The web-slinger mumbled.

"I just want you to be aware of what's about to happen. I had planned to come alone, but you can clearly see that didn't happen. I'm not touching you kid, but I make no promises on what she'll do." Bucky sighed, throwing a thumb up in Natasha's direction.

There was a tense moment as Spider-Man shifted his body to make a hasty escape if needed.

"I'm not here to fight." The spy crossed her arms. "We've told you what's happening and I'm willing to leave it at that for now. This is your free pass. I just wanted to see you in person. You're definitely not the same kid you were at the airport."

"Time's change and people grow. Facts of life, what can I say? I'll tell you what. Since I'm such a nice guy, I'll give you the opportunity to tell me why you want me to come in and I'll give you my answer right here and now."

"Even if you have to face Tony?" Natasha raised her eyebrow.

There was a moment of hesitation before Spider-Man spoke.

"If I come willingly or forcefully, I'll be seeing him either way. Choice? No, I've got no desire to have anything to do with the Avengers. You all seem to enjoy your gossip though."

"Deadpool. The Avengers were supposed to be watching out for him but we've slacked on the job and something has changed. We want you to tell us why he's not painting the city red anymore, or at least why it looks the way. People like him don't have a tendency to change."

Spider-Man stared at the spy, emotions hidden behind his mask.

"Good luck bringing me in, *Avengers*." Spider-Man growled before swinging off on a web.

"That could have gone better." Bucky sighed.

"I could have lied. He's lucky I didn't."

"Why didn't you? I figured you'd be more eager to get him for questioning."

"If we bring him in and blind side him, he'll fight us. Truth is, we'll only win due to numbers. Tony won't lift a finger against him and his precognition prevents Clint from being much use. It also gives him an advantage in hand to hand combat, even with our skills. His super strength is nothing to ignore either. Also, his web shooters and ability to stick to walls give him the option of never having to physically fight us. I'd never turn down having him watch my back, and I don't say things like that lightly."

Bucky stared at the red head. He hadn't realized she had such an interest in vigilante.

"Tony's not going to like the fact we outed the plan to the kid." Bucky smirked.

"Tony has his Spider-Man secrets, now we have ours. I'm not telling if you don't." Natasha returned his smirk.

~~~~~

Peter fumed as he swung through the city. Who did the Avengers think they were? He guessed he could appreciate them wanting to spare him from Fury, but it still annoyed him. Why was all the high profile groups so set on pinning Wade down? Spider-Man was a vigilante, he didn't follow the typical super hero rules the Avengers or Fantastic Four did. Luckily all Reed and his group had done was question why he thought hanging out with Deadpool was a good idea, and that he should be careful. The Avengers however, didn't just want him to leave Wade alone, they wanted to know how to control him.

Peter snorted. There *was* no controlling Deadpool. The man was a force of nature when he wanted to be. What made them think Spider-Man had a handle on the mercenary? Sure, Wade had been changing his tactics. The jobs he took now were high ranking crime lords where gunfire was inevitable because that's just how those guys operated. Despite that though, Wade only ever wounded enough to put the goons out of commission of the fight. Basically, his kills rate had just about completely vanished. The ones that did die, were always unfortunate tragedies but never intentional.

If he was speaking to Felicia, he would probably call her and get her opinion. He wouldn't dare call her right now. He knew with out a doubt he'd eventually be back to talking to her like normal, but her unwanted arrival on the roof was still hanging with him.

Peter Parker did not jump into relationships. Felicia had pursued him pretty hard before he finally gave in to her. When he thought about it, he could see why she noticed all the signs from Wade long before he did. So there he had been, not one to take a relationship lightly, about to have a serious make-out session with Wade. He wasn't sure if he was mad at himself for leaving though. He couldn't really blame Felicia for that as Wade had been quite eager to get right back to business. Peter Parker however, needed to get his shit together.

"Alright Spidey, your disastrous love life can wait, we have a lawyer to meet."

~~~~~

Matt looked up as Peter strolled into his office in his civies. He was nervous about not only having a discussion about how he felt about Tony at graduation, but he'd also be telling Matt about his meeting with the two Avengers.

"You're more nervous than you should be." Matt frowned. "Why do I feel like this talk is about to be much longer than I thought?"

"Because it probably will be."

Matt nodded and walked to the door. He peered out, catching sight of Foggy.

"The Pete's here and it's gonna be long. Can you cover my appointments?"

The man nodded and titled his head. "Everything ok?"

"We've apparently went from mostly simple to convoluted."

"I'll cover you."

Matt nodded in thanks and shut his door.

"You got me for the day Pete. Let me pack up and we'll go back to my place."

Peter waited while Matt got his things then followed him out the office. They made their way to his apartment in record time, both eager to talk. Once inside, Matt shuffled off to the kitchen to make himself some coffee.

"Chocolate milk?" He smiled over his shoulder as Peter followed him.

"Never turn it down." he grinned.

~~~~~

Peter settled in to Matt's couch as he was handed a cup. Matt sat down in the padded chair across from him and took a sip of his coffee.

"You know I think you can handle yourself, but I feel like we need to talk about everything that's been happening lately." Matt said, setting his mug down on the coffee table.

"I don't know what happening. It seems like things are closing in on me. I've been avoiding Tony for 8 years and now he's everywhere I look. It was fine when the emails got more frequent, but the job offer, my graduation, and now..."

"Now, what?" Matt's eyebrows furrowed.

"Before coming here I came across Black Widow and Winter Soldier on a rooftop, waiting for me." Peter frowned.

"For what?"

"Can't say I fully understand or trust Romanov, but Barnes said he wanted to warn me about the Avenger's coming after me. According to Romanov, they want to question me about Deadpool."

Matt's eyebrows drew down and he frowned.

"Did she threaten you?"

"No, neither of them did. I was basically issued a warning about what was to come. If I don't go in willingly, they will come take me in forcefully. They said it was to protect me from having to face Nick Fury."

Matt gripped the armrests till his knuckles turned white as he tried to reign in his anger. Peter wasn't some run of the mill vigilante, he was *Matt's*. If Fury or the Avengers thought they were going to touch his spider, they were in for a surprise. Spider-Man was under the protection of Daredevil. If Matt cared to acknowledge it, Spider-Man was also under the protection of several vigilantes in the city. A direct threat to him, and in Matt's case May, was a certified call to fight.

"I'm not sure what to do, Matt." Peter sighed. "It would be easy to throw Wade under the bus, but that's not me. I can't help with his past, but I *do* know about his present. I'm not going in for them to grill me about something that isn't any of their business."

Matt released the chair and grabbed his mug. The coffee had cooled to a perfect temperature as he took a long gulp. Peter was in a difficult spot and it was setting Matt's nerves on edge. He could hear Peter's heart race and slow as his emotions filtered through him.

"If I wanted to be an asshole Pete, I'd tell you I warned you, but I'm not going to. Deadpool hasn't been high on Daredevil's list of people to hang around, but he's been doing a good job the past few years. I also know he's been watching your back and I've been fine with that. He's also helping us out with our case. Deadpool can take care of himself, it's you I'm concerned for. Like I said, I know you can handle yourself, but Nick Fury is above a vigilante's pay grade."

"You think I should just give myself over to the Avengers?" Peter asked, surprise evident in face.

"No. No I do not. I don't want you anywhere *near* the Avengers. Honestly Pete, any other time I'd let you do whatever, but I'm ordering you to stay away. I know this will be hard if the city falls under attack in your area, but if the Avengers show up, you leave."

"Well, that's good. I mean I kind of already told Barnes and Romanov good luck with bringing me in." Peter shrugged.

"Good job." Matt smirked.

"But what about Fury? They told me it was either the Avengers or S.H.I.E.L.D."

Matt sat his chin on his laced fingers. Out of the two, the Avengers were Matt's choice of who to deal with. He couldn't deny however, if Peter avoided the Avengers to long, Fury would step in. S.H.I.E.L.D. wasn't on anyone's favorite list. It was an obnoxious organization that had good intentions but dubious methods. When they created the Avengers, Fury really had thought he was doing the world a favor. Matt could give the man that. The problem was Fury didn't actually have all the power he thought he did and the organization had been a sham that he wasn't aware of. The discovery of Hydra members on the inside was a big blow, and Fury and those loyal to him were

struggling to regain some sort of purpose and authority. This had lead to harsher tactics to gain information they didn't have access to anymore. Before this, Fury hadn't been all that bad. Sure he had his secret side projects and motivations, but creating the Avengers was his specialty project and what he was most proud of. Still, Spider-Man wasn't Fury business. If he wanted to know about Deadpool, he should have instructed the Avengers to bring the mercenary in instead.

Matt paused and picked his head up.

"Keep doing what you're doing Pete. Don't worry about the Avengers or Fury."

Peter opened his mouth as question Matt but stopped as his phone started ringing. Pulling it out, May's name came up on the screen. Worried if she was in trouble, Peter quickly answered.

"Aunt May, are you alright?"

"I'm fine Peter, I just have a question."

"Ok?"

"Did you pay all the bills for this month?"

Peter paused. He remembered bills being mentioned by traitor mctraitor face when May got hurt, but he hadn't paid anything for this month he was sure.

"No. Is there a problem?"

"Maybe?" she sounded uncertain. "Felicia stopped by to check on me and brought the mail in. I opened the bills and they all have a zero balance due. Even stranger, we got a letter that the hospital bill has been paid in full."

Peter blinked, his mind blank. Paid bills didn't make sense. Who pays someone's average bills and hospital.....

"Aunt May, I'll take care of it. I'll call the hospital and see what's going on. It's probably a mix up from someone else's account."

"Maybe so for that, but what about these other paid bills?"

"I'll figure it out." Peter said, hoping his voice sounded calm and assuring.

"Alright then. Where are you now?"

"I'm with Matt."

"Ok. Tell Matty I said 'hey' and 'thank you for the chocolate and ice cream'." He could hear the smile in her voice.

"Will do Aunt May. I love you."

"I love you too, sweetheart."

Peter hung up the phone and tossed it away from him on the couch.

"Problem?"

"Not sure actually. Aunt May says thanks for the chocolate and ice cream."

Matt waved it off. As if he wouldn't take care of May Parker as well at this point.

"But that's not why she called. She called to ask me if I had payed the bills this month." Peter's eyebrows furrowed. "I know I haven't, but more so than that, Aunt May's hospital bill has been fully taken care of." Peter looked at Matt, his voice carrying a pleading tone. "Please tell me you took care of it Matt. Please tell me it was you."

Matt didn't respond, taking another sip from his coffee.

Peter held his head in his hands. He couldn't deal with this. He needed to focus on a plan to avoid both the Avengers and Fury. He didn't want an IOU on his conscious, especially when he had a feeling he knew who he owed it to.

Matt was fuming. He had hoped this would be a simple comforting talk about Peter's feelings on having a face to face run-in with Tony. This was *not* what he was expecting. Peter had other things to deal with. May was still recovering and he was about to start his job at Oscorp in two days. He should have been focusing on that, not fighting for his privacy. As Peter warred with himself, Matt felt he was making the right choice in what he was going to do.

"Pete, listen to me."

Peter looked at Matt, hope for something, anything, radiating off him.

"I wish I had some words of wisdom for you, I really do. I've never had to deal with the Avengers or Fury coming after anyone I care about, and I'm *far* from even accepting of this. However, aside from avoiding fights with the Avengers, I want you to continue patrols as normal. If Spider-Man disappears from normal activities, it'll draw more attention to yourself. Also, as adverse as I am to admitting it, Barnes did you a favor coming to warn you. If it looks obvious you were tipped off, he may not be so obliged to do it again."

"Ok. Avoid fights with the Avengers, keep up relatively normal patrols, try not to melt into a puddle of anxiety. I think I can handle that." Peter laughed nervously.

"Keep your distance from Deadpool. I'm not going to back down from that this time. You do what I tell you to." Matt said sternly. "He's who they really want, and it'll be better for both of you to not be together. If the Avengers come, you don't want them to find both of you at the same time. They don't want to hurt you Pete, but I can't tell you what they might do to get Deadpool."

Peter frowned. Keep away from Wade? For how long? He hadn't exactly left him on a satisfying note at their last encounter. To be honest, Peter could still feel a tingle where the man's hands had roamed his body. Embarrassingly, he had starred in the mirror at the slight mark on his cheek, where Wade had pinched him, until it fully faded. Now he was supposed to stay away from him? He wasn't sure he could promise Matt he wouldn't see Wade.

"F-For how long?"

Matt raised an eyebrow.

"Not sure. This is a major inconvenience all around. I asked for Wade's help, and he's bartered a

deal for you to be his contact. Jessica doesn't want to deal with him, but she's going to have to get over. She draws less attention than either of us. We need whatever intel he can get to figure out what's going on." Matt rubbed his temples. "I'm sorry, Pete. May's injured and you're about to start a new job. You shouldn't have all this extra baggage being thrown on you."

"Nothing to be done about it I guess." Peter sighed. "I'll keep a low profile. I have to figure out how to break the news to Aunt May about our lifted financial burdens anyway."

Matt scoffed. On one hand, he was grateful for the relief for May and Peter, but on the other hand it had come from Tony Stark. The man wasn't known to just do things out of kindness, and the fact he did it for Peter was glaringly obvious why. Matt felt guilty for not helping take care of things before Tony had a chance to swoop in and put Peter in this position.

"Matt?"

"Yeah Pete?"

"Thanks for everything. You didn't have to take me on. You could have left me on my own. I don't think I'll ever be able to fully show my gratitude. After Uncle Ben died, I didn't know how Aunt May was gonna be able to carry us. I was to young for a job. I had these powers and I started eating more and was so restless. Once I hit the streets as Spider-Man, it helped with the restlessness, but it did nothing for the increase in the food budget. Then Tony pops up, and I was blinded by who he was. He threw money at my stomach and I was even more of a fan boy. I thought he was just a nice guy. Turns out I was a nieve kid that couldn't see the ulterior motive behind everything he did. Aunt May found out about Spider-Man, I left Tony behind, and I was alone. I had these powers, but no one to help refine them. I know with time and practice I could have gotten along fine, but when Reed sent me to you and you agreed to help, I feel like it just sped my progress up faster. Tony never encouraged advancement, and that's all you ever pushed. I think, I think Uncle Ben would have liked you. I think he would be happy with who you've helped me become."

Matt sat in silence as Peter finished. Although he and Peter had never denied the fact they had come to think of each other as family more than mentor and mentee, it was completely different to hear it so defined. Truth was, Matt loved his kid and would do whatever he had to to keep him safe.

"I think you would have done fine without Pete. I didn't make you who you are, you did that. All I did was support it."

The two were silent for a moment, Matt sipping his coffee while Peter drank his chocolate milk.

"Still." Peter smiled. "Thanks Matt."

"You're welcome Pete. How about we order some take-out, we'll order extra for you to take home to May."

"That's why she loves you. I'm only ahead of you because she raised me."

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Harley grinned as he rode the elevator up to the penthouse floor. It had been a little while since he had seen Tony in the flesh, and he was excited to reunite with him. He couldn't wait to get in to one of Tony's labs and work on projects together.

When the elevator stopped and the doors opened, Harley was greeted by a smiling Pepper Potts.

"Hello Harley. I hope your travel went well."

"Yeah, it was great." He smiled, only slightly disappointed Tony hadn't been the one to greet him.

"I know you were expecting Tony," Pepper gave a knowing smile. "But he's tied up in Avengers' business right now."

"Oh, well that's ok. It'll give me time to get settled." He smiled. He could definitely turn a blind eye to Tony not meeting him it with was for the Avengers.

He grabbed his two suitcases and followed Pepper down a hall. She stopped outside a closed door and turned to him.

"This is your room, Harley. Tony and Steve are down the hall." she smiled.

"It's still hard to picture Iron Man and Captain America as a couple."

"You have no idea." Pepper laughed as she opened his bedroom door.

Harley took in the room and grinned at the size of it. The walls were a light grey and bare, ready to be filled with anything he wanted to hang. His bedding was a slightly darker grey. There was a large desk by one of the walls while another was all windows.

"Tony wanted to give you the chance to make this room your own, as he didn't do anything with it. It's yours to remake so let us know whatever you want to do in here." She paused as she studied him. "I mean it Harley. This room is exceptionally plain. We want you to feel like it's home."

Harley smiled at her.

"Thanks Ms. Potts. I'm just gonna unpack and really check things out."

"Ok. There's a bathroom through that door and once your done unpacking, how about you and so have lunch. We can catch up on things until Tony can come up."

"Sounds good to me."

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"Hopefully we won't have to follow through with Plan B." Steve frowned as he looked at the screen before him.

Tony had laid out Spider-Man's usual routes with questionable detail. He had listed several locations that would be good for a peaceful meetup, and others that would be good for an ambush. Steve was hopeful it wouldn't come to force.

"If we have to bring him in though, we need to do it at night. We don't want a scandal for any of us. The Avengers going after Spider-Man only leads to two conclusions and they both involve one of us being the bad guy."

"Well it's not us." Tony said confidently. "The kid needs a wake up call."

"You'd let him be seen as a bad guy?"

"It won't come to that." Tony dismissed. "Kid's smart enough to know the risk he's facing. He'll come in. We won't have to go past Plan A."

Steve frowned and crossed his arms. He wasn't as confident as Tony that Spider-Man would be so willing to comply. It was clear he was, at the very least, on friendly terms with the mercenary. He knew he wouldn't want to be brought in and questioned about any of the other Avengers.

"I hope you're right Tony. This just doesn't sit well with me."

"Listen, I'm not out to hurt the kid. It's the last thing I'd ever want. Deadpool is a loose canon and I'm worried about what could happen if he snaps. I don't think P-Spider-Man fully understands what he's doing. He needs to be brought in, sat down, and have everything laid out on the table."

"Look, Tony," Steve hesitated. "You can't tell me your connection to Spider-Man isn't an issue in this. You've been private about it all, but I want to know what we're getting in to. You've left us all in the dark and I don't like going in to something blind if I don't have to."

Tony didn't respond as he looked at the glowing lights that documented the best places for an ambush. He didn't want to get in to his situation with Peter. For the kid's own sake, it should remain private. He didn't want the team thinking ill of Peter when he joined. He didn't want them thinking Peter would just bail completely if he didn't like something or wasn't in control. He didn't want them thinking Peter himself was a loose canon that wouldn't listen and follow directions.

"The kid and I hit a rough patch. I won't lie, I'm going to ask him to join the team when we get this Deadpool mess sorted out. I've just been busy and so has he. He wasn't really ready for the big leagues, but after all this, I think it's time. So yeah, I do have another motive here, but I don't see anything wrong with it. It also has nothing to do with the initial reason for tracking him down."

"That still doesn't answer my concerns Tony. I need to know if we're getting into something simple or complicated."

"Simple. You just have to know how to approach the kid." Tony grinned.

"Then I think you should sit this part out." Steve didn't look at him.

"Excuse me?" Tony glared. "Anything involving Underroos is *my* business. I'm not letting any of you go out there without me."

"We want him to come in peacefully, Tony. If you're there, he might not be willing to cooperate. We need to find out about Deadpool."

Tony didn't respond as he turned and stormed out the lab.

Steve sighed and sat down at Tony's desk. He hated benching Tony, knowing the man wanted nothing more than to get this opportunity to talk to Spider-Man. He actually felt sorry for Tony. It was clear by the way he talked and acted, Tony had tried to help the kid and been turned down. It was admirable how much Tony continued to reach out and offer to overlook their past issues.

Maybe this would be a good opportunity for Tony. Still, if the kid was feeling guilty or rebellious towards Tony, having him there wouldn't help anything.

Steve ran his hand down his face then paused. He hadn't noticed when he sat down, but laid out on Tony's desk were suit designs. They looked similar to Tony's usually suits, but there were obvious deviations. There were notes scribbles all over the sides. Underlined twice was the words, Iron Lad. Steve frowned in confusion. Clearly this wasn't a suit design for Tony, but who was Iron Lad? He briefly thought of Spider-Man but quickly threw that idea away. He remembered though that Natasha had mentioned Tony having designs for a new suit for Spider-Man tucked away. Curious, Steve opened the desk draw and shuffled around its contents. He stalled as he came across an unlabeled manilla folder. He pulled it out and opened it.

Pages and pages of Spider-Man suit designs sat inside the folder. Steve sifted through them with wide eyes. Tony had been putting in a lot of work. Each suit had better upgrades than the last.

Steve frowned. Tony was putting such work in to creating a new suit for Spider-Man. It hurt that the vigilante didn't seem to appreciate Tony's efforts to bond with him again.

Steve shut the folder and put it back in the drawer. Once they had Spider-Man back at the tower, he would make sure the man stayed until he listened to Tony. Maybe he could even get the other Avengers to agree to help. It only seemed right to try to make Spider-Man understand everything Tony was trying to do for him.

Standing up, Steve left the lab in search of his teammates.

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"Harley!" Tony smiled as he stepped out the elevator. "I'm glad you came."

"Hey Tony!"

Harley grinned as he walked over to Tony and was pulled into a loose and friendly hug.

As the two separated, Tony studied the young man before him. He was surprised how good he felt at seeing Harley. The kid was incredibly smart and enjoyable to be around. He was positive he'd make the lab interesting. As he animatedly talked about his trip, Tony couldn't stop the inner sadness about the loss of having both Harley and Peter together. The two boys were a lot alike, and would have been a great team, maybe more. During the short time he had been with Peter, he had learned the boy, was in fact, bi. Although he had only ever been with girls, he wasn't opposed to being with men. Harley, he had found out, was gay and had been in a few relationships over the years. Usually Tony could care less about someone's love life other than his own. In this case though, he couldn't get Clint's words out of his head. It was a disturbing thought to Tony that Peter could possibly be in a romantic relationship with Deadpool, when he could be in one with Harley.

Looking at Harley, Tony smiled. His plans for the Iron Lad suit were almost complete. As soon as he got Harley in the lab, they would begin work on it. Once it was finished, Harley would be given the suit and Iron Lad would become the newest Avenger. All that would be left then, would be for Peter to join the team. Surely once Peter and Harley were Avengers, Deadpool would be kicked to the curb and left to S.H.I.E.L.D.

"So," Harley started, breaking Tony out of his thoughts. "Can I hear what Avengers business has you tied up?"

Tony debated whether or not he should tell him before ultimately deciding to.

"We have to bring Spider-Man in for questioning about an unstable mercenary in the city."

"Really? He's not in trouble is he?" Harley pushed.

"No. He's just been seen with the man and we want to know about the change in the merc's behavior."

"That's good." Harley smiled. "No offense Tony, but Spider-Man has my attention way more than Iron Man."

"You wound me kid."

"Well, when you develop an ass like his, then you can get back with me." Harley laughed.

Tony shook his head with a smile. Maybe it wouldn't be so hard after all.

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Peter groaned as he made his way back to May's with a bag of food. He poked at his swollen belly.

"Aww, cute little food baby belly you got there, Parker."

Peter jumped and looked up to see Felicia grinning at him.

"Oh no. Not today traitor."

"You've been ignoring my calls!" she pouted. "You *know* how I hate to be ignored. I simply won't stand for it."

"Well, that's all I have for you, especially now." Peter grumbled as he walked past her.

"What's that supposed to mean?" she asked, walking in stride with him.

Peter sighed. He tried hard to be mad at her but the truth was, he loved Felicia and how easy she was to talk to.

"I have to stay away from Wade for a while."

"*What*!?" Felicia shouted, anger creeping in.

"Not by choice." Peter snapped, then blushed furiously. "I'm kind of in trouble, and not with May or Matt."

"Ok, who's screwing with my OTP?"

"Who's not?" Peter frowned, shuffling his feet. "We have that problem with what happened at the docks. Someone might be targeting Matt and me. Then, this morning I get the bomb dropped on me that the Avengers want me and if I don't go with them, S.H.I.E.L.D. will be coming for me."

They want to question me about Deadpool's activities. Matt said I need to stay away from him for real. He's not wrong. They might want me to come in and talk, but they could bypass me completely if they get their hands on Wade."

Felicia glared at the ground as they walked.

"I am *most* displeased by this." she growled, then stopped walking. "Peter, how are you gonna explain this to Wade?"

Peter stopped and blinked at her. He had not considered what telling Wade about their situation would do. After their last encounter, the merc probably wouldn't be keen on not seeing him.

"I don't know. I haven't thought about it. Now I'm worried about telling him."

"How do *you* feel about it?" she asked, her voice soft.

Peter blushed and looked at the ground. He felt so conflicting. After their rooftop meeting, he had come to terms with the fact he was generally attracted to Wade and even interested in pursuing a relationship. However, Peter was also socially awkward about his love life and struggled with voicing his thoughts. He took a deep, slow breath and let it out. He looked Felicia in the eye and answered.

"I don't l-like it." he answered, voice unsteady. "I-I've never been in this situation before. I've only ever been with women, and other than you, no one knew about Spider-Man. It's a whole new feeling for me. I-I want to see where it goes. You'll be happy to hear me say, you *were* right. We've known his a while now, and I didn't even know it was happening. Now though, I have to stay away from him and I don't even know how long."

Felicia closed her eyes, took a breath, then opened them. She looked at him sadly.

"What happens if you *do* go talk to them? I mean, are they planning on using you to bring him in or something? Are they wanting a strategy to subdue him?"

"I honestly don't know what they expect to get out of me. Wade made the choice to change on his own. I don't have the answer for it." Peter huffed in annoyance.

"Oh my God! You're such a idiot, Parker." the blonde rolled her eyes and she linked her arm in his and they continued walking.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Felicia gave him a deadpan look as she steered him towards a car garage. He hadn't even noticed they had walked towards her apartment building.

"He changed for *you* jackass."

Peter looked at her blankly as she lead him towards her car and pushed him inside. She got in and cranked the car, then pulled out. They were almost fully back to May's before Peter spoke again.

"What do you mean he changed for me? I didn't do anything to make him stop taking murder jobs."

"Really Peter? How can you be so smart but so *oblivious*? As soon as he started trying to woo you, he quit taking those jobs because he knew you didn't like them! *You* are the big secret! *You* are the reason behind the change which gives me no choice but to agree with Matt. What did he tell you about Spider-Man's usual nights out?"

"That I should stick to normal patrol because it might draw too much attention if I just quit all of a sudden."

"Makes since." her eyebrows furrowed. "I'm gonna offer an extra suggestion though."

"Let me have it."

"Black Cat is going to take a break from *her* usual nights out and shadow you." she grinned at him, pulling in to May's driveway.

"What?"

"Yes. I'm going to shadow Spider-Man for a while. I think it would be best for you not to be totally alone. I can be with you and not be noticed. I don't think Daredevil would be able to escape their notice, mostly because I think they'd be watching out for him just incase you went out together."

Peter thought about it as they walked up to the front door. He pulled out his key and the two went in. He took break from his thoughts to smile at the woman sitting on the couch talking to May.

"Hey Mrs. Ann." Peter smiled. "Thanks for sitting with May for me."

"Are you kidding? It's been a great day! We don't get together enough, May."

The two smiled at each other and went back to their conversation. Peter motioned for Felicia to follow him to his room, pausing just long enough to snatch the bills off the kitchen table. Once inside, Peter shut the door and leaned against it.

"Alright, I'm in." he nodded. "I've gotta figure out a way to tell Wade we can't see each other without telling him exactly what's going on. I don't want him putting himself in the Avengers' path. You can help me avoid him if he tries to catch me, and help me avoid the Avengers."

"Why is the thought of him *catching* you hot? Like he's going to hunt you down and carry you off caveman style once he gets you." she grins.

"You're not filling me with confidence about keeping us apart."

"I really don't want to. Progress was being made my little spider. This whole ordeal is going to set everything back. I know you, you know have time to over analyze everything. You'll panic."

"I will not!" Peter blushed and sat down at his desk.

"Yeah, ok."

Felicia rolled her eyes and plopped down on his bed. She stared at him a while before speaking.

"Wade's done so good. Why can't they just leave him alone?"

"Apparently he's on some list of S.H.I.E.L.D.'s. Like a most dangerous or serious watch list. I guess they don't trust that he's reformed. Felicia," Peter looked at her, his features twisted in worry. "I think they want to take me from him. I think they intend to stop me from being around him. He was the Avengers' responsibility to watch, and they haven't been. I guess they feel like I've been doing their job and they want to know what I know about him and send me on my way. I'm positive I'll be issued a severe warning about continuing to be involved with him if they bring me in."

"How is them not doing *their* job *your* problem?"

"I get the feeling they didn't care until Nick Fury got involved."

"This is so stupid."

Peter hesitated before tossing the bills on the bed.

"It gets worse." he frowned as she picked them up and went through them.

"These are just paid bills Peter. How is this worse?"

"I didn't pay those bills. I definitely didn't pay the hospital off in full."

Felicia narrowed her eyes.

"I want to ask who, but I feel like I'd be wasting my time. I guess the question really is, *how?* How did he know?"

"I don't know. I mean, I know he's kept a few tabs on me, but I didn't know it went this deep. If he's trying to impress me, he's failing."

"The Parker's don't just do charity." Felicia nodded.

"May called my while I was with Matt. I haven't had a chance to tell her yet." he sighed, sitting down on the bed. Felicia pulled him down so his head lay in her lap as she ran her fingers through his hair. "I'm mad with myself. I don't want his help, but it's a weight lifted off my shoulders. I could have made payments to the hospital, but the regular bills were going to be a problem. I won't be getting a check from Oscorp for a few weeks after starting."

Felicia was quiet a moment before speaking.

"There's nothing you can do about it now, Spider. You didn't ask him, or want him to do it so don't feel like you owe him anything. He shouldn't have pushed it on you. Yeah, we both had to choke on the fact he did something legitimately helpful for you, but you can't carry it with you. Just accept the relief he's given you and continue on your way. He made his choice to do it, you don't have to grovel for it."

Peter closed his eyes as Felicia's cool fingers continued to stroke his head.

"I think," he whispered. "Its the fact that I honestly do feel grateful for his interference that bothers me most."

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"Seriously?" Jessica scoffed, as she sat down on Matt's couch. "The Avengers' want Pete to ask about *Deadpool*? I figured if they ever came after him it would be about his involvement with Tony."

Matt sighed and leaned back in his chair. Jessica studied his face and frowned softly.

"How you holding up spider dad?"

Jessica wasn't a generally soft person, but the way Matt was holding himself sat wrong with her.

"If I'm honest, not well. Even worse, I'm about to do something highly questionable."

"Oh, really?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I'm going to tell Deadpool what's happening. I want to give him the option of going to the Avengers himself and sparing Pete the trouble."

"Matt," Jessica frowned. "That's....I don't know. Even though he's not the same guy he was a few years ago, that doesn't mean they would turn him loose if he went in. Peter wouldn't appreciate you telling him."

"He's not going to know. I won't tell him, and Deadpool won't either. Everyone keeps telling me Deadpool wants a relationship with Peter. If that's true, he won't want to let Peter deal with his mess. I don't want to do it Jess. He may annoy me, and I'm not amused by his pursuit of Peter, but I don't wish anything on him. I don't like taking advantage of his feelings, but I can't let Peter get taken in by the Avengers."

"Look, what's the deal between Peter and Earth's Mightiest? I get the gist that something happened, but that's it. What's the full story that would make you back Deadpool in to a corner?"

"It's not really my story to tell. Long story short, Pete is on the run from Tony Stark. He came to me looking for a mentor after leaving Stark. He didn't paint a pretty picture of his involvement with the man."

Jessica nodded. "I could see it. Alright Matt, I hope this doesn't backfire on you or Peter."

"Me too."

## Chapter End Notes

As far as Steve's thoughts go, he doesn't know what really happened between Peter and Tony. All he knows is the snippets he gathers from Tony. None of the Avengers know the whole story.

I couldn't find a genuine way to write in Tony's wishful thinking that instead of people thinking Peter and Wade were possibly a couple, they'd think Peter and Harley were. I really had a hard time with that section. I just can't make it not sound so off. It's not meant to be creepy. It's a legit wish for Tony that things would go that way instead of the other.

I struggled ya'll.

# Chapter 11

## Chapter Summary

First day at Oscorp.

Daredevil and Wade have a chat.

Jessica debates.

Who is Spider-Man?

## Chapter Notes

This chapter isn't as long as some of the others, but I got to a good stopping place for this one while I flesh out the next few chapters.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Harry hugged Peter as he entered his office.

"I'm glad you took the job, Pete. I feel like could use someone level headed around me."

"The board giving you trouble?" Peter asked, sitting down in one of the extra padded chairs.

"You have no idea." Harry groaned as he fell back into his desk chair. "They were expecting me to run this company like Dad, but I have no intention to. This is *my* company now, and I'm going to run how I see fit. Despite what they all think, Dad did at least pay attention to me long enough to have me take special lessons on business management."

Peter watched Harry, guilt stirring in his chest. He made an effort of shoving it down.

"But anyway, how about we go check out your lab? How's May doing?"

"Getting better every day. Her friend is sitting with her during the day when either Felicia or I can't be there." Peter replied, following Harry out his office and to the elevator.

"I still can't believe nerdy Peter Parker landed the hottie that is Felicia Hardy. What are you two now anyway?"

"First of all, you better not let MJ here you talking like that." Peter grinned. "And we're....complicated?"

"Friends with benefits is *not* complicated, Pete."

"Well, it's *something*." Peter laughed and shook his head.

The elevator dinged and the doors opened. Harry led Peter down a hall of glass walls. Behind them

were people in lab coats moving around, all doing various things.

"This is you Pete." Harry grinned as he led Peter in to an empty lab at the end of the hall.

Peter looked around in awe. Everything was pristine and perfect.

"I had all the equipment in here replaced. No ones been in here to use any of it."

"Wow Harry. I'm flattered, but doesn't this show favoritism?"

"Maybe if you were any other scientist here. You're our head here Pete. The head of this department always get their own lab. No ones going to question it. I haven't advertised you to the others. I told them they were getting a new department head, but that was all. I'm going to avoid you during work hours as much as I can. I figure that way your coworkers can get to know you and realize how deserving of the position you are."

"Thanks Harry." Peter smiled.

"It's mutual Pete, trust me. Well, I gotta get back to the office and do boring stuff." Harry grinned with an eyeball. "I'll leave you get settled. Come see me before you leave today."

"Will do...Boss!" Peter gave Harry a wink and finger guns as the man left his lab with a chuckle.

Once Harry was gone, Peter began his inspection. He couldn't help but compare it to his somewhat muddled memories of Tony's lab. It wasn't quite as advanced, but he doubted anything could be. Tony made it his mission to be better in all things.

Peter gripped one of the counters. He didn't want think about Tony Stark, not today of all days. This was his official start to his life. He was excited to be here. It had nothing to do with Harry being his friend, that was just an added bonus. No, this was a golden opportunity for him. He would be able to take care of May and she could cut her hours at the hospital without worry.

Taking a breath, Peter continued his walk around the lab. He turned as he heard the lab door open. A petite, black haired woman stepped in.

"Wow," she starred. "You're way younger than I expected. I'm Lily Stafford." she smiled, stepping up to him and holding out her hand.

"Peter Parker." Peter smiled as he took her hand. "How'd you get the job of assessing me?"

She laughed out loud and shook her head.

"As the risk of sounding childish, because it was, I lost a rock, paper, scissors game."

"Thats not how adults figure things out? I've been doing it wrong then."

"I think you'll fit in just fine." she smiled. "Now I better get back to my space and let you get yourself together. I look forward to working with you, Peter."

"Same. Tell everyone to feel free to come in. I'm not going to be doing anything today."

"Will do!"

~~~~~

"So, did you meet your team?"

"Yeah. Lily won the honor of meeting me first."

Harry laughed as he straightens up the paperwork on his desk.

"Don't let her fool you. She was the most interested in meeting you. She's the team extrovert."

"I can see that." Peter grinned, eyes widening slightly as he caught the SI logo before Harry shuffled the paper into his stack. "Was that an SI letter I saw?"

"Yeah." Harry grinned. "SI has been one of our biggest competitors for years. Unlike Dad, I'm not opposed to mending fences and broadening Oscorp's reach. Joint projects with SI will look good on us."

His feelings on SI aside, Peter couldn't help but be impressed with Harry's thought process. Peter briefly wondered if him getting a job at Oscorp had anything to do with the joint venture, but the way Harry talked, this had been in the works before he had been outed.

"You're doing great Harry. I know you try to avoid reviews of Oscorp, but they're getting increasingly positive. You should feel proud of yourself."

"Thanks Pete." Harry smiled. "This is why you're going to be my best man, no choice."

"People might think we're friends if I do that, and I can't have that." Peter grinned.

"I'll be sure to let MJ know of this betrayal."

"NO!" Peter whined. "She's almost as bad as May and Felicia!"

"Best man then!"

"Best man."

"As if I wouldn't get my way." Harry grinned, grabbing his briefcase and following Peter to the door.

As Harry locked his office door, Peter struggled with his curiosity over the SI collaborations. He knew he shouldn't care, but he wanted to know.

"Harry," Peter struggled. "Can I ask a question I probably shouldn't because it's not my place or business?"

Harry raised an eyebrow as they walked toward the elevator.

"Sure."

"What, er, do, you know what joint projects Oscorp and SI are doing? I mean, is it something already decided or, just an agreement for a future project?"

"Not thinking of working on something to impress Stark and leave me, are you Pete?"

"No way, Har. You're stuck with me for the long haul. Curiosity is just my flaw."

Harry chuckled and pressed the down button. He took a breath, then paused before responding.

"Truth is Pete, I really *don't* know. This only just became a possibility like 3 weeks ago. No project has been presented, its just that the doors are open between both companies."

Peter nodded, an internal fear lifted. It had always been unlikely, but Peter had feared the offer for joint projects had come from Tony learning Peter was going to be working there.

"Well, what ever it turns out to be, you're going to handle it great. I have faith in you."

Harry looked at Peter, his eyes so full of gratitude it hurt. I hurt to know that those kinds of praises weren't something Harry had grown up hearing.

"Thanks Pete."

~~~~~

"Hey Red!" Wade greeted cheerfully. "I got your message from the lovely Lady Jones. I gotta admit though, if this is the shovel talk, I'm gonna need a moment."

"It's a talk, and also not one you're going to like."

Wade frowned as he took in Daredevil's tense state. Whatever the man had to say, it was probably going to end with Wade having to make a sucky decision.

"Well then, let's get this over with."

"Not here." Daredevil said, turning his head, listening to their surroundings. "We need to go somewhere private. We're too exposed on this roof for what I'm going to tell you."

Wade nodded and followed as Daredevil left the roof and started off through the city. They moved into a less populated part of the city, and ducked into an abandoned warehouse. Once inside, Daredevil paused, cocking his head, then turned to face Wade.

"I gotta admit Red, all this secrecy is killing me! What's going o-"

Daredevil slapped his hand over Wade's masked mouth and slammed him into a wall.

"Just know, I am about two seconds away from snapping necks, so shut up and listen."

Wade nodded as the hand was removed from his mouth, and Daredevil stepped back. The man studied Wade, causing the merc to squirm a little. While he couldn't say he had ever had any real problems with the vigilante, Wade also couldn't say he had ever been on the receiving end of his scrutiny.

"The Avengers want Spider-Man and it's your fault."

The statement was said so matter of factly that Wade wasn't sure he could argue. It wouldn't surprise him though. The gang had *not* welcomed him with open arms the day he had joined Spider-Man in the fight.

"Care to elaborate?"

"You, as I'm sure you know, are on a very serious watch list." The vigilante's brows drew down, narrowing the eyes of his mask..

"Yeah. My old buddy Nick really has a thing for me." Wade's grin faltered as the joke hung in the air.

"You're name being on that watch list just intruded into *my* life." The man growled. "Because of *you*, Spider-Man is on the run from both the Avengers *and* Fury."

There was silence before a furious yell.

"He's *what*!?" Wade fumed, throwing an empty crate against a wall where it shattered. "I'm who they want! Why are they after him?"

"Because he's to nice for his own good." Daredevil grumbled. "Fury has taken a step back to let the Avengers attempt to bring Spider-Man in for questioning. If they fail, Fury will go after him. I don't want Fury emerging from his little hidey hole. He probably wouldn't have even wanted to get involved if it wasn't for the fact that the stupid list you're on is *his*. That aside, Fury is my problem to worry about, the Avenger's are Peter's. I'm sure you know he's got history with Tony Stark that he's not happy with."

"I'm aware there's something between them but I don't know exactly what." Wade glared at the floor. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to stay away from him. I don't want the two of you seen together."

"What do they want with him anyway?"

"They want to know why Deadpool, a well known mercenary, isn't killing anymore. Apparently the wonderful Avengers were supposed to be your keepers and they slacked off. During their little down time, your habits have changed and for some reason, they consider your change for the better a red flag." Daredevil crossed his arms.

"That's the stupidest character motivation I've ever heard." Wade deadpanned. "I'll just turn myself in then."

Matt looked at the merc, surprised by this statement. Still, it didn't matter what Wade did.

"Look, I'm going to tell you this and I assume you understand it won't be leave this warehouse."

Wade nodded, not about to cross the man.

"I told Pete to avoid seeing you because he might get caught in a cross fire if the Avengers think they could just take you in."

"I *just* said I'd turn myself in!"

"They don't want you!" Matt shouted. Wade froze in shock and surprise at the vigilante's outburst. "They don't want to bring you in! I told Peter that to help ensure he did what I told him to. He'll stay away from you not just to protect himself, but because he also thinks he's protecting you. They could care less about bringing you in. They were watching you because of your history. You're history is also why they won't bring you in. They don't trust you to tell the truth as to why you've changed, why would you? *That's* why Fury wants Peter brought in. Your new 'hero trainee' status coincided with your interaction with Spider-Man, so that makes him more appealing. Fury thinks he has some big secret to keep you on a leash, and that's what they want. They want a way to keep

one of their biggest monitored threats under control."

"Oh, I don't think The Pirate King could replicate Spidey's 'secret'." Wade grinned slyly.

"I'm not interested." Daredevil growled. "Just stay away from Peter. Keep doing what your doing. It probably won't make a difference but, if you keep up the good behavior with no appearance from Spider-Man, *maybe* Fury might call off his Spider-Man hunt."

"Fury doesn't generally go back on his orders."

"In this case, would be in their best interests if he did."

~~~~~

Wade watched as Daredevil headed back into Hell's Kitchen. He wasn't sure Peter really understood the terrifying force that Daredevil was when it came to protecting him.

Wade's face fell as he pulled out his phone and pulled up Peter's number. He had gotten so close to having a possible relationship with Peter, and now it was slipping through his fingers. He wanted nothing more than to march right in to Stark's fancy office and threaten him to leave Spider-Man alone. The only thing stopping his was that he didn't think Peter would appreciate that approach.

Wade sighed and looked up at the sky. Why couldn't they just appreciate the fact he wasn't taking hit jobs anymore? Wasn't that what got him put on the list to begin with? Didn't he deserve some consideration?

"It's not fair."

"No, it's not."

Wade jumped with a surprised yell. He spun around to see the familiar cat burglar walking toward him with a frown.

"I followed the two of you here. I figured he'd pull the protective dad shtick on you."

"I guess you know everything?"

"Yeah. Pete filled me in. He's really stressed, for more reasons then you think. Devil's right though. You turning yourself in isn't gonna stop the Avengers from going after Peter. Spider-Man is the only vigilante you've ever involved yourself with to this extent. It's guaranteed Fury thinks he's a treasure trove of information. Also, you're losing it if don't think Stark is using this to his own advantage."

"That's what bothers me most. I feel like I'm feeding him to the sharks. This is my fault after all."

Felicia sighed and stepped up to him. She softly placed her hand on his cheek and turned his face towards hers.

"I can promise you Daddy Devil is keeping a *very* close eye on him, whether it shows or not. He's also got quite a few other people that will be watching him." she chuckled. "Until you can make it official, Spider-Man belongs to the vigilante community, and from what I understand, The Fab Four have investment in him as well."

"You mean I gotta compete with a guy who's *literally* on fire?!"

"Well, before you, he was the top of the list for Pete's first gay rodeo." she grinned and winked.
"But that's not the point. The point is, unless the Avengers tread carefully and approach this with respect, they're going to find themselves in a turf war."

"I'm not sure how to feel about referring to Petey like property." Wade frowned.

"You telling me you don't want to stake a claim on your spider booty?" Felicia smirked.

Wade felt himself get a little hot under the collar. Felicia smirked, clearly aware of where his thoughts were going.

"Still, just because you can't see each other physically, that doesn't stop you from keeping contact. You do have his number after all." she smiled encouragingly. "Wooing him through words can be sexy as well you know. Build up the excitement for when you can finally be reunited! There's also the option of sending nudes!" she winks saucily.

"You started out in cheesy high school romance territory, then you started drifting." Wade raised an eyebrow.

"Don't you ruin my fantasy time you ass."

"You're a weird individual, and that's coming from me. I know you and Petey hit the sheets, so you encouraging me to pursue him confuses me. Is this a joke?" Wade asked suspiciously.

"Oh no. I'm totally all for it. I just have needs too. It's not like I'll be popping in once you two are official. I'll miss it though. Our spider is something else in the sack." she grinned mischievously.

"I'm starting to think I'll never know!"

"Just try to relax. This can't last forever if you just do what your told."

"I guess I'll need to let Petey know I'm not ignoring him." Wade sighed in defeat.

"He's been trying to figure out how to tell you why he can't team up with you without sounding like he just doesn't want to see you. I'm sure he's a puddle of anxiety on his floor right now trying to figure it out." she sighed.

"I'll just tell him I'm doing some recon about the docks, so no meet ups can be seen with him or Red."

"Good boy." Felicia smiled. "Best not to say anything that lets him know D talked to you.....or," she grinned mischievously. "*threatened* is probably the better term."

"Let's just say I did indeed get the shovel talk, without getting the actual shovel talk. Matt's good. Well," Wade said, clapping his hands together. "I guess we better get this show on the road. The sooner we prove I'm changed and Spider-Man isn't my handler, although I'm not opposed to that, the sooner I can get back to that delicious spider booty! I'm gonna have to up my game. I've gotta be seen more as a solo act."

"That's the spirit! I'll even help! I'll take a few hours off from spider watch to let you stop one of my 'jobs'. Just don't expect to turn me in."

"Don't worry. I'll give you the forgiving Spidey treatment."

"It'll be nice working with you."

The two shook on it.

Jessica frowned as she looked over her notes. She hadn't received anything new from Deadpool, but given the whole Avengers/Spider-Man fiasco going on, she wasn't likely to for a little while. However, it didn't mean she had been coming up empty handed on her own. There was definitely a coverup at the docks. Unfortunately, Daredevil was becoming less and less of a player. Signs were pointing towards Spider-Man. Whoever was sending odd vibes towards the docks were definitely targeting anyone that would lead Peter to keep checking the area.

This left her in an odd position. If Spider-Man was the desired target, surely he needed to stay away, but there was the point that something really was going on. If they kept Spider-Man from the area, would the mystery villain change their location? Right now they knew where he was somewhat going to be operating. Letting things play out and Peter keep going back would clearly keep whoever it was there long enough to find out what was going on.

Matt would never allow it though. Not right now. He wouldn't risk Peter being distracted and not giving his full attention to his surroundings. How long could they afford to keep him away though? There was always the option of having him escorted every time he went, but that might lead to the same result not letting him go at all did.

Jessica scrubbed her face. By all accounts, there only seemed to be one thing to do. She would have to keep her mouth shut about the Spider-Man connection, but definitely let him and Matt know the docks aren't a dead lead.

There were so many ways this was going to blow up in her face. Still, given what was going on, Matt was keeping close tabs on Peter's movements, so there was that silver lining.

She was pushing her luck on how far she could stretch her tentative friendship with Matt though. Taking a breath, she gathered up her paperwork and shoved it into her desk. She could put off saying anything at all for the moment. Whoever was at the head of what was going on, was still in an early enough phase that she had time for some more research and hopefully for things on Peter's end to tie up.

Peter stared at his phone screen. He knew he needed to tell Wade something, but what exactly? He didn't want to tell him about Fury and the Avengers. He wouldn't risk Wade turning himself in to protect him.

Peter let out a breath, smiling at himself. He didn't want Wade doing anything to protect him, because that's what he was doing for Wade.

"Alright Parker, you created your own web fluid, surely you can figure out a text."

No. No he couldn't.

Peter groaned and flopped back on his bed. Why was it so hard to just tell Wade he couldn't see him for a while? Just tell him he had some personal stuff to take care of. That wouldn't explain why Spider-Man was still out and about though.

"There has to be something-thats it!" Peter gasped, shooting up.

He was about to start his text when he received one from Wade. Curious, and a little nervous, he opened it.

/Hey Baby Boy! Met with Big Red tonight./

Peter's eyes widened.

/Gonna be doing a recon job, order of Jones./

"Thats....convenient." Peter's eyes narrowed as he read the message.

/I shall miss your gloriously delicious spider butt! 😋/

Peter couldn't decide if he wanted to be mad at Matt for interfering or not.

\I'll try to hold it together while you're busy.\

/Be strong Petey-Pie! Daddy will be back to you soon!/\

\I'm not calling you that.\

/Baby, once I get you alone, you'll be calling me whatever I want you to. 😊/

Peter's face flamed.

"How can he just say things like that?"

/Now, get some sleep Peter Pumpkin. You need appropriate 8 hours!/\

\Yeah. Good night.\

/Night sweetheart. 😊/

Peter dropped the phone next to him on the bed. *If*, and with Matt you could never really tell, *if* the job for Jess was true, it was perfect. Wade would be helping them, while making it easy on Peter to avoid him.

~~~~~

Adrian Toomes was a lot of things, but a snitch didn't generally fall on to the list. He had spent the last few years shut up in prison, away from his family, and he would be lying if he said it was starting to get to him. He wanted freedom. He wanted his wife and daughter. He knew what he had done wasn't right, despite the intentions behind it, but he had gained *very* valuable information because of it. As far as he knew, no one other than him and Tony Stark knew the identity of the

elusive Spider-Man. He was a 15 year old kid when he had gotten Adrian put behind bars, and yet Adrian couldn't hate him. Who could hate a nerdy kid just trying to do what he felt was right? The boy had been a classmate of his daughter, even going so far as to be her prom date! No, he couldn't hate the kid. So while he sat in a prison, slowly accepting more and more criminals that fell to Spider-Man, Adrian kept the boy's secret. He kept it guarded so tightly, he eventually quite thinking about it all together.

Then, suddenly, he was offered a deal.

"You tell me the identity of Spider-Man, and when I get out of here, you'll find yourself a free man. It's a guarantee."

With the promise of freedom and family, Adrain had only hesitated a moment before breaking.

"Peter Parker. His name is Peter Parker."

#### Chapter End Notes

Mystery villain doth emerge!

## Chapter 12

### Chapter Summary

Things kick up a notch.

### Chapter Notes

This chapter is EXTREMELY short. I just could NOT organize my thoughts! This chapter wrote itself in sections that I had to put together! Still, a LOT is dropped here.

#### TEXTS

{Felicia}  
[Matt]  
\Peter\  
/Wade/

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"So, Luke informed me the Avengers got quite a show last night." Jessica grinned, clearly delighted by what she was about to say.

Matt raised an eyebrow as he waited for her to continue. Jessica leaned forward, placing her elbows on his island counter top and resting her chin on her laced fingers.

"Apparently, Spider-Man just disappeared through a glowing golden portal mid swan dive. Luke said the Avengers left and went straight back to the tower. None of them even spoke." she threw her head back laughing. "I've heard there's only one person that can make those portals. I didn't know Pete knew that Doctor Strange guy."

"About a year ago, during one of my more serious fight recovery episodes, Pete disappeared for about a month. Just, vanished. May was frantic. Then, he just shows back up. Perfectly fine, not a scratch on him. When we asked where he'd been, he told us some story about traveling with Strange who needed him to help fix holes in reality using magically enhanced webs. He went on to say they had to fight the beings that caused the holes and that Doctor Strange told them Spider-Man was some sort of being called a Hidden One or something so they'd fear him. He's been seeing the good doctor off and on since then. Apparently the man has offered to teach him these 'mystical arts'."

Jessica started at him with a blank face.

"I'm not sure if that story is so bizarre it's believable or so bizarre that you're lying."

"You just told me Luke said he fell through a glowing portal and you're going to question me on that story?"

"Leave it to Parker to get involved with a wizard."

"I just hope he has Peter back for work on Monday. I'm not sure 'I was helping my magical wizard friend' is a believable excuse for missing work."

A loud bang from Matt's bedroom made the two jump. Sharing a glance, the two eased their way down the hall towards the bedroom.

"I don't think we're going to like what we find." Matt frowned, picking up the pace.

"What do you--holy shit!" Jessica gasped as Matt flung open his bedroom door.

"Felicia!" Matt yelled as he dove to the floor where the battered Black Cat lay groaning in pain.  
"What happened to you?" Matt whispered as he lifted her and placed her on his bed.

Jessica ran to the bathroom, pulling out Matt's first aid kit and wetting a few rags. When she came back into the room, Felicia was already passed out.

"Jesus, what the hell happened?"

"I don't know, she went out without a word." Matt frowned harder, taking the rags from Jessica and cleaning the blood off the blonde's face.

"Can't say I like this. Black Cat is one hell of a fighter. Someone being able to do this much damage to her doesn't look good."

Matt made to respond when Jessica's phone ping. The two were quiet while Matt cleaned and doctored Felicia and Jessica looked over her phone.

"Matt." the detective said, glaring at her phone. "You might want to hear this too."

Jessica turned up the volume on her phone, the sound filling the quiet.

**"Notorious burglar Black Cat may have met her match last night. Eyewitnesses say she was seen engaged in a fight with several dark clad figures. The burglar was last seen fleeing across rooftops with her attackers on her heels. The real question though, is whether or not this mysterious group was out to put and end to her antics, or something worse."**

The two looked down at the unconscious thief. Whoever her attackers were, they definitely didn't hold their punches.

"Jess, help me get her out of her costume. I can feel the dried blood in areas. She needs to be treated."

"This is where I'd normally make a pervert joke, and I'm throughly pissed that this is so bad I can't."

The two carefully removed the leather outfit, revealing multiple black and blue bruises and deep gashes.

"Jess, did the video have any footage? Everyone has their phones on them these days. Surely someone caught something."

"Yeah, but it's to dark and only shot towards the rooftops to tell where they are. Still Matt, snooping is my job. I'll find out where she was. In the mean time, let's get her cleaned and dressed. I had no idea she went fully nude under that. Peter's a total perv." she said, rummaging through Matt's clothes. Pulling out a large t-shirt and a pair of boxers, she turned and walked back to the

bed as Matt finished cleaning the wounds and started bandaging them.

"I'll tell you again, I don't want to hear about anything sexual in regards to Peter."

"Alright, Dad."

The two threw the banter, neither wanting to think past what was right in front of them until Felicia was cleaned and dressed. There would be plenty of time for that. One she was bandaged and dressed, Matt lifted her while Jessica changed the bloody sheets.

"I'm gonna call Claire. It wouldn't hurt to have her come take a look." Jessica said as she walked out the room, already dialing.

Matt stood by the bed a few more minutes, before finally following Jessica out to the living room.

~~~~~

Tony slammed the Iron Lad chest piece on with more force than needed. They had been chasing after Spider-Man going on a month now. They were following Steve's strict order *not* to engage in a physical altercation with Spider-Man, and it was getting them nowhere. Every time they found him, someone who suddenly pop up, demanding he help them with something and steal him away before they could approach him. The first few times they had brushed it off as coincidence. Spider-Man was well known in the vigilante community, it only made since he would help where he could. However, it was quickly becoming obvious a message was being sent. The message being that the Avengers were to leave Spider-Man alone.

They weren't fully sure yet if *they* were being monitored, or if Spider-Man was. It was clear the vigilante was unaware of the fact he was being pulled off on missions to keep him from the Avengers though. Every time he was asked for help, he always seemed a little surprised by their urgency. Regardless, it was becoming a problem that needed solving. Slowly the team had begun to assign new tasks. Natasha was obviously the first choice for the most important job, figure out where these vigilantes were watching from. Once they knew where their opponents where, it would be much easier to figure out how to dodge them to get to the wall crawler.

Of course, nothing could have prepared them for last night. A portal. A freaking portal had swallowed his protege! What do you even say to that? It wasn't like they could just go after him. The team had had no choice but to retreat back to the tower. Tony was furious. It was bad enough they kept getting interrupted by nobodies out to keep Spider-Man away from them, but now this?

An hour after being back at the tower. Natasha had introduced the team to the profile of one Stephen Strange. The man had once been a renowned surgeon until a car accident ruined his hands and prevented him from returning to the field. According to his S.H.I.E.L.D. profile, he was trained in the 'mystic arts', whatever that really meant.

'So he's what? Some kind of wizard?' he had asked.

Natasha had simply stared at him and answered. 'That's exactly what he is.'

Tony took a breath. How had Peter managed to get himself mixed up with an actual wizard? A wizard that clearly wasn't above kidnapping! How much worse could it get?

"Tony?"

Tony turned sharply to see Harley walking back into the lab.

"You alright? I heard the bang from the end of the hall. I mean, no offense, but I'd rather my suit be damaged in battle and not construction." the blonde grinned.

"Har har, kid." Tony rolled his eyes. "Just a little stressed."

"No progress with Spider-Man I take it."

"Just some minor setbacks. Spider-Man is apparently more popular than we took into account for. It's fine though. We're making alternate plans." Tony waved off nonchalantly. He had no plans to inform Harley that the team were running out of options of ways to peacefully approach the vigilante. If things continued, either the Avengers would have to use force, or Fury would act.

Tony paused. When was the last time anyone on the team had heard from the director? He hadn't been mentioned since the order to bring Spider-Man in was given. Even worse, Deadpool, minus Spider-Man, was continuing his 'hero' journey by continuing to intervene in crime sprees. He had even stopped the sultry Black Cat from completing a heist. He hadn't been able to catch her, but he had stopped the crime.

Neither of those things sat well with Tony.

Why was Fury being quiet? He had heavily implied a thin patience for waiting on them to bring Peter in.

Why was Deadpool still stopping crime without Spider-Man?

Not that Tony was complaining. He preferred that Peter not have anything to do with the merc. It was clear Deadpool didn't need Spider-Man...

"Boss. I have been instructed to tell you an emergency Avengers meeting has been called. Your presence is requested immediately."

Tony dropped the screwdriver he was holding, a cold feeling creeping through him.

"Entertain yourself but don't blow up my lab!" he shouted, rushing out the door and leaving a wide-eyed Harley behind.

~~~~~

Adrian Toomes took a exhilarated but guilty breath as he stepped out the prison a free man. His wife and daughter were there, waiting to take him home and work on building a new life together. He had had a long phone call with his wife after being informed of his upcoming release. It wasn't going to be easy, but he meant it when he told her he'd never go back to jail again.

He hugged his wife hard, then turned to take in the face of his much older daughter. His stomach lurched as looking at her only reminded her of what he had had to give up to get to this point. He pulled her close and just held her tight.

As he had waited for his official release, his mind had run with thoughts of what his 'savior' had

planned for the Parker kid. He could clearly recall the startled look on the man's face when he told him the identity behind the Spider-Man mask. It had filtered through a range of surprise, betrayal, intrigue, then pure manic excitement. He had proceeded to mumble about 'lost potential', correcting 'past mistakes' and 'perfect successor'.

Adrian would be lying if he said he didn't feel any concern for the future of Peter Parker. If the man was able to get him out of jail long before his sentence was up, what else could he do?

"You ok, Dad?"

Adrian looked down at his daughter and smiled, pushing back the thoughts of Peter Parker and his future fate. He could think about it at another time. Right now, all that mattered was his freedom, and his family.

~~~~~

"I'm gonna head out and see what I can dig up on our cat's little tussle last night." Jessica said, shoving her phone in her back pocket. "I called Claire. It wouldn't hurt for her to take a look."

"Thanks, Jess."

"Don't think me yet. This may or may not be partially my fault." Jessica sighed, staring at floor. "I've been compiling information on the docks continuously Matt, and I thought I might have more time."

"I suggest you spill." Matt demanded.

"I have news and I have nothing." she sighed in frustration. "The docks are a set up for Pete. Whatever is going on there is intended for him specifically. The problem with that is, we can't keep Spider-Man away. If we do, whoever is behind this could move operations. If we allow Pete to poke around every so often, it's more likely they'll stay where they are and the better our chances of catching the person behind it. Felicia was most likely targeted because Spider-Man hasn't been anywhere near the docks because we've all been keeping him busy to avoid the Avengers."

Matt sighed and rubbed his temples.

"Ok, what's the 'nothing' you have?"

"Not even the whisper of a name. I can't even tell you a consistency in dock activity, just that it happens. I should have mentioned something earlier but what could I say? It wasn't until a little while ago I even locked down for sure Peter is who they're after. That's literally all I know Matt, and it's driving me crazy! Whoever this is, they're exceptionally good. Almost *to good*."

"Possible team effort?"

"If not, we're in serious trouble with someone like that on the street. I'm gonna say this isn't a lone character. It pisses me off. I's slap an idiot who couldn't figure out this was someone with a grudge." Jessica huffed.

"Do we know if anyone Peter got put behind bars is out?"

"Toomes got out this morning. I'm not putting him on my radar though. He doesn't have connections outside of jail to orchestrate something like this."

"We should probably look into his movements for a bit though." Matt said, moving to sit on his couch.

"I'll get on it. I don't like doing this, but I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner."

Matt waved his hand in a dismissive manner.

"What could you tell me? You said it yourself, you don't really have anything and I have Peter under surveillance. Just keep up what you're doing Jess. You've already done a lot by finding out Pete is a target. I've just gotta figure out how to explain the beaten girl in my bedroom to him. Jess, I don't want *anyone* telling Peter what happened. As soon as he turns back up I'll bring him back here and we'll talk. I don't want him hearing second hand information. Felicia is here, she'll tell us what we need to know."

"Well, I guess I'll take on the big lug then. He and Black Cat have been working together to boost his image without Spider-Man. He'll want to know what's going on and where she is."

"Just tell him she's safe and that he needs to keep his mouth shut until I talk to Peter."

"Right. I'll stay in touch, Matt." Jessica said, opening the apartment door.

"Jess," Matt called, making her look back. "Be careful."

Jessica nodded and closed the door behind her.

~~~~~

**"Notorious burglar Black Cat may have met her match last night. Eyewitnesses say she was seen engaged in a fight with several dark clad figures. The burglar was last seen fleeing across rooftops with her attackers on her heels. The real question though, is whether or not this mysterious group was out to put an end to her antics, or something worse."**

"Those weren't my men." Fury growled in frustration. "The team I sent out had a mole. After the fight started, we sent out a second team. They found the first team unconscious, minus one."

"You seem to be having quite the trouble with those." Tony smirked smugly.

Fury glared through the screen. "I wouldn't sound so cocky, Stark. They attacked her on information that she was important to Spider-Man."

The team sat up straight at the director's words.

"What do you mean?" Tony ground out.

"While you all were dragging your feet bringing one lone vigilante in, I made my own team to go out and corner his connections to draw him out. Aggressive force was *not* authorized. Now, I have a whole new problem on my hands and *now* I *really* need Spider-Man."

"Do we know if she managed to escape?" Steve asked, stopping Tony from jumping in.

"From what my second team said, they got there in time to cause enough of a distraction for her to get away. They said she was in bad shape though. She must have had somewhere to go though because they couldn't find her once the fight was over."

"What did you do with the false team?" Sam asked.

"They're in containment. I'll give them this, they're loyal to whoever sent them. I'm getting real tired of having my shit infiltrated and somehow no one has answers. I wanted answers on Deadpool and *now* I need answers on Spider-Man."

Tony tuned out Fury's rant as his mind raced. Whoever was willing to practically kill Black Cat in hopes of Spider-Man making a show was way above what the vigilante usually dealt with. Did Peter even know what had happened? For the first time since hearing about him, Tony was grateful that Peter was with the wizard. Better he was with some powerful wizard than alone on the streets.

It didn't matter who stepped up to lure him away from the Avengers, the attack on Black Cat was a show of confidence. They weren't concerned about who they'd have to go through.

"Osborn..."

Tony zoned back in.

"What? What about Osborn?"

"He escaped a week ago." Natasha said, frustration on her face. "He's been gone a whole week and no one knew. His entire presence was wiped from the jail. It's like he was never there. However he got out, he did a masterful job of keeping it quiet."

"How do you keep an escaped convict *quiet*!?" Tony shouted, the cold feeling creeping back in. Putting Norman behind bars had almost gotten Spider-Man killed. People had worried when, after struggling to leave the scene, the vigilante wasn't seen for over two weeks. Even when he came back, it was obvious he still wasn't at his best, despite following his usual activity level.

"He's got to have someone working with him. No way Gob has that kind of pull on his own." Clint frowned, crossing his arms on the table.

"I want Spider-Man brought in. I don't care how." Fury snapped. "I want answers on Deadpool and Osborn. In the mean time, we'll be handling my team's '*replacements*'. The next time I hear from any of you, you better have Spider-Man."

The transmission cut off, leaving a conflicted group behind.

"I do not know of this, Osborn." Thor said, looking at his teammates.

"You were off world when Spider-Man fought him." Bruce replied. "He was going by the name Green Goblin and causing a lot of destruction in the city."

"Spider-Man almost didn't survive." Wanda said, a sad and concerned look on her face.

"If Norman's out, Spidey's in trouble." Rhodey sighed, sparing a glance at Tony.

"Well—" Steve started, but was cut off as Tony slammed his hand on the table.

"Play time is over." he ground out. "We bring him in, *now*. I don't care who tries to get in the way."

Spider-Man is officially top priority Avenger's business. Anyone who interferes is to be treated as a hostile threat. If we have to contain every vigilante in New York until we have Spider-Man in custody, we will. He's been out there long enough."

"Tony, think about what you're saying." Steve warned. "You're treading into dangerous territory."

"No!" Tony yelled, jumping up and knocking his chair over. "We've let them whisk Spider-Man off long enough. Look where it got them. One of there own was nearly murdered! If they had stayed out the way, we'd already have Spider-Man here!"

"Tones, no one could have accounted for what happened. Truthfully, what happened falls on Fury's shoulders since he sent the team." Rhodey tried to calm the billionaire down.

"I want Spider-Man *home*!"

No one missed the word used as Tony stormed out the door.

~~~~~

Peter yawned as Strange's cloak kept him upright. The two men had been non stop since the wizard had gotten him Friday night. He figured he could squeeze in a few hours of sleep before work.

"You could always call in sick." Stephen raised an eyebrow.

"Some of us have bills to pay." Peter grinned.

"One day off won't hurt you. In fact, I would recommend it. Exherting yourself after multiverse travel is unwise."

Peter stretched and leaned into the cloak more. He could feel the weariness in his body. Maybe calling in wouldn't be such a bad idea. People got sick all the time.

"Yeah, maybe you're right."

"Of course I'm right. I'm Sorcerer Supreme after all." Stephen threw Peter a cocky grin.

"I should probably let May know I'm ok. I'm sure she's wondered where I've been."

"Give her a call and then go to your room. I refuse to let you leave here looking like you could pass out at any moment. Before you ask, no, my cloak is *not* taking you home."

"You don't let us have any fun." Peter laughed, following the lively cloak towards the bedrooms.

"Thanks Cloakie." Peter grinned, as the cloak gave a wave and left to find Strange. Peter yawned again and picked his phone up from where he had left it on the night stand. Strange hadn't given him much time once he had dropped into the Sanctum. Taking a breath, he dialed May's number.

"Peter!" May shouted into the phone, far to alert for the late hour. "I hope that Doctor Strange has a good explanation for not giving you time to give me a simple phone call."

Peter blinked in surprise.

"How did you know I was with-"

"Matt called me to ask if you were home yet. He told me you disappeared through a portal! Doesn't that man have any other way of getting ahold of you? Like, I don't know, a cell phone? Portals, Peter. Portals give people heart attacks when they just appear out of nowhere."

Peter chuckled lightly as May ranted.

"Don't you laugh young man. Where are you?"

"I'm at the Sanctum, Aunt May. I'm gonna get some sleep. I think I'm gonna text Harry I'll be out tomorrow."

"Peter, honey, it's 2am. It is 'tomorrow'."

"Until the sun rises, it's not 'tomorrow'." Peter smiled.

May sighed, then spoke softly.

"Get some sleep sweetheart. Come home once you get up and we'll either get lunch or supper."

"Sounds good. Love you, May."

"Love you too, Peter."

Peter smiled as he hung up and went to place his phone on the night stand, but paused when he noticed the screen. 46 text messages. He stared at his phone, debating if he should open them now or just go to sleep. Eventually, stupid curiosity won out.

The first text was from Felicia.

{Heard you pulled a disappearing act. Let me know when you get back. I want a bedtime story. 😊}

Then there was one from Matt.

[Let me know when you're back.]

The others were all from Wade.

/Petey!/

/Baby Boy!/

/I heard something a little concerning./

/I get you may not have your phone all the time, but holla back!/

/Do I need to get Big Red?/

/Any sign will work./

/Peter?/

Peter felt bad as the text continued along the same lines. Wade was the only one of his little group that didn't know he worked with Stephen Strange. A smile spread over Peter's face as he looked at his phone.

\Hey Wade. I'm fine. Just a little job with Doctor Strange. You've heard of him right? I'm back though.\

He paused a moment before sending another text.

\Your concern is sweet.\

He had barely sent the second text when he received a response.

/Petey-Pie! I was so worried! Yes I know who Dumbledore is. He's a Spideynapper! Do you secretly need a rescue? I can be subtle!/\

Peter chuckled.

\Nothing about you is subtle DP. No, I'm honestly fine. Strange and I work together some.\

/As long as you're safe Petey-Pie. I guess I can let the kidnapping slide./

\You're so gracious.\

/Only for you./

Peter felt a blush spread over his cheeks.

\I'm gonna get some sleep. Multiverse hopping is tiring work. Night Wade.\

/MULTIVERSE HOPPING?!/\

Peter chuckled mischievously before putting his phone down without reply to Wade's last text. He yawned as he snuggled down into the soft bed. He's let Matt know he was back as soon as he woke up.

Soooo....here we go.

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Peter finds a not so pleasant surprise at Matt's.

Tony recruits a new Avenger.

My writing nightmare comes to light.

Chapter Notes

Let's have a serious talk kids.

I can NOT, and I mean NOT, write a fight scene to save my life. I absolutely suck at it. I hate doing it because I'm so bad. I can picture it in my head clear as day and just can't manage to translate it to text.

There's good stuff to the story buried under the shitty writing in this chapter.

Please forgive me because it's VERY disappointing to read and for me to have written.

If someone wants to rewrite the fight scenes for me, I would gladly edit this chapter and use the rewrites with full credit given to the replacement writer.

With that said, take a deep breath and prepare for the suckfest.

I'm sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Hey, Matt. I'm-"

"Get over here *now*."

Peter paused, surprised by Matt's tone.

"Is everything ok? I talked to May last night-"

"I said *now*, Peter."

Peter stared at his phone as he realized Matt had hung up on him. An uneasy feeling began to fill him. It wasn't like Matt to be so short with him. Throwing on a change of clothes from the pile he kept at the Sanctum, Peter grabbed his bag and rushed out his room. He raced down the stairs, running straight into Strange's cloak.

"No time to hang around today Cloakie."

"Let him go." Strange said, appearing next to Peter, making him jump.

"I'll never get used to that no matter what you say."

"You'll live. I think you should hurry on your way though." Strange frowned, a sombre look on his face.

The uneasy feeling he had gotten from his call with Matt increased. Nodding at the sorcerer, Peter shot out the door, wishing he had taken the time to change back into his suit.

~~~~~

"I don't regret giving him the heads up, but I am sorry it may have led to this."

Natasha didn't respond as she walked up to stand beside Bucky. The two looked out over the city from the empty common room.

"It wouldn't have mattered if we did or not. The Avengers going out every night wouldn't escape anyone's notice. We were also closely following Spider-Man's routes. Not hard to figure out who we're after."

"Still, if we hadn't told him, maybe we could have caught him earlier." Bucky frowned. "I don't like what happened to that girl falling on my shoulders."

"It doesn't. It's Fury's problem to handle. It's his mole."

Bucky didn't respond, his frown increased.

"Look, it's my job to pry. I don't like being in the dark about things. You and I are both aware that what you don't know *can* hurt you. Spider-Man and Daredevil have been working together for years now. We don't know what his connections are, so we have no reason to believe Spider-Man's protection squad isn't linked to his direct involvement. Tony's only partially right. If we can't get them to understand our motives, we'll have to fight." Despite her confident tone, her strained expression said she was anything but.

"We should really be worried about it coming to that. The last thing we need is a fight in the streets after it's all over the news about the girl's attack."

"That's why I'm bypassing Spider-Man and going in search of a devil."

Bucky raised an eyebrows he fully turned to look at the redhead.

"You do realize he's the least likely to speak to you?"

"No. I feel confident he'll talk." she narrowed her eyes. "She was attacked Friday night and 'disappeared', Spider-Man was clearly not available. She's had all day Saturday and by tonight, another day to recover but she'd need a safe place to do it."

"You think she went to Daredevil?"

"Without a doubt. She's been seen with him and Spider-Man. If Spider-Man is unavailable, I feel positive she'd go to Daredevil for help."

Bucky sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"I still feel like this could have been avoided if we hadn't gotten involved."

"I don't. A team that wasn't Fury's went after her. This wasn't about us, it was about Spider-Man. They were hoping to draw him out the same as Fury, they were just willing to go farther to do so. Once we got what Fury wanted, we were to let Spider-Man go. This would still have happened. Worse, they could have actually caught him. I don't want to think about what would have happened if they did."

The concern of how far Tony would go to find the vigilante hung in the air between them.

"So, we go tonight then?"

"No. *I* go tonight. Even though I think he'll talk, I'll have better luck approaching him alone."

"I don't like the thought of you going alone, Nat. I know you can take care of yourself, but a mystery group and our lack of popularity with Spider-Man's protectors put you at the disadvantage of numbers. Not even *your* skills will save you if you're attacked on all sides."

Natasha didn't answer for a while, her thoughts racing. With a determined look, she turned to Bucky.

"At this point, our options are limited. We know he'll be in Hell's Kitchen. Follow me to the outskirts then. We'll take the coms and if I need help, I'll let you know."

~~~~~

Tony stormed back into the lab, startling Harley who was looking over his suit.

"We're finishing this suit now." he stated. "You're getting your first field test tonight."

Harley stared at him dumbfounded.

"I thought you wanted me to practice in it before hitting the field."

"No time." Tony said, pulling back up the suit schematics. "I need you tonight. Our situation has gotten a lot more serious. Spider-Man gets brought in tonight. We may have a fight on our hands to get him though. I need you to be ready."

Harley nodded, his face setting into work mode.

"Do I know anyone I might have to encounter?"

"Daredevil. If you see him, you let me know and stay away from him. He and I are long overdue

for a talk." Tony glared as he worked on the A.I. link in the suit.

Harley was quiet as he worked on the last few physical parts of the suit. There were so many questions he wanted to ask, but didn't know how to start. With a sigh, he turned to Tony.

"How...how close were you to Spider-Man?"

Tony looked up slowly, studying the boy's face.

"We were close. I found the kid when he was only six months in to his powers. He needed guidance, and I was there to give it. Kid just had a bad go and needed a break. I gave it to him, and now he's just having a hard time coming back since he's made some connections with the vigilantes. Trust me kid, pretty soon you and Spider-Man are gonna be the start of the next generation of Avengers." Tony grinned.

Harley looked back at his suit with a smile.

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Jessica felt a slight relief as she opened the bar door to see two men at the bar. Behind it stood a muscled, dark skinned man while seated at it was a slightly smaller blonde.

"I'm assuming you two saw the news Saturday." Jessica asked, crossing her arms as she leaned against the bar.

"I saw it." Luke grunted, pouring her a drink.

"This is getting out of hand." Danny frowned. "How is she?"

"She's pretty banged up, but Matt said she woke up yesterday afternoon. She's still there. They're waiting for Peter to get back from where ever he is with Strange."

Luke shook his head as he poured his own shot and downed it.

"I don't know how Parker hangs around that guy. Anytime I see him I always feel like he can see right through me. He's not a mind reader is he?"

Jessica grinned, but soothed him.

"I can't say I'd know if he did." she grinned, her face shifting to a sly look. "But he *is* an all powerful wizard."

Danny chuckled as Luke glared.

"So, what's the plan now?" Danny asked, turning to Jessica.

"Well, Matt called me on my way here. Peter's on his way there so he's gonna get Felicia to fill him in. Matt's not sure what to do honestly. According to what he told me, Felicia was attacked as a way of trying to get Spider-Man to show up. Basically, any of us could run into the same trouble."

"Not gonna lie, I was fine causing trouble for the Avengers, but this is pushing it." Luke said, throwing back one more shot. "I'm not afraid of a fight, but I'd like to know what I'm up against. We were all out that night. I was for a fact. I was closer to Spider-Man than she was. I didn't have any trouble."

"Yeah, but you came back to the bar as soon as he was gone." Danny looked at the fighter. "Plus, if I was after Spider-Man, I'd make sure to study his movements and see who he encounters more. My first choice would obviously be Daredevil, but he went after her for the same reason."

Jessica stared at Danny, eyes unfocused as his words ran back through her head.

"Jess?" Luke asked, touching her arm.

"Why *didn't* they go after Daredevil?"

The three looked at each other in silence.

"I mean, Danny's right." Jessica frowned. "If I were studying Spider-Man, he would have been my first choice. Was this some kind of sexist bullshit? Did they think she would be easier to handle? Black Cat is no pushover. She can hold her own."

"I'm guessing there's nothing on who these guys were then?" Danny asked, sharing a look with Luke. Both men knew nothing infuriated the detective more than unanswered questions.

"Nothing!" she yelled, throwing her arms up. She pushed her original thought to the side temporarily. "The videos are too dark to pick out any distinguishing marks on the suits and the eye witnesses I found couldn't provide any information the video's didn't."

"So what's *our* plan? Things have clearly changed. This is no longer keeping Spider-Man away from the Avengers. This is quickly becoming a literal protection situation. I don't generally have a problem taking Matt's plans into consideration, but I don't feel like he's in a place to make any suggestions." Danny frowned.

"That's a large order." Luke crossed his arms, head bowed towards the bar top in thought. "How do you protect someone when you don't know who you're protecting them from? They just appeared out of nowhere. We have no idea what their reason for hunting Spider-Man is, and it's obvious they're not too worried about secrecy. They attacked Black Cat where anyone could see it. I realize it was to draw out Spider-Man, but there was no guarantee he'd even know it was happening. We also don't know if they were just out to rough her up, or if they would have taken her if she went down."

"I say we keep to the plan as much as we can. Keep an eye on him, but I think we should back off engaging. If this mystery group starts tailing him, it'll be better if he has some element of surprise." Jessica said, pushing off the bar.

The three jumped as the door to the bar flew open, a dark figure filling the space. A dark haired man entered the dark, his coat open just enough to catch the familiar skull insignia on his shirt.

"Frank." Luke nodded. "Here to join the party?"

"I figured the three of you would eventually meet. Where's Murdock?"

"Tending to the injured cat." Jessica raised an eyebrow.

"And the spider?"

"On his way to Matt's. He was with Doctor Strange when it happened."

"So I've heard. It's been the talk." Frank rolled his eyes, sitting down beside Danny. "So, still on spider duty?"

"From a distance." Jessica answered. "This group is after him. Plan is, we watch, we wait. They'll be back."

"I hate waiting." the dark haired man growled as Luke placed a shot before him.

"Not on my list of favorite things either." he agreed.

"It's all we've got right now." Jessica glared. "Spider-Man is wanted by the Avengers and this mystery group who I'd bet my life on, is connected to events going on at the docks. Honestly, at this point I'd rather the Avengers catch him than his secret admirer."

The other three didn't respond.

~~~~~

"Hey Matt. I know your message said to let you know as soon as I got back but-FELICIA!" Peter yelled as he ran to the bruised blonde sitting on Matt's couch. "What happened to you?"

"Oh you know how it is. Go out looking for a good time, get your ass handed to you across New York's finest rooftops." Felicia smiled, wincing slightly.

Peter held his hand out to touch her face and paused. He didn't want to hurt her. She sighed and leaned into his touch. Peter frowned as he studied her face. Her eye was black, her lip swollen from where it had been split, her jaw covered in a large dark bruise.

"I'm so sorry kitten." he slowly pulled her on his lap, careful to watch her expressions for pain as he was sure she was hurt all over. He stroked her hair as she settled in to his arms.

"Friday was quite a night in New York."

Peter looked up as Matt sat down across from him.

"You vanish on us and a highly trained group of men jump our little burglar here."

"Any leads on who they were?"

"No." Matt paused, looking over Peter's face. "I'm not going to sugar coat this for Pete, they went after her to get to you."

Peter didn't respond as he looked down at the bruised and beaten form of Felicia. His biggest fear laid out on his lap. A loved one hurt because of him.

"This wasn't your fault, Pete." Felicia smiled as she looked up at him. "None of us could have prepared for this. They just appeared out of nowhere and got the drop on me."

"But it wouldn't have happened if it weren't for me." he said sadly.

"I told Matt not to tell you that part." Felicia huffed as she shot a glare at Matt. "I told him you'd do that whole guilt thing and we so don't have time for that Spider."

Matt didn't say anything as he sat back in his chair, fully intent on letting Felicia take the reigns.

"We have a group of skilled people out there that are after you. I was who they caught, but it could have been anyone. I'm not the only one they could fight that you would come help. So I won't sit here and listen to you beat yourself up over something you didn't do."

Peter didn't argue, fully aware there was no use.

"Now that that's out of the way. Matt? Fill our spider in on what he's missed."

Matt nodded with a smile as he recounted what Jessica had told him.

~~~~~

"Are we sure this is the right way to handle this?" Wanda frowned as she looked at her fellow teammates. "I don't want to be apart of another war."

"We tried the polite way, now we do it the hard way." Tony said, ignoring everyone's pause at the mention of another possible war amongst heroes.

"And if we run into trouble?" Clint raised an eyebrow as he shared a look with Natasha.

"I told you. Anyone who gets in between us and Spider-Man is to be treated as a hostile force. We bring Spider-Man back *tonight*."

No one argued as they geared up to head out into what was likely to become one of the most taxing, confrontational nights the team had ever faced in their city. Aliens and super villains were one thing, but they were possibly about to take on their own kind.

"Alright, let's go catch a spider." Tony said with a grin, his face plate sliding down into place.

The team nodded and followed him out into the night.

"So much for talking to the devil." Bucky whispered as Natasha walked by him.

She rolled her eyes in frustration.

~~~~~

Peter sighed as he leaned his back against the brick wall of the rooftop door. He had practically had to beg Matt to let him go out tonight. The sneaky devil, pun fully intended, had called May and taken Peter straight to her. The two had left a smirking Felicia behind on Matt's couch. Surprisingly, May had been very conflicted in her feelings. Peter had thought for sure she'd agree with Matt and tell him he had to stay in, but she hadn't...not fully.

"Of course I'd feel better if you weren't out there Peter. Poor Felicia. She face timed me yesterday. I can't believe how badly they hurt her. So, while seeing what they did to her terrifies me for you, it also makes me understand why you want to be out there." May smiled softly as she cupped Peter's cheek in her hand. "Just promise me that you'll be careful. You're all I have left. No matter how old you get you're always going to be my baby."

Peter didn't really remember his parents, but they couldn't have had anyone better than Aunt May and Uncle Ben raise him.

Peter jumped as two red clad hands slammed into the brick by his head, effectively trapping him. He looked up to see the masked covered face of Wade Wilson inches from his own.

"Nice night, eh Petey-Pie?"

Peter swallowed hard as Wade leaned closer.

"Now, I know your father clearly wanted me to stay away from you but, given the change in circumstances, I'm choosing to ignore him. No one's going to protect you like me, sweet cheeks."

"S-so you heard about Cat?" Peter stuttered slightly.

"Big mistake on their part." Wade growled. "Not only did they hurt my favorite cat burglar," he grinned through the mask. "They dared to do it in hopes of luring my baby boy into a trap! I just can't let things like that slide, Petey."

Peter pressed against the wall as Wade slid one hand down to rest on his hip, his thumb moving in a slow circle.

"W-Wade."

"Yes?" Wade asked, moving over other hand from the wall to lift his mask then Peter's before placing it on Peter's other hip. Feeling a sliver of confidence rise up in him, Peter slid his hands up Wade's chest, circling his arms around the merc's neck before lifting up and Wade leaned down.

"Finally." he heard Wade whisper. The distance began to close, a slow crawl as another sound caught Peter's ear and his spider sense screamed.

"LOOK OUT!" Peter shouted, shoving himself and Wade to the side as a repulser blast hit the wall next to where they had been.

The two looked up from where they landed on the roof as Iron Man landed, hands out, ready to fire again.

"Take your hands off my kid!"

"Are you serious?! Again? Also, I don't see your name on him." Deadpool glared, making a show of scanning Peter's body. "Nope! Can't find your name anywhere! However, I'm gonna make sure mine gets put right *here!*" he smiled, flipping Peter over and grabbing both of his ass cheeks and squeezing.

Peter yelped in surprise, rolling him and Wade out the way of another blast.

With a growl, Iron Man dove, knocking Deadpool to the ground. Peter shot up, moving to separate the two when his spider sense went off, making him duck as Captain America's shield flew past

him. Peter turned, taking in the full of the Avenger's team before him. He'd be lying if he said he hadn't seen this coming. He had kind of hoped Felicia's attack would stall it though.

"We don't want to fight son." Steve said with a sigh. "But you *will* come with us."

"I'd really rather not Cap."

"Come on Spidey, cut us some slack and come in peacefully." Clint whined, wanting to wrap things up quickly.

Peter went to respond when Deadpool's arm flew past his head to land between him and the Avengers.

"Shit, Wade!" Peter gasped, how had he forgotten the fight behind him? Making to turn to the fight, Peter found himself frozen. He struggled to move his body, taking note of the red tendrils around him.

"I'm sorry Spider-Man," Wanda said, keeping him in place. "This could have been easier."

"Are you ki-" Peter was cut off as Hawkeye slammed into Wanda, causing her to lose focus and send Peter stumbling.

"Is this a private party?"

Peter grinned as Jessica joined Danny, both watching as Luke returned to his fighting stance while Clint struggled to his feet. The Avengers moved to spread out, everyone prepared to fight.

Trusting Jessica, Danny and Luke to hold their own for a bit, Peter turned to join in the fight between a one armed Deadpool and a damaged Iron Man. Before he could reach the two, he felt himself lifted under his arms and secured against a cold, metal suit.

"Seriously?!" Peter yelled, looking over his shoulder to take in his kidnapper.

The suit was clearly designed with the Iron Man suit in mind. Tony Stark's hand was written all over it. The question was, who was flying it, if anyone.

"Sorry Spidey." A male voice said cheerfully. "I have my orders to return you to Avengers Tower."

"And who are you?" Peter asked, narrowing his eyes as he watched the fight between his friends and the Avengers get further away.

"I'm Iron Lad. Newest Avenger."

"You don't say?" Peter hummed, grinning as he an idea came to him. "How sturdy is your suit?"

"Well, it's built the same as Iron Man's so-" The man was cut off as Peter shot a web, catching a building and pulling them down to slam into the edge of the roof and send them bouncing across the top.

Peter groaned as he struggled to get up, his right arm burning in pain, the break obvious. Taking in the rising Iron Lad, Peter ground his teeth. He gasped in pain as his arm was jostled as he moved, drawing the attention of the roof's other occupant.

"Not a smart move Spider-Man." Iron Lad chuckled. "You won't do much with that arm now."

"I'm pretty good at healing from things." Peter grimaced, still holding his arm.

"Look, I'll be honest with you. This is my first outing with the team and we're doing this for *your* benefit. Tony is doing you a favor by having the Avengers bring you in. You should feel grateful that he was willing to stick his neck out and protect you from Nick Fury and now he's going to protect you from whoever the group was that attacked your friend."

Peter froze in disbelief. Is *that* what Tony was leading this guy to believe? That this was him doing something out of the goodness of his heart for Spider-Man? That Tony had no ulterior motive than to protect Spider-Man?

"Just how close are you and Tony?" Peter asked, curiosity digging at him.

"We've known each other a few years now. I've just recently moved to New York. What's that got to do with anything?"

"Clearly you haven't known him long enough." Peter chuckled darkly.

"I don't know what you think Tony did to you, but he's trying to help you. Has been. This has nothing to do with that though. So come on, let's go. You need to get that arm taken care of." Iron Lad said, moving towards Peter.

"I wouldn't do that."

Peter let out a breath of relief as a familiar voice filled his ears.

The iron suited Avenger turned, taking in the solid red clad form watching him from the other side of the roof.

"Y-your Daredevil! Friday, contact Tony!"

Peter tensed as he got to his feet, stumbling over to the horned vigilante.

"How bad?" Matt asked, assessing Peter's state.

"I can wait to see Claire. I'm better than what Jess, Danny and Luke probably are."

"Frank, Firestar and Iceman were joining the fight when I came after you."

Peter let out the second breath of relief, not lasting long as the sound of Tony's suit approaching filled his ears. Suddenly Deadpool's body, missing an arm, half his side and a whole leg, hit the roof between the two and Iron Lad.

"Don't worry," Wade smiled cheerfully. "It all grows back baby boy!"

Peter groaned as the mercenary gave a saucy wink through the mask.

"Fury should have found a way to keep you locked up a long time ago." Tony fumed, his face plate lifting as he looked from the crumpled body of Deadpool to the two vigilante's in front of him.

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Jessica grinned as she blocked a kick from Natasha to her side. Her eye was swollen and her lip split, but she was full of adrenaline. She felt elated as her fist connected with the side of the red head's jaw, causing her head to snap to the side briefly. Dropping quickly, the assassin swept the detective's legs, spilling her onto the rooftop. Jessica rolled to the side as Natasha dove to pin her.

"You know," she panted. "This wouldn't have happened if you just left our spider alone."

Pushing Jessica back with a flurry of punches and kicks, Natasha smirked.

"Considering I warned him what was coming, I think this falls on his shoulders more than ours."

Ducking a punch and landing her own, Jessica laughed.

"What was he supposed to do? Say 'thank you' and turn himself in? I don't know everything between him and Stark, but he doesn't want anything to do with him or the Avengers. No, this definitely falls on you all."

Natasha's smirk got wider as she backed off.

"If he knew what we knew, he'd gladly turn himself in."

"See, that shit right there pisses me off. We *do* know what you're after and there's nothing to get from it. Spidey's got nothing for you. We don't sell out our own." Jessica glared.

"I could care less about Tony and his obsession with Spider-Man." Natasha rolled her eyes. "My concern is your little burglar's beat down."

Jessica paused, to long as Natasha's leg slammed into her side, knocking to her to ground. Holding her side and breathing heavily from the blow, Jessica stared up at the red head as she stood over her.

"Stay out of our way and stay down."

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Firestar grunted as she slammed into a tree. The fight had left Jessica and Natasha behind on the roof and been slowly migrating to the park. No one was unaware the Avengers were in control of the move.

"You shouldn't have gotten involved." Wanda stated, hands raised as he magic moved over them in red tendrils.

"And you shouldn't underestimate your opponents." The red head grinned, shooting an energy blast, knocking Wanda off her feet and setting nearby tree on fire.

"Watch it Fire!" Iceman yelled, encompassing the burning tree in ice. "We don't wanna lose the whole park."

"Tell that to them!" she yelled, ducking a large limb Captain America's shield knocked out a tree. The ground exploded next to her, knocking her in to Iceman and sending them flying.

"You ok?" Clint asked, helping Wanda to her feet.

"Not really." she replied. "I almost didn't block in time. She's very powerful."

"Do you need to sit the rest of this out?"

"Was that ever an option?" she gave him a pointed look.

"We need Spider-Man, but it should have never come to this. Tony just had to rush things. They haven't said anything but I know Nat and Bucky have met with the web-head already. It's why everyone's been shadowing him all this time. Nat has a knack for complicating things for a laugh, regardless of how she acts."

"It would have come to this regardless. Tony pushed to hard. We should never had approached this as a team. We would have done better alone." Wanda winced as she looked at her singed forearms.

"Well, we're in the thick of it now. We gotta bring Spidey back and they're in the way. At this point we're just a distraction anyway. Harley carted Spidey off a while back." Clint winked, notching another exploding arrow.

~~~~~

"I can do this all day." Steve said, blocking a punch.

"Oh course you can." Luke scoffed, backing up slightly as Steve lunged at him.

The two traded blows, neither losing much ground.

"Look, we *need* Spider-Man." Steve said, dodging a kick to the ribs.

"He's not for sale." Luke grunted, blocking Steve's punch.

"We're doing this for his protection! We have and need information."

Luke grunted as a kick to the gut caught him, knocking him back.

"You want him so bad you choose stalking and now fighting to take him in?" Luke growled, slamming his fist into Steve's jaw, snapping his head to the side.

Steve stumbled, throwing up his shield to block the next attack.

"It's not like he'd come to us."

"Well, two of your other teammates managed to talk to him just fine."

"Wha-" Steve was cut off as Luke managed a kick to the chest during his confusion.

"Yeah, seems you all have a little problem with your team being split on issues." Luke grinned.

Steve frowned, the jab at the team's fight and split hanging in the air.

"We're not letting you take the kid without a fight. We had no intention of getting this far until your little dark council sent its underlings after him and our cat got hurt." Luke growled, throwing another punch as Steve threw up his shield again.

"We didn't send them! I told you we were here for his protection!"

"You went after him for that idiot Deadpool and when you didn't get what you wanted you stepped it up, just like Spidey was told would happen." Luke narrowed his eyes, moving to dodge Steve's punch to find the captain's leg slamming into his ribs instead.

"This is over. Spider-Man is gone if you haven't noticed. He's been gone long enough to be practically back at the tower by now. He's our concern now. I've never had a problem with vigilante's doing good in the streets, but if you all continue this fight, I'll have no choice but to take you in as well."

Luke scoffed as Steve Rogers left and Captain America took his place. There would be no more talk from the super soldier. As he prepared for another attack, Cap paused, putting a hand to his ear

"We'll meet you there. I don't think Tony's looking for backup this time." Steve huffed out a small chuckle before turning back to Luke. "Like I said, it's over. Spider-Man *is* heading to the tower."

Luke glared, moving to strike when he was knocked off his feet as Captain America's shield slammed into his chest.

"Fall back team. We have Spider-Man."

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Danny backed up until he brushed Frank. Bucky, Sam and Vision surrounded them, waiting for them to move.

"This isn't my style, Rand. I don't do non-lethal." Frank ground out.

"We're not killing any of them Frank. They need to be wounded enough to retreat until we can regroup to go find Spidey. He got carried off while we were still on the roof."

"Then why are we wasting our time here?"

"You don't have to."

Danny and Frank shifted to see the former Winter Soldier hold up his hands.

"Spider-Man is on his way to Avenger's Tower now. I warned him this would happen."

"Really Buck?" Sam frowned.

Bucky ignored his annoyed team mate and continued.

"Our reasons aren't so simple anymore. We know the attack Friday night was meant to lure him out. Bringing him in now is for his own good. We can provide safety for him until we find out who they were. No one will find who they are faster than Stark."

"Yes. Of course. We'll hand him right over. We have absolutely no reason to think you aren't lying to us." Danny rolled his eyes. "He's fine on the streets with us. We managed to keep him from all of you. Stark can continue his little hunt without Spider-Man."

"I'm afraid we weren't trying very hard to acquire Spider-Man." Vision spoke up. "If we had, we would have used force much sooner than now. Your tactics were very clever though. Force was inevitable."

"I've been waiting." Frank grinned.

Bucky sighed. He hadn't expected Spider-Man to turn himself in when he told him what would happen, not immediately anyway. His hope was that given a little bit of time, he would come to the tower on his own, answer the question, then he could leave. It was supposed to be so simple. Find out about Deadpool and let the spider go, regardless of what Tony wanted. Keeping the kid hostage wouldn't help Tony's case, in fact, it would probably do good. By only doing what he was supposed to and nothing else, the kid might have returned on his own to be with Tony again. Now, there was so much more at stake, like the kid's life. While the Avengers didn't *exactly* know what they were dealing with, they were at least the better option for keeping Spider-Man out of harm's way while also sparing anyone he knew. Once it got out he was with the Avengers, attacking other vigilantes wouldn't do any good. There was no way Spider-Man would be allowed out alone once he made it to the tower.

"Fall back to the tower." Bucky echoed.

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"Come on Spider-Man, it's time to go." Tony demanded.

"Spider-Man, leave. Get down to the alley. You're going home." Daredevil said, not taking his eyes off Iron Man.

"That's right. You're coming home, to the *tower* where you belong. We'll have Dr. Cho set your arm. You need it done soon so it doesn't have to be rebroken. Iron Lad will carry you there."

The other suited hero moved forward, ready to take Spider-Man again.

"I told you not to do that." Daredevil warned, his voice eerily calm but dangerously low.

"You can't be serious? I knew you were menace! Spider-Man needs help *now!*"

Peter's breath hitched as his arm throbbed.

"The arm and leg are growing back Baby Boy, but I don't think you can wait that long." Deadpool smiled at him.

"You zip it!" Tony growled, then looked back to the red clad vigilante. "He can't make it home with his arm like that. He's a long way off."

"He's going to mine." Daredevil replied, before talking low over his shoulder to Peter. "Claire is on her way. She'll pick you up at the opening. Just be careful getting down."

Peter nodded, back towards the edge of the roof, grateful Matt had him positioned by the fire escape.

"We'll finish what we started later sweetheart!" Wade yelled happily, like he wasn't bleeding out on a rooftop with missing limbs.

"Iron Lad, grab the spider and I'll take care of the devil."

Peter made a mad dash for the fire escape, knowing with his broken arm it was a futile attempt. There was no way this night was going to end without him ending up at the tower, but he wasn't going down easy. He made it down two flights before Iron Lad stopped waiting and scooped him up bridal style. Peter sighed in defeat and he watched Matt, Wade and Tony disappear from sight. He had failed everyone. Everything everyone had done to protect him didn't matter anymore. He got caught and even worse, incapacitated himself. He wondered how the others were doing.

"Cap? I have Spider-Man and we're on the way to the tower. He's injured. Tony is with Daredevil and Deadpool."

"We'll meet you there. I don't think Tony's looking for backup this time."

Peter let out a breath he didn't know he was holding. The target had been caught so there was no reason to continue fighting. He couldn't bring himself to feel bad when he hoped the Avenger's hadn't fared as well as they thought they would.

## Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry for this chapter.

I built up Frank to not deliver a damn thing but a threatening aura. I'm disappointed in myself but Lord help me I just couldn't struggle through another crap fight scene.

The offer still stands for someone to rewrite the fight scenes.

If you're interested let me know and I'll give you my email.

Also, the vigilante crowd doesn't know the team that beat up Cat wasn't Fury's original group. The Avengers do. So while they do still want intel on Deadpool, they also have to figure out why the mystery group want Spider-Man so bad.

## Chapter 14

### Chapter Summary

Peter makes it to Avengers' Tower and learns a few things.

Matt and Tony have a talk.

May Parker.

### Chapter Notes

Lots of talking in this chapter. Lot's of intense feelings.

Possible Trigger Warning!

\*\*There is a scene of forced touching/non-con medical procedure. Peter doesn't want to be treated but is anyway. I will note where the scene starts and ends.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter hissed as the landing jostled his arm again.

"Sorry Spidey, no way to make that easier on you."

"Well you could set me down for starters." Peter grumbled.

"I don't think I will. I have no reason to think you won't try something stupid, like trying to leave. You need your arm checked out." The still suited man accused.

"I *had* a doctor on the way to get me!"

"You won't find any doctor better than here at the tower. These doctors treat enhanced people all the time. You really are better off here. Tony only hires the best and that's what you'll get."

"My arm is broke! I'm not dying!" Peter argued, struggling to get out the tight hold.

"Just let me carry you! You're gonna make your arm worse if you keep fighting me!" The suits face plate slid back, revealing the face of an attractive young man, a few blonde strands pressed to his forehead. He frowned down at the spider themed vigilante. "I'm *not* going to let you go till you're on a bed in the med bay!"

"Kidnapping. What a way to earn my trust." Peter scoffed.

"It didn't have to come to that if you wouldn't have been so difficult. You really are something else. Given the way Tony is though, I *can* see why he's doing everything he can to help you. Really Spidey, they may be your friends but they can't help you as much as Tony can and wants to."

Peter rolled his eyes behind the mask. This guy clearly had *no* idea what he was getting in to if he planned to get between him and Tony. Most likely none of them did. This was going to be a long/short stay.

"Tony says you're extremely smart, but I have to warn you against trying to leave before you're allowed. By the way, I'm Harley, Harley Keener. I figure I might as well introduce myself." Harley smiled.

"What do you mean, 'before I'm *allowed*'?" Peter growled.

"I told you, this is the safest place for you. We know all about the attack on your friend and the fact it was meant to get to you. The Avengers are an imposing force Spidey, so it would be useless for them to go after any of your friends anymore since it won't do them any good. Everyone knows we protect our teammates."

"I'm *not* your teammate."

Harley grinned down at him as he entered the elevator.

"Friday, med bay please."

"Of course, Mr. Keener."

\*\*\*\*\*Possible trigger starts here\*\*\*\*\*

Peter felt the elevator begin it's practically undetectable decent to the med bay, a place he had not been in years. He wasn't happy about revisiting. As the doors slid open, his nose was assaulted with the smells of antiseptic and sanitation chemicals. He hated it. He missed Claire's gentle hands and private care room. While always clean, the smells were never strong.

"Dr. Cho?" Harley called out.

Peter had completely forgotten about Dr. Cho, Tony's lead doctor. She dark haired woman emerged from one of the rooms, motioning for Harley to bring Peter in.

"It's been a while Spider-Man." the woman said, blank faced.

"Not long enough." Peter mumbled.

If she heard him, she didn't comment.

"Lay him on the bed, and stay here. I don't want him getting any ideas."

Harley nodded and stepped back as he laid Peter on the bed. Peter sighed, resigned to the fact Dr. Cho would be attending to his arm.

"Friday scanned you on your way down. Its a clean break so let's get you in a cast."

"Whatever."

Harley frowned, clearly confused as to why Spider-Man was being so hostile. Maybe he just didn't like doctors.

"You wouldn't be down here if you hadn't pulled us down on that roof edge."

Dr. Cho raised an eyebrow but didn't comment as she got to work on preparing to cast Peters arm.

"We're going to have to cut the top part of your suit off. I don't want you to move it anymore but I can't properly cast it with the suit on."

"No."

"We can do this the easy way or I'll sedate you and do it anyway."

Peter felt his anger rise. Who did these people think they were? Kidnapping then forcing him into a medical procedure he could have gotten somewhere he felt safe! Top it off with the fact they wanted to ruin his suit.

"Don't worry about the suit, Spidey! Tony has another one already ready for you! It's way better than what you've got now. It's got so many features! You'll be on par with my suit."

*'I bet it has a tracker and settings on it too.'* Peter silently fumed.

He jumped as he felt the cold metal of scissors touch his skin as Dr. Cho had begun to cut off his suit top while he was distracted.

"I said NO!" Peter yelled, moving to jump off the bed before being slammed back into it and Harley used his full force of the suit to push his shoulders back into the bed as Dr. Cho finished her cut.

"Once we've got your arm casted, we'll get you a shirt." she said, cutting the sleeve of the of the suit on the injured arm as well. "Now let's get this off and I'll finish up."

"Who do you think you are?" Peter growled as he felt the lose fabric slide out from behind him and off his other arm, leaving his chest exposed to the cool room.

"A doctor that's well versed in defiant patients." she rolled her eyes as she began working on his cast.

Peter continued to fume as Harley stepped back. There really was no point in fighting it now. He wasn't stupid. He knew the arm needed to heal properly, this just hadn't been how he planned it.

Harley stepped further back, a light blush covering his cheeks as he took in the toned, chest of Spider-Man. He knew the man was fit, but seeing it laid bare before him was a different story. He took in the pale scars sprinkled across his chest, three had the uncomfortable look of being healed gunshot wounds. Still, the scars did nothing to take away from aesthetic appeal and Harley wondered what was under the mask.

*'Damn it Tony. Warn a guy!'* he huffed.

Peter laid his head back on the pillow as Dr. Cho finished his cast and sat back.

"We'll let that set then get you a shirt. If I remember right, you're healing ability is pretty fast so it won't have to stay on long."

"Good.I'll have my doctor cut it off." Peter glared under the mask.

Harley sighed as Dr. Cho stood and silently began cleaning up her materials.

"I told you Spidey. You can't just leave here. Those guys out there, we don't know what they're capable of or who they're working for. I'll put your curiosity to rest and tell you they aren't Fury's guys. I'll go get you some clothes and don't try to leave. Friday will be monitoring your

movements." he threw over his shoulder as he exited the room. When the door shut, Cho turned to Peter.

"You really should listen for once Peter." she sighed. "I don't *like* seeing you in here and they can keep it from happening."

"Did you somehow forget how I got here? This is their fault!" Peter seethed.

"Based on what I heard, your broken arm is your own fault. You might could have avoided being here if you hadn't injured the one thing *you* need most. You could have easily swung away on a broken leg."

Peter didn't respond, not because she was right, but because there wasn't any point in arguing since she wasn't going to listen. He wouldn't have a broken arm at all if he hadn't been carted off in the first place. As he waited on Harley to get back with a change of clothes, he wondered how Matt was fairing.

\*\*\*\*\*Possible trigger end\*\*\*\*\*

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Matt Murdock didn't do panicking. If his years as being a lawyer had taught him anything, it was having one hell of a poker face. He stared calmly at the fuming billionaire before him, briefly assessing the prone form of his so-mentee's....*something* laid out between them.

"Just ignore me Red." Deadpool waved his only hand. "I'll just be here, regrowing my limbs."

"You're obnoxious." Tony rolled his eyes.

"No. I only have to gain Double D's approval to date the adorable spider with the tight ass!" the merc answered saucily.

Tony growled, lurching at the downed man and flinging him to the side, nearly throwing him off the rooftop.

"You just can't help yourself, can you?" Matt raised an eyebrow as Deadpool groaned from his new position.

"It's not in my nature." he laughed through wheeze.

"You shut-up." Tony shot as Wade shifted as best her could to be able to see the other two occupants of the roof. "And you," he glared, turning back to Daredevil. "You and I have a *lot* to discuss."

"I don't know what you could possibly have to talk to me about." Daredevil said blandly.

"Nice try *Murdock*." Tony hissed. "Yeah, I know it's you. Wasn't hard to figure out when I saw you at Pe-" Tony paused, not wanting to release Peter's name in front of Deadpool.

"Peter!" Wade filled in cheerfully. "I heard you went to my Petey-Pie's graduation. Bold move I must say!"

"Are you serious?! You let him show that lunatic who he was under the mask?!"

"Well, no....we haven't been able to get that far because we keep getting interrupted!" Wade whined.

"I can't believe this." Tony said, pinching the bridge of his nose. "I knew I should have just come and got the kid earlier."

"He's not yours to take. I happen to have quite an investment in him as his *mentor*." Matt grinned.

"The kid was *my* mentee first. You can't possibly think he wouldn't be better off with the Avengers. I have him a high tech suit that can keep him safer than that onesie he's running around in now."

"I don't think Peter cares about that. I definitely don't think he's going to want to be monitored again." Matt shrugged.

"It was for his protection! He was a child!"

"You didn't seem to have a problem with that when you hauled him off to Germany to fight *your* fight. Seems to me that he would have been safer if he had just kept to his small time activities he was doing." Matt raised an eyebrow, maintaining his calm exterior.

"He had the suit then. I activated his protocols after seeing just how unprepared for being a hero he was. *I* didn't encourage him to throw himself into fight after fight!" Tony glared at how flippant Matt seemed about Peter's activities.

"No. You activated those protocols after you got what you wanted out of him. You knew you couldn't just take the suit away after that, so you used it as a way to control him and keep yourself as guilt free as possible. You dumped the kid on your head of security."

"All he had to do was what I told him. I didn't *dump* him on anyone. I have a company to run as well as keeping up appearances. If the kid followed my orders and let the suit do its job, he'd have been fine!"

The two stood facing each other in silence. Tony's glare was heavy compared to Matt seemingly disinterested stance.

"If anyone put him in danger, it was you. You let him go out and jump in to things he wasn't ready for."

"I let him learn. You can't improve without experience."

Tony made to reply, pausing as his com crackled to life. He grinned at the man before him before speaking.

"I'd *love* to hang around and listen to you try to justify throwing the kid into constant danger, I have an important meeting to get to."

Matt didn't respond as Tony's faceplate closed and he launched off towards Avenger's Tower.

"Sooo, now what?" Wade asked, inspecting his regenerating arm and leg. "I mean, I gotta say Red, I'm a little disappointed you just let him go like that. I was expecting an epic battle over here!"

"Peter's at the tower." Matt replied, walking over to the downed merc.

"So, a rescue mission then?"

Matt turned as Luke walked over to him, Jessica, Danny, and Frank following behind him.

"No."

"What?" Jessica demanded, shuffling in front of Luke. "We're just letting them keep him? After what we just went through?!"

"Yes." Matt nodded.

"If Bobby and Angelica hadn't had to leave, I have her blast you and him freeze you." she glared.

"Not really understanding your reasoning Matt." Danny said, his eyebrows furrowed.

"Intel."

"Intel?" Luke raised his eyebrow.

"Kid's untouchable in the lion's den." Frank grinned, crossing his arms over his chest. "Stark won't let anyone touch him and he'll find out what they know."

"And what if they don't let him leave?" Jessica huffed.

"If they try to keep him there, Pete will find a way out faster than we would find a way in." Matt sighed, staring out towards the tower. "I don't like leaving him in there, but I have to grudgingly admit that he is at least getting taken care of medically. Once he knows whatever they know, he'll get out."

"You sure he'll stay long enough to try and find out?" Danny asked.

"If they dangle that knowledge in front of him, Pete will wait long enough to get it."

"You know, my outings with Spidey usually end with me having all my body parts intact. You could have at least compensated with a show Red. I held my own for a good bit but Iron Dildo's repulser blast kind of handed my ass to me." Wade pouted.

"You're practically indestructible. You were the perfect distraction for Iron Man." Frank grinned, the others minus Matt following.

"Hate all of you, except you Red. I could never hate you."

"You'd never have a chance with Pete if you did." Jessica snarked.

"I'm never gonna get the chance anyway! Every time I make even the slightest bit of progress, *someone* interrupts! Petey gets an entire crew of protectors from the Avengers but *no one* wants to help out lovable merc just trying to catch his spider!" he cried, waving his one good arm in the air.

"Lovable is pushing it. I don't know what Pete sees in you if he's planning to get that level of involved with you." Luke said, crossing his arms. "And just for the record, if you try any funny business without his permission, we'll be his protection squad from you too."

"Not fair!" Wade whimpered.

Taking pity on him, Matt moved to help him up.

"Come on, let's get you off the roof. We'll take you to Claire. At least the blood will be easy to clean up there and not ruin anything."

~~~~~

Peter sat in the briefing room, a mess of anger, anxiety, and annoying curiosity. He knew the Avengers had information he wanted, this just wasn't how he wanted to get it. Harley sat next to him, out of the suit, and kept stealing side glances at him. It was weird to be dressed in civies while in Avengers' Tower, even weirder when they were someone else's. He struggled with the desire to pull his mask down the rest of the way, but he wanted to make sure he could speak clearly and properly portray his feelings on the situation.

"You know," Harley spoke up. "You could at least pretend to be grateful. Tony has opened the tower to you for your safety and even spent time and energy making you a suit a hundred times better than what you had. Despite what I said earlier, I'm starting to wonder just what it is Tony *does* see in you. He could have just left you out there you know."

Peter didn't respond as the other Avengers started filing in. Some of them looked fine, others looked a little worse.

"Spider-Man," Steve started, sitting across from him. "Let me start by apologizing for the fight tonight. We had hoped you'd come in without it getting to that. It's very important we get the chance to talk with you, as we can help each other."

"Yeah, kidnapping me from my friends really let me know you cared."

"Saved you is more like it." Peter's head snapped around as Tony Stark walked into the room.

The air in the room was suddenly stifling as the two stared at each other.

"I hate to think what would have happened if I hadn't gotten there when I did. How could you let that lunatic get that close to you? It was pretty obvious his intentions were less than virtuous." Tony scoffed, rolling his eyes and crossing his arms.

"With all due respect, *Stark*, I'm fully capable of taking care of myself." Peter grumbled.

"Kid, please. We have things to tell you so you need to zip it and listen."

If the room hadn't been filled with people, Peter would have flipped the table and threw it out the window. Instead, he settled for squeezing the table edge of the solid oak table hard enough to break off chunks and send splinters down the rest. Who did Tony think he was talking to?

"Spider-Man." Steve said placatingly while sending Tony a glare. "We really do have things we need to talk to you about."

"Then talk." Peter ground out.

Everyone in the room looked between Steve and Spider-Man, all on edge as they still had to sit at the damaged table. Harley silently fumed next to him. Why did Tony want this jerk back so bad? Just from what he had seen in these last few *seconds* had been enough for him. Spider-Man wasn't worth the Avengers' time. He wasn't worth *Tony's* time. They just wanted to help him and he was throwing the opportunity back in their faces.

Taking a steady breath, Steve moved forward.

"We know about your friend, Black Cat. We've all seen the footage and we've done our research on it. It-"

"Fury right?" Peter huffed. "Did he finally get tired of waiting?"

Everyone shared uncertain looks before letting Steve continue.

"He did, but this wasn't his people. He sent out a team to confront you, but there was a mole in the group and the original team was ambushed and replaced. The group that attacked your friend has nothing to do with Fury or us. They were brutal, hoping her being in serious danger would lure you out fast and, they probably hoped, distracted by her state."

"Look, other than telling me this wasn't Fury's people, you're not telling me anything new. Do you at least have a lead on who these people were?"

"We were hoping you'd have some answers for that." Natasha spoke, her gaze focused. "Have you been working any cases lately?"

"I don't recall vigilante business being any of yours." Peter glared.

"It is when it could possibly *help* you!" Harley yelled.

"Harley." Tony warned.

"No, Tony. Look at him! He's not appreciative of anything we're, *you*, are doing for him! Throw him back out on the streets where he wants to be. Let him fend for himself. The Avengers shouldn't bother trying to help someone who clearly doesn't think they need it. He doesn't *deserve* any of your precious time." Harley finished, openly glaring at Peter.

The room was silent as everyone looked at the two youngest in the room.

"Heh." Peter puffed out. "Listen here *Harley*, quit while you're ahead."

Slamming his hands down on the ruined table, Harley glared once more at Peter, then stormed out the room.

"Spider-Man." Steve sighed. "It's true we don't know who they were, but we do know who they weren't. This team was good. We all know Black Cat has fighting skills and street smarts, it's how she avoided jail so long."

"That and the fact Spidey's sweet on her and let's her go." Clint mumbled.

"The *point is*," Steve started loudly. "That this is a serious problem. A group like that out running around is *everyone's* problem. They might be after you right now, but what's stopping their target from changing? Why are they after you? These are things we need to consider."

"I'm not different than anyone else Cap. I make enemies."

"Like Norman Osborn?" Tony frowned.

"Yeah. Like Norman Osborn." Peter replied, refusing to look at the billionaire.

"Norman broke out of jail a week ago kid." Bucky sighed. "The original objective was to get information from you on Deadpool, but now it's a little more complicated."

Peter didn't respond. He looked blankly at every face in the room, finally stopping on Tony's.

"Deadpool isn't anyone's concern. Leave him alone. He's doing good and that's all there is to it." Peter said pointedly. "As for Norman, I'm more concerned for his son Harry than I am for me. If Norman is out, he'll likely go to Harry and force him to help or hide him. The guy's only been in control of the company a short time. I can't imagine what I put on him when I caused his dad to be locked up, and I don't think him returning will do anything good for Harry's state of mind."

"We'll keep an eye out on Osborn Jr." Sam spoke up.

Suddenly, a thought struck Peter.

"Did you all just find out he was out?"

Once again everyone shared a look.

"You did. You said he's been out a week! How did it take this long for anyone to notice?!"

"It was very well covered Spider-Man." Vision looked at him, his face set. "There's no evidence of how he escaped or the exact moment he did. I helped Tony scan through all the footage at the prison. Whoever got him out was very good."

"Or payed very well." Peter's brows furrowed as his mind raced.

"This is a very serious situation Spider-Man." Steve said, studying the small part of Peter's face he could see. "You may be the main target but, after the last time you fought Norman, we have to worry about the safety of the whole city."

"I'll take care of it." Peter stated, standing up from his chair.

"*We'll* take care of it."

Peter locked his eye with Tony's. The two just stared at each other silently, waiting for the others to speak. Reading the tense atmosphere, the other Avengers quickly made their way out the room, leaving Tony and Peter alone.

Once everyone was out, Peter ripped off his mask and leveled his glare on Tony.

~~~~~

"Kitty Cat!" Wade smiled as Felicia entered the medical room. "You look terrible sweetheart."

"Wow. Here I am with all my limbs in tact but *I'm* the one who looks terrible." she deadpanned.

"You know I think the world of you."

"Yeah." she rolled her eyes and crossed her arms. "So spill. Matt's refusing to answer me on where Peter is."

"I think you know where he is." Wade frowned. "He's with the Avengers."

Felicia sighed and sat down on the end of his bed.

"I knew it was going to happen. We all did good, but there was no way it was going to last. Tony

knows who Spider-Man is outside the suit. He could have always tracked down Peter Parker. I guess we should appreciate the fact that he didn't."

"Yeah, what a gentleman."

Giving a soft chuckle and smile, she turned and looked Wade int he face.

"You and Pete are never gonna cross that line any time soon it seems. I feel guilty that, in the face of everything that's going on, I'm seriously disappointed in lack of my spideypool action."

"Spideypool?"

"Yeah, my ship name for you two." Felicia grinned. "Once you two can finally get together, I have a premied instagram account for candid shots of you two. Fangirls will shit over it!"

Wade stared at her a moment before bursting out laughing.

"Petey would kill you."

"Oh please, if he's gonna kill me for meddling in your relationship, it won't be for that. I have something completely scandalous for that." she winked.

"I want to know." Wade said, giving her a completely serious look.

"No way. It's for me to know and you to find out."

"You're killing me! It's clearly something sexy you're keeping from me! Sex and Petey, preferably together, is a topic I'm happy to discuss!"

"Matt's right outside the door you know." the blonde grinned mischievously. "You *know* how well his hearing is."

~~~~~

"Let's move away from here." Matt grumbled as he pulled Claire down the hall. "I refuse to stand here while those two discuss defiling my boy."

Claire didn't comment on his use of 'my boy'.

"Was I to late getting there or was it a waste of time for my to come at all."

"I called when I heard Pete's arm break when they hit the roof. I was lucky enough to be on the fire escape of the roof they hit. I really did hope to have you take him."

"Well, you should probably rest. Once he's fully back together, I don't see the big guy hanging back from attempting a rescue mission. The rest of you, especially you, may have faith in Peter, but that in there is a whole different set of feelings."

Matt scrubbed his mask free face.

"Please stop talking about Deadpool's feelings for Peter. I really am reaching my limit on it."

"It's cute how your all protective, 'no one's good enough for my son', over Peter. He's lucky to have you Matt. Everyone knows he loves you and you clearly love him. With that said, babies have to leave the nest at some point."

"He still lives with his Aunt. I had to make him lunches to take to school. He's not ready to leave a nest Claire." Matt frowned.

"You'll let him fight against anything but let him have normal people problems and you just fall apart, you big bad vigilante you." she chuckled.

"When did I get so soft?"

"When you pseudo adopted a child."

Matt made to respond when his phone started ringing. He cringed when the name Spider Aunt, courtesy of Peter, came up on the screen. Taking a deep breath, he answered the phone.

"May-

"Someone want to explain to me why my nephew was carted off to Tony like a present?" a dangerously calm voice asked.

"How-

"That's not the question here, *Matthew*."

Matt swallowed hard. Matt had spent years fighting villains, yet none of them compared to the fear an angry May Parker could induce when it came to Peter. A click made him turn to see Felicia duck her head back into Wade's room. Peter was right, she was a traitor.

"Well, May-

"Get him back, *now*."

"That's not really-

"I'm sorry, did I stutter? Did I slip into a foreign tongue? I believe I made myself very clear. Gather your little band and go get my nephew back!"

"May," Matt sighed. "Peter could be gaining very valuable information from being there. Also, I'm sure Tony would be expecting us. We wouldn't get far."

Silence answered him before a cheerful voice responded.

'I do honestly understand, Matty. I'll just go handle this myself. I'll get in those doors. I can assure you of that.'

"May I don't thi-"

The click of a phone hanging up cut him off. Pinching his nose, Matt turned to walk back to where he knew Felicia was probably preparing for him. Making a move to open the door, it burst open in his face and a blonde bolted out and down the hall. Matt didn't even bother to think about how he didn't pay attention to the fact he had clearly hear her heartbeat right by the other side of the door.

"She's been waiting there since you got the call. She said she called Petey's aunt? Is that who he lives with?"

"I'm not discussing Peter outside of the mask with you. If he wants you to know, he'll tell you. In the mean time, I have to go stop a very angry woman from storming Avengers' Tower."

## Chapter End Notes

Yes I do know what you were hoping for, and I promise I'll deliver.

## Chapter 15

### Chapter Summary

The confrontation.

### Chapter Notes

Let's chat my lovelies. I read and reread this chapter multiple times. Every time I did I caught something I needed to add or remove. Eventually I decided to need to just stop because I don't think I'll ever be fully satisfied. Hopefully it's still coherent.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Come on Cat," Jessica grinned, catching Felicia's arm as she went to dart past. "You can come with the rest of us losers."

Felicia looked at Jessica as she hauled her towards Luke, Danny and Frank.

"We're gonna go drink. It's on Luke."

"You lot can't keep coming in my bar for free drinks!" Luke yelled, still following Jessica out to the street.

The group made their way to Jessica's car, pausing when they heard the sound of running on the roof above them. They looked up just fast enough to see Daredevil disappearing into the remaining bit of darkness towards Avengers' Tower.

"Is he going after Parker without us?!" Jessica fumed.

"Um.....yes.....but not the Parker you're thinking of I'm sure." Felicia mumbled sheepishly.  
"I *may* have called Peter's aunt to tell her what happened."

"What's wrong with letting the kid's family know what happened?" Frank rolled his eyes at the other's discomfort.

"You haven't met May Parker, Castle. You just haven't met May Parker." Danny sighed, continuing towards Jessica's car.

"Hope he has fun with that." Luke grinned.

~~~~~

Matt was most definitely *not* having fun. May Parker was a stubborn woman, and with time she had passed that gift right on to her nephew. Making a mad dash across the rooftops of New York, he could only hope to catch her before she stormed the tower. It pained him, but Peter was possibly getting the best information on Felicia's mystery attackers. It was information every vigilante associated with Spider-Man needed.

Coming up on the tower, he got a good look at May Parker. Her leg was almost fully healed, only a slight limp remaining due to soreness. Her hair was thrown up in a messy clip, and her face full of rage as she threw the cab fare into the front window and stomped off towards the tower doors as the frantic cab drivers sped off.

Matt took a steading breath and rushed to intercept her.

"May -"

"Oh! So you *do* at least know where the tower is." she smiled tightly. "I started to get concerned after we hung up that none of you did. Silly me I guess."

"May he's -"

"Still in there right?"

"Yes, but -"

"Then as his legal guardian he has to be given back to me, *now*."

"May he's 23 -"

"I'm sorry Matthew, I do seem to be developing a stuttering problem it seems. Let me see if I can word this better. He's my nephew, I'm older, he lives with me, that makes me his guardian. *I demand* my ward be returned to me."

Matt was positive he should keep his mouth shut, but he didn't.

"May we need information he's most likely being given in there."

"Correct me if I'm wrong Matty, I'm not a crime fighter after all, but it sounds like my Peter is being used." May said, her face portraying none of her inner thoughts.

Matt made to respond when a window towards the top of the tower flew open and a body flew out it, a web firing off onto the nearby sky scraper and swinging off. May stared at the sky while Matt caught the last faint sounds of Peter's shooters firing. They stood there a moment before what looked like Iron Man, but wasn't, flew off in the direction Peter had gone.

May turned with a huff and marched up to the tower doors.

"May?"

"That wasn't Iron Man, which means Stark is still inside this tower and I plan to speak with him."

Matt sighed, desperately wanting to chase after Peter, but not wanting to leave May alone.

"May, you're never going to get inside. Peter just flung himself out of an upper floor window. Whatever is going on at the front door is far from their concern at the moment."

"Fuck." May spat, turning on her heel and stomping back towards the street.

"Give Jess a call. She'll come get you while I go hunt down our spider."

May grumbled as she dug in her purse for her phone.

"Um, Matty?" she grinned sheepishly. "I seem to have left my phone at home. You don't happen to

have yours on you somewhere, do you?"

Matt nodded as he pulled his phone out and handed it to her. May stood there, silent as she looked at the screen.

"I love you Matt, but I don't know who to call. There are no actual names here."

"Call, 'Jonesing for Spidey'." Matt ran his hand down his face.

"I need to have a talk with that boy." May rolled her eyes as she made the call.

~~~~~

"What the hell, Tony?" Peter growled.

"I could ask you the same thing, kid. What have you been thinking all this time? As if getting involved with the vigilante crowd, especially that Daredoofus guy!"

"*Daredevil*." Peter glared harder.

"Whatever." Tony brushed him off, clearly uninterested in hearing anything about the devil themed vigilante. "Not only do you get involved with...*him*, you let yourself get involved with *Deadpool* as well?! Do you have any idea what that lunatic has done? He's not worth your time! It's probably his fault you're being hunted right now!" Tony shouted, throwing his arms up.

"I've been hanging out with him off and on as he comes into the city for a few years now, Tony. If something was going to happen because of me being seen with him, it would have happened way before this and you know it. You can't be that stupid Tony. This isn't about *Deadpool*, this is about the person behind this being Norman Osborn!"

"This is about you being back where you belong! You're little rag tag team out there can't help you like we can. We have access to information they'll never get! We may not have known immediately, but I can guarantee none of your 'friends' know about it at all! Fury is all over this because, yet again, he's got an infiltration problem. *Here!* *This* is where you need to be!"

"And you know why I won't!" Peter shouted, slamming his good hand down on the table, splitting it down the center and finishing it off. "I won't come back here Tony! I left all of this for a reason! I'm fine where I am! I don't need you and all your rules!"

"And look at where all that '*freedom*' got you! You're in serious danger! This isn't some run of the mill villain, Peter! These guys are actively after you! Catching you isn't just a bonus, it's the sole intent!"

"It isn't the first time Tony! After I went after Norman, he changed his tactic to luring me out to catch me! I've handled Norman before. He's *my* problem. *You* need to stay out of the way."

Tony grunted as he bent down to pick up a manilla folder that had fallen went Peter broke the table.

"Here." he said, shoving the folder into Peter's chest.

"What's this?"

"Just look."

Peter raised an eyebrow skeptically as he opened the folder and flipped through the contents. Page

after page of new Spider-Man costumes stared back at him.

"You've *got* to be kidding me. I thought that Harley guy was full of shit when he said you had a new suit for me."

"I know the top part of your suit was ruined in-order to cast your arm. You'll take one of the new suits I've made you and you'll stay at the tower while we figure out our next move." Tony crossed his arms as he stared Peter down.

"No."

"What?"

Peter glared as he lifted his eyes from the papers and took a deep breath.

"I'm not staying here Tony. I have all the information I need so I'm leaving. I'll make a new suit on my own. I'm not taking one of yours where you can monitor me. I'm not a *kid* anymore and I'm *not* your mentee!"

Tony watched in shock as Peter shoved a corner of the folder into his mouth and held it, using his free hand to rip the folder and all its pages right down the middle.

"I never wanted it to be this way Tony, but do I really need to remind you what happened between us? You came in to *my* home, invaded *my* life and *blackmailed* me into going to fucking Germany because Captain America didn't do what you wanted him to! That wasn't my fight Tony! Looking back I feel so stupid that my hero worship for you got in the way of me actually realizing it was blackmail and went along with whatever you said. I went into a fight for you that I wasn't ready for! I *told* you I had only had my powers for six months but that didn't matter to you! You didn't care that Steve just wanted to help his friend! You didn't care that Steve had already had his trust with any organization destroyed when he found out S.H.I.E.L.D was Hydra!"

Tony's eyes widened as Peter continued to rant.

"Yeah I know all about it, Tony! I've gotten really good at hacking into files I shouldn't be able to. How dare Steve not want to hand over his freedom to another organization that could abuse his trust. A group of highly skilled and enhanced people at the mercy of a shady man in charge who didn't even like them!"

"I stand behind my feelings at the time. We needed to be held accountable Peter! Signing them also meant we'd still be able to act as a team because it was that or retire! Did your little hacking skills tell you the accords are still being thrown around? This time I *am* against them because it's branching out from just involving the Avengers!"

"I don't have to hack anything for that Tony. I'm friends with The Fantastic Four! They're on the chopping block too. I don't care how you feel about them *now*! You got me involved with that crap when I was 15! I almost had to sign that bullshit regulation because *you* drug me into Avengers' problems! I just wanted to help out with smaller scale stuff! Protect the everyday people on the street from having to experience what I did when Uncle Ben was shot and killed! Did you even care about me at all when you took me with you or were you so consumed with anger at Steve that I didn't matter at all?"

Tony's wide-eyed stared narrowed as anger at Peter's accusations started to rise.

"I took you out of the fight didn't I? I told you to stay down. I gave you a suit that was made for fighting to keep you safe! I put all kinds of precaution measures into it as well! I had you check in

regularly! I had a tracker in your suit and monitored your vitals so I'd know if you were in danger! I put faith in you as a 15 year old rising super hero and then I saved your hide at the ferry! See what happens when you think you know better than someone who's been doing this longer than you?"

Peter froze at the mention of, to him, his greatest failure. He could vividly remember the burn of his muscles as he tried to hold the ship together. Swallowing hard, Peter took a breath.

"It wouldn't have happened at all if you'd gave enough of a shit to tell me you not only believed me, but had already told the FBI and I needed to back off unless it got bad. I had no idea I had someone on my side! I did what I did because I had no way of knowing I shouldn't! What did it matter though when in the end I wound up having to stop Adrian anyway?! You stand there acting all high and mighty but you basically abandoned me after we got back! I once told you I was nothing without that stupid suit and you told me if I thought that I shouldn't have it. Congratulations *Tony*, you were right. I didn't need that suit. I've been doing just fine without it. Oh and as for 'taking me out of the fight', thanks for doing it *after I was hurt!*"

"Look here kid-"

"No! This is where *you* zip it! *I'm* talking!"

Tony blinked in surprise as Peter advanced on him, his face red with anger.

"I got over that hero worship for you a long time ago Tony. I have a life out there. I have friends. I have family. There's nothing you can offer me. It's so frustrating to deal with you. You crawl your way inside someone's world and completely reshape it. You make yourself the center of everything because that's how you like it. You like the attention. You *thrive* on it and honestly, I don't want to give it to you."

The two stared each other down, both angry and full of more arguments. Peter had so much he wanted to say to Tony, eight years worth of stuff.

Tony took in the boy no, man, before him. This wasn't his Peter. His Peter was sweet and awkward and, for the most part, listened. His Peter was lost the day Matthew Murdock stepped into the picture. No doubt the man had filled Peter's head with how great vigilante life could be over being a recognized hero with the Avengers. What was so great about him anyway? What could he possibly offer Peter that Tony couldn't? Murdock wasn't the great mentor he saw himself as. He was careless with a highly impressionable child. He let Peter jump into trouble without any regard for his safety! Then again, of course Peter would like that. It was every thing Tony had tried to prevent by closely monitoring him. It was this lack of concern that furthered Tony's belief he was right in his decision to bring Peter in to the Avengers. Peter needed a real team to watch his back and encourage him. He needed Tony to guide him away from the shadows of untrusted vigilantism and into the light of respected hero. *He* was who Peter should be taking advice from.

If Tony Stark was a more honest man with his feelings, he'd admit he was jealous of the devil themed man. Tony Stark though, wasn't honest.

"There's nothing I can offer you hu? Well let's talk Peter. What can Matthew Murdock offer you then? He is Daredevil right? Of course he is, why am I asking? What can the devil of Hell's Kitchen offer you? I'm offering tech, a team, and protection. May would be taken care of-

"You already took care of her when you paid our bills! Who do you think you are doing something like that? Parker's don't just do charity Tony. And don't you talk to me about Matt. He's been an excellent mentor to me! He's had me trained in various fighting styles, learning detective work, and most of all, he's *there for me!* When I need advice I can go right to him. No Happy to have to go

through first. Matt makes time for me! He checks in regularly if I don't see him! He checks on May when I'm on a mission or helping out Dr. Strange! He..He-" Peter struggles to get out as small, fond chuckles escape him with his next words. "He made me lunches to take to high school and college because I couldn't afford to spare the money to buy any. I have my own room in his apartment and I'd crash there and he'd have me a lunch ready to go the next day. He'd ask how my day went and did my classes go alright. He'd ask me about tests I stressed over. He's supported me with my job at Oscorp."

"Oh I bet he has. Of course he'd be happy you ended up there than at SI. I'd give you any position you want!"

"I believe what you offered me was an internship." Peter deadpanned.

"I won't even lie that that was just to avoid suspicion on hiring a kid straight out of college for a high level position. Of course you'd be given an actual job. You'd be right under me in the R&D department. Free reign!"

"We're not discussing job opportunities Tony. This is about your freakish control issues. Why won't you just leave me alone? I think I've been pretty clear about it."

"Because I'm Tony Stark and I do what I want, and what I want is to have you in the Avengers and at SI and let me be the mentor you're going to need. You have so much to offer kid, and I can help you. The current Avengers are gonna retire one day Peter. They're going to retire and someone will have to pick up the mantel. Thats you, Peter, it's always been you. You'll be the next Tony Stark of the Avengers."

Peter froze. Surely Tony wasn't serious. How could he ever think Peter would want that? Then again, did Tony ever think about what Peter wanted?

"That kid out there, Iron Lad, Harley, he's a perfect match for you Peter. He's a smart kid and perfect Avengers material. He'll be your right hand and the two of you will lead the next team. Just give up the vigilante crap and pick a bedroom here at the tower. May can come stay to until we take care of this Norman situation. Steve, Nat, and Bucky like to train early in the morning so I suggest getting to sleep early. Currently Harley is filling your role here at SI, but it's a job that can be easily split-"

"Tony."

"Between the two of you. You can both get to know each other better and figure out a groove for teamwork-"

"Tony."

"You'll be the new Tony Stark and Steve Rogers, just hopefully without the team splitting then getting back together part."

"Tony!"

Tony stopped and looked at Peter's pale face. His chocolate eyes wide with shock and...fear? The couldn't be right. Peter had nothing to fear anymore. He'd have everything he could ever want and May would never have to worry about financial security ever again. There was so much waiting on him if he'd just realize Tony just wanted what was best for him.

"I don't *want* to lead the Avengers Tony! Why would you ever think I'd want that? I work alone and if I do need help, I have a whole crew of people out there willing to step in! I don't want or

need a permanent team!"

Tony frowned, then sighed.

"Why do you always have to fight me kid? Why can't you just let me help you?"

"Because you're *not* helping me! You're trying to put me in a mold that makes you happy!"

"Because it keeps you safe!"

"There's *nothing* safe about what we do!"

"Not when you insist on going out of your way to throw yourself in to it! Do you have *anyone* that questions your judgement? Anyone that might ask you if what your doing is a good idea or not?"

"Other than the Spidey angel and devil that sits on their respective shoulders? Depends on when and where I am at the time." Peter rolled his eyes, itching at the cast as he could feel his arm healing underneath it. Now that he thought about it, how had it even broken it at all? It wasn't like it was a hard hit and he'd been slammed in to walls and worse. Then he remembered the feeling of *Iron Lad* rolling over and bending his arm backward over the roof ledge. The weight of the suit and the angle just enough to snap it. Not enough to keep him down though as the tingle under his skin informed him it healing at a more rapid rate than the other times he had broken anything. Maybe Friday hadn't told the whole truth about how *not* bad his break was. He wouldn't put it past Tony to have Friday manipulate a situation to his benefit.

"We'd give you that. We're give you the opportunity to always have someone to check in with for an opinion. We all have communicators we use to do just that. Harley-"

"Why do you keep pushing him on me? I don't even know the guy and after that little show he put on I don't think I want to. It's obvious you've been playing 'wounded mentor just wanting his mentee back' very well. Don't think your gonna get your happy little replacement team." Peter smirked.

"What do you want Peter? Do you want me to beg you for forgiveness? Do you want me to tell you every thing I did was wrong? Is that what you want? Well that's not happening. You made mistakes that nearly got you and others killed. You didn't listen and had an attitude about it that needed to be kept in check. *You* weren't easy to work with Peter. You though you were better than you were at the time. You would have been dead if not for me. Me finding you was a blessing for you and I'll never apologize for anything I did. I was right and you were wrong. End of story."

"You obnoxious ass! I never asked you to *find* me! I was doing just fine without you! Did it ever occur to you that I knew my place before you got involved? I was a 15 year old kid that had been drug into things outside his skill level and felt I needed to prove myself to stay there! A man I once idolized had, or I thought, felt I was good enough to be bigger than the Friendly Neighborhood Spider-Man. I was good enough to fight Captain America, why *wouldn't* I be good enough to take on Vulture? I *needed* to impress you! I *wanted* your attention and the harder I tried the more you made sure to tell me how bad I did. Couldn't give me an honest compliment but you sure could tell me about my failures!"

Peter could feel a weariness creeping into his bones. He wanted to believe Tony just had a shitty way of showing concern for him, but he was to tired to even try deal with it. They were going in circles as this point. Tony wasn't going to admit Peter was right and Peter wasn't going to back down. If Peter had ever had a deeply buried desire to, at the least, have a civil relationship with Tony, it was slowly dying. Was it worth the constant fighting? If he agreed to at least be civil with

Tony and the other Avengers, he'd be pressured into accepting Tony's offer to be the leader of the next set of Avengers. That was *not* a position Peter wanted, but he had a feeling Harley would jump to take it if offered.

"Peter," Tony sighed. "We both made mistakes. I stand by some of my choices and some I would tweak-"

"*Tweak?!*"

"Yes, *tweak*. Everything I did was what was best for you. Maybe I didn't do it just right, but at least I cared!"

Peter's brain shut down temporarily as he took in Tony's words.

"Are...are you saying Matt doesn't care?" Peter asked, his brain finally coming back online.

"Honestly I don't know why May would encourage you to be around him and his 'friends'."

"Are you judging May's judgement?"

Peter was desperately trying to keep up with the conversation as his brain's reboot hadn't seemed to fully restore everything yet.

"I think she *thinks* you're with good people but does she know everything you get up to? Does she know how you've been 'trained'? Does she know about any of their backgrounds? I feel like a broken record here Peter! We're the *Avengers*! There's so much more for you here Pete, and I want you to have it. I want all the best things for you. I want you *safe*! Once again, I'm offering you a *team*! People that will always be available to help you! I've seen how the vigilante's work. You each have your own areas to cover and generally don't cross into someone else's territory without invitation. Who knew being a vigilante involved office politics?"

"Don't..don't call me 'Pete'."

"What?"

"Don't. Call. Me. *Pete*."

"And why not?" Tony huffed, crossing his arms.

"Because that's what Matt calls me."

Tony felt his face heat up in anger. So what? He couldn't call Peter a nickname if Murdock did it?

"I'm done here." Peter said, pushing past Tony to head towards the door.

"*Peter*," Tony scoffed. "No matter what you think, you're still in danger and so is May. If Norman finds out who you are that's it. There's no place safer than here. I know I can't keep you from going after Norman, but I can keep May safe."

Peter paused in his step. Of course Tony would use the biggest weakness Peter had. May's safety was his top priority, even over his own. As much as he hated to admit it, Tony wasn't lying. Avengers' Tower was the safest place in the city. The only problem, if Peter was even willing to take Tony up on his offer, was that May would *never* agree to it. Suddenly, a wonderful thought popped into his head, and before his brain could catch up to his mouth, he blurted out his thought.

"Deadpool is watching out for her!"

There was silence between the two as Tony stared blankly at Peter.

"I'm sorry, did I hear you correctly? Did you say *Deadpool* was watching after May?"

Peter internally groaned as he told himself to insert foot A into mouth B. However, he was already in the shit now, so might as well continue.

"Yes, I did."

Surely Wade wouldn't mind a little guard duty....right?

"You're entrusting the safety of your aunt to a *mercenary* over me?!"

"Looks that way. I won't owe him anything."

"If I was going to call in favors kid, I'd have called them in when I started taking care of your financial problems. As for him, oh, I'm sure he'll get *something* from you." Tony hissed.

"Are you suggesting I'm whoring myself out to protect Aunt May?" Peter growled.

"I'd *never* think you'd do something like that Peter but I don't trust *him* to not back you in to a corner over it. He was all over you on that rooftop! He was trying to take advantage of you!"

"You can't take advantage of someone who wants it!" Peter shouted, throwing his hand over mouth in surprise.

Tony stared at him wide-eyed.

"You can't be serious."

"I'm *not* going to stand here and discuss my personal life with you."

"Why not?! I want to have you back *Pete*! I miss you kid! I want things to go back to how they were!"

"What are you talking about?!" Peter glared. "There's nothing to get back! Tony you didn't have anything to do with me! You were always gone and I had to check in with Happy! You didn't do anything with me! I told you that's what makes Matt my DAD!"

Tony froze and Peter panic. Pushing past Tony, Peter didn't bother trying to open the door, he yanked his mask back on as he kicked it off the hinges in order to make a faster escape.

Peter said a silent thanks for soundproof walls as the shocked faces of the rest of the Avengers took him in as he stepped out into the hall. The door he had kicked off its hinges was nestled into the wall from the force.

"I'd like to say I enjoyed our visit, but I think I'm gonna give having any more a hard pass." Peter said, brushing past.

"That's *my* shirt." Harley sneered. "Don't think you can come here and just accept our hospitality

then act like an asshole and leave.”

Peter stared at Harley as he glared. This? This hot head was who Tony wanted to pair him up with? Without a second thought, Peter tugged the shirt up and off, handing it back to the man.

“I’m sorry if my assholeness rubbed off on it.”

“Spider-Man,” Tony’s voice wavered behind him. “Where...where did you get that scar?”

Peter turned slowly, realizing just what scar Tony was referring to.

“That scar across my whole back? I think I got that when an *entire building* collapsed on my back. I didn’t have any real suit support at the time.”

The “because you took my suit away” hung in the air between them.

“Here kid.”

Peter turned to see Bucky holding out his own shirt.

“It’s clear you’re leaving regardless of what we say but I can’t let you leave half dressed. Take this for the sake of my conscience.”

Peter took the shirt, fully aware he owed Bucky at least this much for the warnings he had given Peter previously. He slid the shirt on, covering his scared back.

“Kid, we really need to talk about-“ Peter didn’t listen. Noticing the large window at the end of the hall, he made a mad dash and F.R.I.D.A.Y flung it open before he could crash through it. As he fell he fired off a web and swung out into the night.

Caught up in Spider-Man’s escape, no one noticed Harley sneak off and follow after him.

## Chapter End Notes

Thanks Blue for your plan ripping idea!

Also, I promise May WILL get her moment.

# **Chapter 16**

## Chapter Summary

The aftermath of Peter leaving the tower and everything in-between.

## Chapter Notes

There are some things here you've been waiting on.

Also, as I've been writing I occasionally mention phone calls and I've teased Peter's phone contact names and I just want to share them because I just want to. Wade's contact name will change. ;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

### **Peter's Phone:**

Aunt May: Spider-Aunt

Matt: Devil Dad

Jessica: Jonesing for Me

Luke: Cage Match

Danny: Fists of Fury

Frank: Award Winner

Felicia: Lucky Charm

Claire: Dr. Miracle

Dr. Strange: Magic Man

Angelica: Flame Princess

Bobby: Ice Ice Baby

Reed: Stretch Armstrong

Sue: Daddy Was A Glass Maker

Johnny: 15 Minutes of Flame

Ben: The Rock

Harry: Big O

MJ: Roses Are Red

Wade: Status:Complicated

---

Peter grumbled to himself as he flew through the air. He wasn't stupid. He could hear the sounds of the suit following him. It wasn't Iron Man, which meant it had to be the Iron Lad suit.

"I have roughly three hours before I'm supposed to be walking through Oscorp's doors. Can't I catch a break?" Peter growled.

Landing on a nearby roof, Peter ripped the cast the rest of the way off. He flexed his fingers as his spider-sense flared. Spinning sharply, he caught Harley as he made to slam in to him. Using the momentum, Peter flipped the suited man over his head and slammed him on to the rooftop.

"I'll tell you again, quit while you're ahead."

Harley slowly got to his feet, removing the face plate to glare at him.

"Like I said, I don't know *what* Tony sees in you. You're not special. You're not even worth the concern Tony shows you. It's really sad how much energy he puts in to reuniting with you. He should just move on at this point. He invited me and made me this suit and put me on the team."

"Are you saying you're gonna be my replacement?" Peter raised an eyebrow in amusement.

"It wouldn't be hard to replace you. Your attitude makes it easy."

"Look Harley," Peter grinned behind his mask. "If you want Tony all to yourself, you need to take that up with Steve not me."

"Funny man behind the mask hu?" Harley scoffed. "Once we find out who ever is behind all this, I want you to stay away from Tony."

Peter laughed as he looked at the man in front of him. He couldn't be serious, right?

"I'm trying to figure out just how in the dark you are. I mean, there's no way you would say that to me if you knew anything about me and Tony."

Harley's glare intensified.

"If I have to fight you, I will."

"You'll lose." Peter replied, all laughter gone from his voice.

The two stared at each other, both with very different reasons for anger.

"Play nice kids."

The two men turned as the familiar red and black clad figure stepped on to the roof.

"You're that crazy mercenary the Avengers are after!" Harley yelled, turning away from Peter.

"I don't think you and I have been properly introduced Little Iron Man! I'm Deadpool, mercenary extraordinaire!" he grinned, taking a bow. "Now, if you'll excuse us, I have unfinished business with the spider."

"If you think I'm leaving you're crazier than they said." Harley growled. "I'm taking you in!"

"Really newbie?" Wade asked, raising an eyebrow.

"You're outnumbered and out classed kid."

The other three roof inhabitants turned to the new voice. Daredevil stood, unimpressed with the whole situation.

"Go back to the tower. Spider-Man is no longer available."

Harley glared, fully aware of how bad it would go for him if he chose to fight.

"This isn't over Spider-Man. I don't care who you are, Tony will come to his senses soon. I'll see to it."

Peter watched as the Iron Lad suit took off back towards Avenger's Tower. He let out a breath as he turned to Matt and Wade.

"Go home Pete. You need the rest. I'm assuming you're planning to go to work...today. We'll talk tomorrow after you get off." Matt said, turning to leave the roof then paused. "And Pete,"

"Yeah Matt?"

"I'm glad you're ok kid."

Peter smiled as Matt left the roof.

"Finally!"

Peter gasped as Wade wrapped his arms around him and pulled him to his chest.

"What do you say you and I go back to my place and catch some sleep? I'll make pancakes!"

Peter swallowed hard as Wade hurried his face in his neck.

"I-I have w-work in a few hours."

"My place is only twenty minutes away, less if we swing."

Peter felt the warmth of Wade's breath on his ear through the mask. A slight shiver ran down his spine and he prayed Wade didn't notice it. The warmth from his body was seeping in to Peter's exhausted one. He wished he didn't have to go to work, but he had already missed yesterday.

"I have to go home." Peter sighed. "I don't have a change of clothes with me. Thanks for the pancake offer though."

Wade sighed but didn't turn him lose.

"Can't say I'm overly excited with how tonight went down Baby Boy. I was worried I wouldn't be seeing you for a while once they got you. Figured they'd lock you in the tower and I'd have to storm it and save you."

Peter raised his eyebrow and looked up at Wade's masked face.

"Are you calling me a princess?"

"Depends, does that do it for you?"

"No." Peter chuckled.

The two stood there, Wade keeping Peter close, as the minutes ticked by. Eventually Peter sighed and pulled out of Wade's grip.

"I gotta go home and try to at least knock out an hour of sleep. Night Wade." he said, turning and heading towards the edge of the roof.

"Peter, wait!"

Peter turned back with a raised eyebrow.

"Ye-"

Before he could finish Wade surged forward, pulling his mask up over his mouth and smashing their lips together in a needy kiss. Peter's eyes widened in surprise as Wade's firm lips pressed further into his own. The mercenary's hand cupped the back of his head while the other wrapped around his waist, pulling him closer. Peter felt his eyes slide shut as he pressed back into the kiss. His arms wrapped around Wade's neck.

The need for oxygen broke them apart. Peter's already ragged breath hitched as Wade's lips trailed along the exposed skin of his jaw.

"W-wade." Peter gasped.

"Call in Baby Boy." Wade whispered, running his tongue up Peter's neck. "Call in and let me take you to my place where you can get out of whoever's shirt this is and into one of mine."

Peter could hear the growl in Wade's voice at the mention of Bucky's shirt. The tiny show of jealousy shot heat straight to Peter's groin. He was mortified by the needy moaned that slipped out of him.

"If jealousy does it for you Petey-Pie, it won't be hard for me to turn you on." Wade smirked, running his mouth down to the juncture of Peter's neck and shoulder and bit down with a firm suck.

Another moaned escaped Peter, the thought of the mark that would be left far from his mind. His mind was hazy as the hand that had been around his waist started to roam. It was the sight of the sun cresting the horizon that snapped him out of his daze.

"W-Wade!" Peter shouted, stepping back.

Wade frowned as Peter moved out of his hold. He could see however, the obvious blush running from his cheeks down his neck. He smirked at the blooming bruise on Peter's neck. Despite Peter's healing ability, it wasn't about to vanish before he went to work.

"I get it Petey. Run home and try to get a little sleep at least." he smiled, placing a light kiss to

Peter's lips. "I'll find you during patrol."

Peter just nodded, pulling his mask back down and walked a little unsteadily the rest of the way to the roof ledge, then threw a web and swung off home.

Wade waited till his spider was out of sight then dropped to his knees and threw his hands in to the air.

"FINALLY!"

~~~~~

"Morning Pete, I-" Harry spit the spit of coffee he had just taken out over his desk and coughed.
"Jesus Pete! What the hell happened? You look like ass!"

Peter stood on the opposite side of Harry's desk with droopy eyes, dark circles under them and the worst case of bed head Harry had ever seen. His clothes were heavily wrinkled and only one side of his button up was actually tucked in. He was also pretty positive he was catching glimpses of a bruise at the base of Peter's neck, but he couldn't be sure due to the collar. Peter made a grunting sound at him as he leaned across the desk and swiped Harry's coffee from him, downing it in one go.

"Well, I had hoped to look how I feel so," Peter paused, putting the mug back on the desk.
"Mission accomplished I guess."

"You could have took another day off Pete. Can you even function in a lab like that?"

"I'm about 85% sure I won't die if something goes wrong."

"Pete, I need you to operate at 100% surety that you, not only, *won't* die if something goes wrong, but also that you won't be the *reason* something goes wrong."

Peter blinked slowly as he studied Harry's face.

"I'm not sure if I should be offended at your lack of faith, or warmed by your concern."

"I don't know about letting you in the labs Pete. Maybe you should crash on my couch for a bit." Harry said, pointing to the couch against the wall of his office.

Peter looked at the couch, then back at Harry, then back at the couch. Shuffling his way over, he fell face first into the softest cushions he's ever felt.

"Har," his muffled voice said. "It's a sin to have a couch this comfortable."

Harry chuckled as he wiped up the coffee on his desk. Before he could finish, the sounds of soft snores were coming from the prone figure on his couch. Harry smiled fondly at his friend before turning back to his paperwork.

~~~~~

Tony stared at the ceiling of his lab as he leaned back in his chair. He couldn't get the anger on Peter's face out of his mind. The words the younger man had said ran through his mind. Had he really been that terrible? Who was he kidding, he *knew* he had been terrible to Peter. He hadn't treated Peter well at all. He was a kid when they went to Germany and Tony knew he had taken him for selfish reasons. He wanted to overpower Steve's team and force them to come back. A lot of good it had done and Peter had no problem throwing it in Tony's face.

Peter had had no business being in Germany and Tony had had no right to enter his life the way he did. If he had been a more decent person, he would have planned a more official meeting and took the kid on as a mentee properly. Instead, he dragged the kid off into a fight that wasn't his, then basically dropped him. He knew Peter had hero worship for him, and he knew he hadn't treated it properly. Hero worship can only last as long as you're still seen as a hero.

"Tony?"

Tony swiveled his chair around to see Pepper looking at him.

"I told you Tony. I told you when you brought him in to make sure you brought in Spider-Man and *not* Peter Parker."

"He was here, Pep." Tony sighed. "He was here. I had him where he couldn't run from me, at least I thought he couldn't. Barnes weirdly gives him a shirt, which I *will* be questioning him on now that I think about it. Peter took it too easily. Then after that, F.R.I.D.A.Y betrayed me and let him out."

"'Let him out'? He's not a pet Tony. Did you even know Harley went after him when he left?"

Tony shot up in his seat. "He did *what*?"

"He went after Peter."

"Why would he do that?"

"Are you serious Tony?" Pepper snapped. "Of course he went after him! I watched the footage of Peter's time here. He did not want to be here and he made that very clear. Harley sat there and watched the one person you've went on and on about act like, in his mind, a jerk. You and I both know Peter is mad and hurt over the past but Harley doesn't. He looked at Spider-Man as who he needed to emulate to get your attention and then that disaster played out right in front of him. He doesn't know why you want Spider-Man so bad. Jesus Tony, after all that and you slinking back in here all depressed, Harley's probably wondering why he can't be enough for you!"

Tony blinked up at Pepper's angry face.

"What do you mean, he can't be enough for me?"

"Do I need to spell it out for you Tony? Harley is *here*, Peter is *not*. I understand you want to have Peter back Tony, I do. But you need to understand that Harley has feelings too. He came here hoping to spend time with you. You made him a suit and put him on the Avengers Tony! You set him up as this important addition to your life then shut him out the minute you found out Peter was in danger. I know you wanted the two of them to work together, but unless things change that's *never* going to happen. Peter has a lot of pent up anger and Harley isn't handling being pushed aside for him at all. Peter's not here and doesn't want to be and Harley is living in his ever present shadow!"

Tony sighed. It didn't seem to matter what he did, he was going to mess up someone's life. He

failed with Peter and now he was failing with Harley. Taking a breath, stood up. He might be a long way from having Peter back, but he could keep Harley if he stepped up now.

"You're right Pep. I'm not giving up on Pete, but I agreed on bring Harley here so I'm gonna be the mentor to him I should have been all along."

"That's all I can ask." Pepper gave him a small smile, then left Tony alone in his lab.

~~~~~

"So....that was something." Clint said, watching as Bucky entered the common room with a new shirt. He knew he wasn't the only one questioning Barnes's seemingly odd behavior towards Spider-Man.

"I guess we won't be using that briefing room for a bit." Bucky tossed back casually as he sat in one of the over stuffed chairs.

"I think we can cut the small talk." Rhodey huffed. "What was up with you Barnes? The kid goes to leave and you just strip your shirt off and give it to him like it was nothing. You didn't even hesitate."

"You got a soft spot for the spider kid?" Sam smirked.

"Maybe I do." Bucky shrugged, surprising everyone with the exception of Natasha who's face remained emotionless.

"Well, the meeting went over about as well as I thought it would." Steve sighed, drawing attention away from Bucky. He would question him later.

"It would have been better if Tony had stayed out like you told him to." Sam rolled his eyes.

"There's so much we seem to be missing between the two of them."

Everyone turned to Wanda as she stared at the floor.

"There was so much anger, hurt, and confusion written all over their faces. We were surprised by the sheer amount of hostility about the whole situation from Spider-Man that we didn't even notice it."

Bucky glanced at Natasha who returned it with one promising a talk once they were away from everyone.

"I can't believe F.R.I.D.A.Y opened the window for him honestly." Rhodey said, crossing his arms.

"Barnes gives the kid the literal shirt off his back and F.R.I.D.A.Y helps him escape. There must be more to the spider than we thought. So, what is it Barnes? What makes the kid so special?" Clint grinned.

"Maybe I just feel for the kid, Barton."

No one said a word as they all knew what Bucky was implying. He and Tony, even now, didn't

have the best of relationships. If anyone *would* have a soft spot for Spider-man, it would be Bucky.

Steve watched his best friend carefully. He knew he wasn't mistaking the quick look he had shared with Natasha. Bucky had supported Spider-Man leaving unquestionably and Natasha clearly knew why.

~~~~~

"Objection!" Peter yelled out as he fell off the couch and hit the floor.

"Pete?" Harry raised an eyebrow as he looked over at his friend now spread out on the floor.

"Matt?" Peter asked, looking up with bleary eyes.

"No quite." Harry chuckled, walking over and helping him back up on to the couch. "I'd ask if you felt any better but it sounds like you were very busy.""

Peter groaned and put his face in his hands.

"Sorry Har. It's just that I missed yesterday so I didn't want to miss today. You took a big risk hiring me into a high level position so I don't want to put any more stress on you."

"Pete, you put stress on me when you show up to work looking like you just got off a six day bender."

Peter peeked at Harry through his fingers.

"I'm a terrible friend."

"No, you're just kind of a idiot."

Peter smiled and stood up.

"What time is it?" He asked, stretching.

"5. It's quitting time Pete."

"*What?!* Harry! How could you let me sleep all day? If someone had come in and seen me sleeping in here it wouldn't have looked good on either of us!"

Harry grinned as he stood up and walked to his desk.

"The board do hold some power Pete, but I'm still the head of this company. I have the most invested in it. If someone came in here and saw you sleeping, I can assure you it's only going to look bad on you." He said, giving Peter a wink.

Not to be outdone, Peter casually sauntered up to his desk and smirked.

"*Or,* they think you were getting a little extra friendly with the favored hiree."

"I'd love for MJ to get *that* call."

"I'd want to know why you bent Peter over that desk instead of me."

The two men turned to a grinning redhead leaning against the door frame.

"MJ! What makes you think *I* would be the one bent over?." Peter cried as Mary Jane strolled in towards the desk.

"Because you'd be so hot in that position Tiger." she winked then kissed his cheek. "Now, as much as I love you, unless voyeurism is your kink I suggest you head on out. Me or Harry one is about to really get bent over that desk."

"What the shit MJ?! I'm out!" Peter laughed, throwing his hands up and walking to the door where he had dropped his bag when he came in. "Stick to the desk though, I may have to use that couch again at some point!"

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Peter took a deep breath as he walked in to Matt's apartment. Having slept straight through lunch, his mouth salivated at the smells coming from the kitchen.

"Hey, sweetheart." May smiled as Peter walking into the living room.

"May?"

"Felicia came and got me. She's cooking a 'proper family meal', since I go back to work tomorrow."

Peter smiled as he fell beside her on the couch. She smiled as he leaned his head on her shoulder and she ran her fingers through his hair.

"I was worried about you Peter. I went to the tower to get you last night but when I got there Matt showed up and we watched you hurl yourself out a window. Jess drove me home but I wish you'd have woken me up with you came in instead of covering me up with a blanket. You were gone by the time I woke up."

"I'm sorry May." Peter sighed, closing his eyes as her fingernails lightly scrapped his scalp. "You looked like you needed the rest."

"I didn't have anywhere to go today Peter. You should have taken another day off."

"I kind of did. I crashed on Harry's couch all day."

He felt May chuckle.

"Only you Peter Parker. Only you."

"Is this strictly a Parker moment or can a Hardy and Murdock join in?"

Peter smiled, keeping his head on May's shoulder.

"Sorry Hardy, but right now spider aunt attention is for spider nephews only."

"Lame." Felicia smiled. "Dinner's done. Just waiting to Matt to get out the shower."

"It smells great." May said, continuing to mess with Peter's hair.

Felicia sighed as she cuddled up next to Peter on the couch.

"If I can't have spider aunt attention, then I'm *taking* spider nephew's cuddles."

"Not on my couch." Matt grumbled as he entered the living room.

May chuckled as Peter lifted his head and looked at Matt over the back of the couch.

"Be nice. I was kidnapped last night." Peter pouted.

"And we need to have a chat about that. Right now though, I'm starving."

~~~~~

Harley fumed as he paced in his room. Spider-Man was nothing more than a complete asshole. There was *nothing* about him that was worth the trouble the Avengers were about to get into to help him. He had his band of street friends, and that's all he seemed to want. He hadn't been lying when he told Spider-Man Tony should just move on.

Still, the mysterious attackers of the thief were a concern for anyone. Infiltrating Fury's new faction was a bold move. They had to know they wouldn't be able to continue to operate under him once they went after her. Then again, what did it matter? The message was well received.

What made *Spider-Man* so important?

Since he had arrived in New York, all he heard about was Spider-Man and he was done with it. He had made himself clear that the arachnid was to stay clear of Tony once this was all over. Once he was out of the way, Tony could move on. He knew Tony had had high hopes for him and Spider-Man to be a team, but that was *never* going to happen. Tony had already said he would be leading the next set of Avengers, granted he was supposed to be doing it with Spider-Man, but he wasn't worried about it. Once a new team came up to bat, Harley would make sure Spider-Man knew his *lack* of placement on the team. As far as he was concerned, Spider-Man was a vigilante and had no place on a well respected team like his.

"Hey kid."

Harley's head shot up in surprise as Tony walked in.

"Sorry I haven't been able to spend real time with you. There's just been a lot going on."

"With *Spider-Man*?" Harley ground out.

Tony sighed as he sat down in the plush desk chair and turned to face Harley.

"Sit down kid. You and I need to have a talk."

Despite his anger, Harley couldn't help but be intrigued at the notion of finding out what was really going on between Tony and the wall crawler.

"Eight years ago I found a kid in Queens with amazing abilities. I took him with me to Germany to

try and get Steve and his rouges to turn themselves in. You know how that went. After we got back, I let the kid keep the suit I had made him and he continued his friendly neighborhood crime fighter activities. Well, some weapons made from Chitauri tech hit the streets. Spider-Man got wrapped up in it and got in over his head. The whole thing ended with him nearly getting killed. He returned the suit and that was it. I won't lie, I didn't handle his involvement with the Vulture well. I told him to back off. I even took his suit for a while in hopes of getting him to stop, but it didn't work. Spider-Man is a hero, make no mistake, but he's brash and hard-headed. He needs a real team Harley. He needs a real team and we have it. Spider-Man is a hero despite what you may think of him right now. He and I have some unresolved issues from the Vulture incident, but I think he'll join us once they're worked out. That's why I'm so adamant kid. Right now he's running with *Daredevil* and it's a disaster in the making obviously. You saw how we were able to get him and bring him in. Whoever is after him will have no trouble getting him either if we leave him with that crowd."

Tony waited while Harley took in his little speech. He knew there was so much more than what he told but until he was able to have an actual, sit down conversation with Peter, he wasn't willing to give away more. Harley didn't need to know everything to be made to understand why it was so important to have Peter back. He needed to be able to show Peter things could be better, that they *would* be better. He would make sure Peter got every ounce of attention he deserved.

Until then though, he needed to devote some time to Harley. He needed to know a few things about the workings of the Avengers if he was going to help Peter.

"Sorry Tony." Harley sighed. "I didn't know there was so much between you and Spider-Man."

"It's ok kid. We'll work it out. Until we do though, I'm gonna start Avengers lessons with you. You need to know how we operate now so you'll be able to carry on once we stop. Plus, let's give that suit of yours some of the upgrades I didn't get a chance to install."

Harley grinned as he followed Tony out of his room and off to the lab.

~~~~~

"Ok, so we're not dealing with Fury." Matt sighed.

Felicia had taken May home a little while ago while Peter stayed behind to talk with Matt.

"No, they were very adamant about it. Even they're worried now. While I'm the primary, they're concerned this could get out of hand and start affecting others."

"Not a ridiculous thought."

Peter took a gulp of his chocolate milk out of the Spider-Man themed mug Matt had about just for him. He smiled as Matt had given it to him without thought.

*Because that's how well he knows me.*

"Well, now we have a better idea of what we're dealing with. Norman was a hard takedown for you Pete, are you up to doing it again?"

"Do I really have a choice?" Peter frowned.

"No."

Peter nodded.

"I'm gonna have a talk with Jess. This might be the clue she needs."

"For what?"

Matt paused, then answered.

"The docks. She's still chasing what's going on there. There's a high chance it's linked to Norman. Probably the only good thing to come from all this that's happened is that it's kept you away from there."

"Well, while Jess is checking on that, I'll snoop around Oscorp. Maybe I'll find a trace of Norman." Peter sighed, putting his mug down and rubbing his temples.

"I don't know if that's a good idea. Right now Norman thinks you're oblivious to his escape. You go poking around where you shouldn't and you risk putting yourself in a position to be easy pickings. As long as you stick to public places, Norman isn't likely to come after you. If he does, he'll expose himself."

"Is this Lawyer Matt, Daredevil or Devil Dad talking?" Peter grinned.

"All three brat."

~~~~~

Peter let out a breath as he landed on a rooftop. He had had to beg Matt to give him the spare suit he kept there, and even then he had to promise to head straight home. He knew Matt would be calling Aunt May to tell her he was on his way and that she should call him when he got there. He didn't trust Peter not to text him he was home and still be out.

Taking a stretch before continuing his journey home, his spider-sense didn't even go off as a gloved hand covered his masked mouth and pulled him back against a warm chest. Before he could panic a warm voice spoke in his ear.

"Relax baby boy, Daddy Deadpool just wants some alone time."

Peter relaxed in relief before squeaking as Wade lifted him up and threw him over his shoulder.

"What luck that you're so close to my place!"

"W-Wade! I have to get home! Da-"

"Shh!" Wade hushed him, slapping his rear. "I've already got it covered. Your little kitty cat is officially my second favorite person."

Peter clamped his mouth shut as Wade proceeded to carry him across the roof towards the fire escape.

"I-I can get down on my own."

"Every time I get alone with you, someone shows up and either you run, or you're taken from me. So, no can do this time Petey-Pie. I'm gonna make sure we're safe at my place before I let you down." Wade grinned, holding Peter still with a firm hand on his ass.

Peter didn't argue.

~~~~~

The two made it to Wade's apartment building fast that Peter thought they would. True to his word, Wade had refused to put him down, even scaling his own fire escape with Peter slung over his shoulder. Lifting up his window, he placed Peter back on his feet and ushered him inside.

Peter waited as Wade shut and locked the window behind him. He watched as the mercenary walked through the living room and turned on the lights. The area was surprisingly cleaner than he thought it would be. In fact, Peter thought, it looked like it had been *freshly* cleaned. Fresh enough to suggest Wade had fully intended to follow through with what he said about finding him during patrol.

"So," Wade started, sounding nervous.

Peter smiled under his mask as he watched Wade fidget, unsure what to do now that he had Peter alone without fear of being interrupted.

"You have a nice place." Peter said, taking pity on him.

"Th-thanks. So," Wade started, the confidence returning to his voice as he moved toward Peter. "I do believe we were in the middle of something when Iron Ass showed up. What do you say we pick up where we left off?"

Peter felt a warmth shoot straight to his groin as Wade grabbed him by his hips and pulled him flush against his body. He felt himself nod as Wade lifted the bottoms of their masks and placed his lips gently against his. Peter closed his eyes and wrapped his arms around Wade's neck, deepening the kiss.

They stood in Wade's living room, wrapped up in each other a long while before Peter felt Wade's hands begin to roam. The spandex of his suit suddenly felt too hot and the gloves on his hands were a hinderance to what he wanted.

"W-Wade." Peter gasped out as the mere's lips ran down his jaw and neck to where the collar of his suit started. "W-Wade. I want to look at you."

Wade pulled back and looked at Peter with a confused expression, obvious even through the mask.

"I want to see you without the masks."

"Petey, I don't know-did you say 'masks' as in plural? As in both of us?"

Peter smiled softly as he cupped Wade's cheeks in his hands.

"Yes. I'm not bothered by the scars. I've seen a lot of your skin under the mask. We've made out. I'm not going anywhere just because you show me the rest of your face."

A frown made its way onto Wade's face as he considered Peter's words.

"If you're sure."

"I am." Peter grinned, lifting up and licking Wade's lips.

"Oh baby boy." Wade smirked as licked his lips, cause Peter's face to heat up.

Slowly, Wade lifted his mask the rest of the way off his face and waited for Peter's response.

"There you are." Peter said softly, taking in Wade's scarred face and bright blue eyes. He ran his eyes over the defined jawline and strong features. "You're extremely handsome Wade. Don't let anyone tell you different."

Wade didn't respond as he lifted his hands, sliding his thumbs under the edges of Peter's mask. Peter nodded and Wade began the slow removal of the mask hiding the face he had always wanted to see. The mask gave way to a soft face with soft, slightly curled brown hair and a pair of warm, honey brown eyes.

"Hi Wade, I'm Peter."

"Well fuck me."

#### Chapter End Notes

A lot of this was calm before the storm sort of.

## Chapter 17

### Chapter Summary

I think you all know where this is going.

### Chapter Notes

Let's have a little pow-wow my loves.

I'm beyond nervous posting this.

I read a LOT of smut for this chapter trying to get myself motivated. I've never written a sex scene before and I worried about it. I debated on whether to post it with the smut or gloss over it like I did with Peter and Felicia. In the end, I had written a sex scene so I decided to go for it.

Again, I've NEVER written a sex scene before. I'm completely out of my element here. I accept all forms of writing advice for future reference.

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See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jessica frowned as Felicia dropped down beside her.

"Nothing I take it?" she asked.

"Empty crates." Felicia sighed.

"Sorry your first night back is a bust." Jessica smiled apologetically.

"I'll take this over getting my ass beat any day."

Honestly, Jessica had been surprised when Felicia had eagerly accepted her request to join her on a stakeout of the docs. The detective knew she was losing steam in her search. There was a lot of activity here for there to be no actual activity.

"Maybe I should have called Peter. The two of you could have covered more ground."

"No!" Felicia growled. "I had to do a lot of ground work to get to this point and I'll unleash the real claws if another person interferes with my hard work!"

Jessica raised an eyebrow as she looked at the annoyed thief. They sat there a little while before Jessica's eyes widened.

"They're finally gonna have at."

"I had to throw Matt off the trail. He's gonna be all over Peter for a while." Felicia huffed and rolled her eyes.

"Well, my lips are sealed." Jessica grinned.

~~~~~

May sighed as she sat the phone down on the end table after sending a voice message to Matt that Peter had made it home. Felicia had begged her to cover for Peter so he could finally get the alone time with Wade he hadn't been able to get. She had agreed readily with the promise that Peter would bring Wade to meet her.

"Sorry Matty. After everything he's been through, Peter deserves this."

~~~~~

Matt frowned at the message from May. He wasn't stupid. The message had been sent way to soon for Peter to have made it home. She was hiding something.

Walking to his room, Matt reached into the closet and pulled out his suit. He couldn't afford to let Peter stay out without anyone knowing exactly where he was.

He was half way through putting on his suit when a new message came through. Picking up his phone, the voice of Felicia Hardy filled the room.

"Don't even *think* about it, Murdock."

Matt groaned as he set the phone back down and removed his suit. Of course May and Felicia would go behind his back for this. Wade better thank his lucky stars he had a healthy fear of May Parker.

~~~~~

Peter moaned as he back hit the wall outside Wade's bedroom. The top of his suit had been discarded before they stumbled out of the living room. Wade's hand pinned his above his head while his other roamed down Peter's side.

"I've waited a long time for this baby boy." Wade breathed as he placed kissed along Peter's jaw and down his neck.

Peter's breath hitched and Wade bit down where his first bruise had faded. He heard Wade's hand fumble with the doorknob before pushing it open. Freeing Peter's arms, Wade placed both hands under Peter's ass, lifting him while Peter wrapped his legs around his waist.

Peter pushed in to the kiss harder as he felt Wade's knees hit the bed before he was dropped on it. He watched, transfixed as Wade began to strip out of his kevlar suit. He ran his eyes over Wade's flexing biceps.

"Are you sure you want this?"

Peter licked his lips as his eyes raked over every inch of Wade's now naked body.

"Well," Peter grinned. "Fuck me."

~~~~~

"I don't know what to tell you Jones." Felicia shrugged. "We've been out here most of the night. Nothing is happening. I can't see anything that would suggest a trap for Peter."

Jessica flopped down on the roof of the vacant warehouse.

"I'm missing something."

"I can't imagine what."

"No. I'm *missing* something." Jessica growled. "I know it. I know I'm missing something, and what's worse is, I'm *supposed* to be missing it."

"Are you saying you think there's a cover-up *inside* a cover-up?"

Jessica made to respond but stopped when Felicia dove on her, covering her mouth.

"You may be about to fill in some blanks." she whispered into Jessica's ears, motioning towards the first warehouse she had searched.

The two watched as a long, black limousine pulled up. It sat idling a few minutes before a larger, unmarked moving van pulled up behind it. A large man walked up to the limousine, talking into the now rolled down window.

"Can you make anything out?" Jessica whispered.

"No. Whoever he's talking to is sitting to far back from the window." Felicia frowned.

The talking continued a minute more before the window rolled up and the limousine drove away. The group of men quickly moved to the truck, backing it up to the warehouse door. Rolling up the back door to the truck, the men began unloading boxes.

Jessica raised her enhanced binoculars to get a better look. She stared for a few minutes before lowering them and rubbing her eyes. Returning them to her face, Jessica felt dread rise in her.

"Do those say what I think they do?" Felicia asked, her night vision allowing her to see freely.

"That's definitely the Oscorp logo."

"Matt told me Peter found out Norman was busted out. Can't say I like this."

Jessica frowned as she continued to watch the truck be unloaded.

"Peter may be in more trouble than we thought."

~~~~~

Wade growled as he dove on Peter, ripping his spandex bottoms the rest of the way off.

"I'm flattered Baby Boy. " Wade smirked as Peter's erect cock was laid bare.

Peter's cheeks turned red as a blush spread over his face and he turned his face away in embarrassment, his confident attitude quickly leaving him. Wade frowned and turned Peter's face back to him.

"I'm right here Petey. I take it this is your first time like this?"

Peter swallowed hard and nodded his head.

"We can always wait. I don't want to push anything on you." Wade smiled softly, cupping Peter's cheek.

"N-no!" Peter yelled. "I just, I don't know what to do. Embarrassingly, my sex life doesn't go past Felicia. I've never been this nervous at the prospect of sex."

"Don't worry Baby Boy, I'm gonna take good care of you."

Peter let out a breath and gave a small smile. Wade smiled back as he leaned forward, pressing his lips to Peter's. He ran his tongue along the younger man's lips, and thumbed over one of his nipples. Peter moaned and Wade's tongue slipped into his gasping mouth.

He explored every inch of Peter's mouth, feeling him squirm below him. Wade leaned back, a thin string of saliva linking their lips together. Peter panted heavily, staring up through heavily lidded eyes.

Wade studied Peter's flushed face and swollen lips.

"You have no idea all the things I want to do to you Baby Boy. I want to take you apart in all the best ways. I want to tie you to the bed and make you beg me for release. I want to pin you against a wall and take you hard and fast. I want to string you up in front of a mirror so you can watch yourself as I fuck that pretty little hole of yours. I want to bend you over every surface in my apartment so you won't be able to look anywhere without giving me that beautiful blush. I want to have you on your hands and knees presenting that pert little ass to me like a present. I want to put you on your knees while I fuck your pretty little mouth and choose whether to shoot down your throat or paint your face with cum. I want to suck bruises all up that milky white neck of yours so everyone can see you're taken. I want to go on patrols with you and pound you from behind on rooftops where anyone could come and see you begging for me to take you harder. I want to get you in a corner on a crowded train and stroke you till you coat the inside your pants, all while you try to hold your pretty cries in to keep anyone from realizing what's happening. Then I'll make you walk in your cum stained pants so everyone who sees us will know that I did that to you. I want to cum inside your tight hole and plug it up so you go to work all day with my seed inside you. I want to make you walk around with a vibrator in your ass while I control it. Gonna have on special made for distance so you'll have to be around all your co-workers while you try not to cum. Make you use it while on patrol. Really have you begging for that rooftop sex."

As Wade continued to list the ways he wanted to have him, Peter found himself becoming increasingly aroused. He was surprised at his reaction to the possessiveness in some of the things Wade wanted to do to him. He was mortified to realize the idea of secret public sex excited him. Everything Wade wanted seemed to turn him on more.

"I'm not in this for casual with you Peter. Once we start, you're *mine*. Your needs are mine to see to. Not just sexual needs, Peter. I want to take care of you in every way."

Peter's breathing became heavy at the thought of all Wade was saying. He was basically asking Peter to offer himself up fully, and Peter wasn't finding a reason not to. Wade wanted him, supported him, everyone important to him either did or would love him. Despite Matt's attitude, he knew the man appreciated Wade's protectiveness of him.

Taking a deep breath, Peter looked Wade in the eyes before responding.

"Wade," Peter started, pausing to lick his lips and swallow down his nervousness. "I-I want to be

with you. I-I'll be yours. I'm just out of my element and rock hard so can we do something about that?"

"Excited by all the things I want to do to you Baby Boy?" Wade smirked, running his tongue up Peter's neck. Peter moaned in response.

"Don't worry Petey-Pie, we'll get there. For our first time though, we're gonna go slow and I'm gonna make you feel so good. You're beautiful Peter, and I'm gonna worship every part of you." Wade whispered, stopping at his ear. "Especially this ass." he grinned, snaking his hands around to squeeze Peter's ass cheeks.

Peter gasped, arching up in to Wade. Wade smirked as he began kissing his way down Peter's body, stopping to pay attention to his nipples. Peter squirmed and Wade moved down. Peter's muscles tensed as Wade kissed over the sensitive skin of his stomach. Peter was losing himself in the feelings when Wade took him fully in his mouth.

"W-Wade!" Peter cried, surprised by Wade's mouth on his penis. He moaned as Wade's tongue swirled around his head and up and down his shaft. He watched as Wade made eye contact with him as he bobbed his head up and down for a few minutes before removing his mouth with a wet pop. Peter groaned at the lack of Wade's warm mouth.

"Not so fast Baby Boy. I said I would take care of you."

Wade slowly bent Peter's legs up, running his hands up and down his smooth inner thighs. Peter wanted to be embarrassed by how exposed the position made him, but the lustful look on Wade's face stopped him. Peter watched as the merc bent forward and began running his tongue down his thighs. Peter's cock twitch at the feeling. As Wade moved further down, he paused biting Peter's inner thigh.

"Ahh!" Peter yelped, his member leaking pre-cum in response. He felt Wade lick over the bite, then over his penis.

"I'm gonna mark you Petey, but that one is just for me." Wade grinned possessively. "I'll be the only one to ever see it."

Peter nodded before gasping as Wade flipped him over and on all fours.

"Wade?" Peter asked, looking over his shoulder to catch Wade leaning forward and licking over Peter's entrance.

"Oh God, Wade!"

He could feel the smile on Wade's face as he parted Peter's ass cheeks further. Peter continued to moan and gasp as Wade shoved his tongue in and out of him. Peter felt his arms about give out when Wade slowly turned him around and laid him down on his back.

"We'll be revisiting that Baby Boy, but I think you're in need of something else." Wade promised.

Peter shivered in anticipation of a repeat. He'd never thought of doing that to anyone or having anyone do that to him, yet he'd shove his ass in Wade's face anytime for a repeat. The sound of a popping cap drew Peter's attention as he watched Wade coat his fingers in lube. Where had that come from?

"Take a breath for me baby." Wade said softly as his finger traced around Peter's hole.

Peter took a calming breath and Wade pushed his finger inside. It wasn't *exactly* bad, but it was strange. Wade pumped inside him a few times before speaking.

"You ok Petey?" Wade asked.

"Y-Yeah. It's not what I expected."

Wade smirked.

"That's just one finger sweetheart. I'm about to insert another one."

Slowly, Wade pushed in another finger and Peter groaned at the stretch. Wade held still, letting him adjust. Once he felt Peter relax, he began slowly moving his fingers in and out.

"As much as I love those noises of yours, I need to know how you're doing baby."

"I'm, ah, I'm good." Peter breathed.

"We can slow down if you need to."

"No!" Peter yelled as Wade's fingers slammed into his prostate.

"One more finger and then you'll be ready."

"Wade!" Peter shouted as Wade inserted another finger and bushed against his prostate again.

"You're doing so good Baby Boy. You're taking my fingers so well. You look so pretty like this."

Peter felt his body continue to heat up. He had had sex with Felicia many times, but this was different. Sex with Felicia had become a love between two friends who trusted each other completely. With Wade, this was a new feeling entirely. This was a raw desire to be completely consumed.

After a few moments of Wade's fingers abusing his prostate, he felt them slide out and Wade popped open the lube again. Breathing a little heavy, he watched as the man ran the lube up and down his shaft until it glistened with a thick coat.

"Nice and slow, Petey." He smiled, lining the head of his cock with Peter's throughly stretched hole. Slowly, he pushed his way inside.

Peter gasped and threw his head back.

"Talk to me sweetheart."

"You..you're bigger than your fingers."

"You continue to flatter me Baby Boy." Wade grinned before fully entering him.

He waited till Peter's breathing evened out before pulling back and then forward. He rocked slowly, loosening Peter up further and letting him get used to it before hitting his mark with a sharper thrust.

Peter cried out as Wade's pace picked up, nailing his prostate each time.

"W-Wade!" Peter screamed, arching his back up off the bed. He could feel the pressure building as his cock bounced against his with each of Wade's thrusts.

"Don't hold back baby." Wade panted. "Show me how you fall apart."

Peter's eyes glazed over with a yell as he climaxed all over his stomach. Wade slammed into him a few more times before pulling out and shooting his load straight on to Peter's face.

He gazed up at Wade as the hot cum on his face began to cool.

"I'm sorry Petey, but I never got permission to finish inside you. However, I'd love to see you covered in me any time."

Peter couldn't find the energy to be embarrassed. His body was on sensory overload. He felt the bed shake as Wade got up and made his way to the bathroom. Lifting his hand, he ran it over his face, smearing Wade's seed. It was thick and clung to his fingers.

He turned his head as he heard Wade groan from the doorway.

"You're really testing me here Baby Boy. Laying there, body covered in your own release and that pretty face covered in mine. I could easily go for round two, but I promised I'd take care of you."

Wade smiled, walking forward and scooping Peter up gently. As they neared the bathroom, he could hear the sound of the shower running.

"I want you to take a warm shower while I change the sheets. I'll get you a pair of clothes to change in to."

"You-your not gonna take one with me?" Peter asked, his face heating up in a blush.

"I'd love to baby, but this isn't one of my better apartments. The shower is pretty small. Do you think you can stand long enough to get cleaned up?"

Peter nodded as Wade lowered his feet to the bathroom floor. The steam from the shower was already fogging up the mirror.

"That's a clean towel on the rack. Take your time and be easy on yourself. The first time can cause a lot of soreness." Wade said, gently kissing the top of Peter's head. "I'll be right back."

Once he was gone, Peter eased himself into the warm shower spray. His hips had a slight ache and the warm water sliding down between his ass cheeks felt even warmer. Slowly, he eased his hand down and gently touched his hole. It was sensitive, puckered and twitched at his prodding. He smiled as he washed his face and body off with Wade's strawberry scented body wash.

Peter had never considered having sex with a man before Wade had come along. No man had ever enticed him in to wanting to try. Leaning against the cool tile of the shower wall, he knew this wasn't casual for him either. He wanted everything Wade had to give.

Turning off the water, he stepped out the shower and grabbed the oversized, fluffy towel. Drying off, he noticed a pair of sweat pants, boxers and a large shirt sitting on the counter. He hadn't even heard Wade come in.

Once he was dry, he picked up the boxers. Though they seemed like they were probably the smallest pair Wade owned, they were still to large for his thin waist. Laying them aside, he tried on the sweat pants. No matter how he tried, he couldn't get them to tighten up enough to keep from falling. Sighing, he picked up the shirt and put it on. It was large on him, making him look smaller than he was. Luckily, it hung down just far enough to cover his bare ass. He didn't think Wade would mind one bit.

Taking a deep breath, he opened the bathroom door and stepped out. The cool air hit his warm skin and he gave a little shiver. Quickly walking back to the bedroom, he found Wade in a fresh set of sweatpants smoothing out the freshly made bed. Peter watched the muscles on his bare back flex with each movement. Once satisfied, Wade turned around and froze. He raked his eyes over Peter's form, stopping where the shirt ended.

Peter blushed and fidgeted as Wade cleared his throat.

"I-I take it nothingnesses-nothing else fit?" He stuttered, rubbing the back of his neck, his eyes locked in on where the shirt ended and Peter's long legs began.

"N-no. I hope, I hope this is ok."

"Baby Boy, I'd love to see that lucious little ass walking around my apartment completely naked *all* the time. Knowing the slight lift of that shirt would expose you to me is the biggest tease I've ever had to manage. It'll be fine though as soon as you get over here and in to bed."

Peter scooted across the room and crawled on to the bed. He didn't even pay attention to the fact that as he crawled to his side, the shirt rode up, presenting himself to Wade. He yelped and face planted on the bed as Wade's hand smacked his ass.

With his bottom now in the air, Wade parted his cheeks, inspecting his still puckered hole.

"The things I want to do to right now." He breathed out. "I'll keep myself in check. You need to rest."

Wade pulled the shirt back down and helped Peter slide under the covers. He turned off the lights, then joined Peter in bed. He smiled as Peter snuggled up against his chest.

"Something funny Petey-Pie?" Wade asked as he heard Peter's soft giggles.

"Just thinking about what you said earlier."

"Oh? What?"

"With our track record, there's no way rooftop sex *wouldn't* end up with someone catching us in the act."

Wade burst in to laughter as he pulled Peter closer.

~~~~~

Laying down in bed, Matt felt an uncomfortable flutter of nerves in his chest.

#### Chapter End Notes

I won't ask for anyone to go easy on me. Constructive critisism ALWAYS welcome.

## Chapter 18

### Chapter Summary

Felicia is one happy cat.

Harry can't catch a break.

Harley Keener, meet Peter Parker.

### Chapter Notes

I sat on this chapter for too long. I revised and lengthen it to make up for the delay. I love you guys!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter groaned as the sound of his alarm blared from the night stand. Why did morning always seem to come so soon? Huffing, he buried his face back into the strangely firm surface below his cheek.

"I love you Petey-Pie, but your alarm can suck it."

Peter's eyes snapped open and he shot up to see the bare face of Wade Wilson frowning at his phone. The sharp movement brought attention to a rather satisfying soreness in his lower back. He had slept with Deadpool last night. He had slept with Deadpool....and he had no regrets.

"Sadly, I do have a job to keep. I gotta go home and change." Peter smiled, moving to swing his leg over Wade's body.

As he lifted his leg, a cool draft ran up the shirt. Peter's face flamed as he remembered he had went commando last night. His pause while basically straddling Wade gave the man enough time to reach down and flick his shirt up over his naked ass. Wade groaned as he grabbed and squeezed the soft flesh.

"You're a tease baby boy. I have half a mind to flip you over and have a repeat of last night."

Peter bucked his hips involuntarily as the tone of Wade's voice. Wade smirked up at him.

"I-I have to go in today. I, uh, didn't actually get anything done yesterday-ahh!" Peter yelped and Wade slipped a finger between his cheeks and pressed down on his hole.

"I could pay any bill you have sweetheart."

"Don't offer that." Peter frowned. "I've had enough of people trying to handle Parker finances."

"There's a story there." Wade said, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah, and unfortunately I don't have time to get into it right now. I really gotta go." Peter sighed,

sliding out of Wade's hold and moving to find his suit.

Locating his suit bottoms, he bent over to grab them exposing his ass to Wade.

"Now there's a sight I'll never get tired of seeing." Wade whistled, finally getting out of bed.

Peter rolled his eyes with a smile as he slipped his pants on then made his way to the living room to find the rest.

"So, should I plan on seeing you tonight?" Wade asked, catching Peter off guard as he slipped his top on and back him against the wall.

Peter's eyes ran up Wade's exposed, scarred, chest, noting every dip of muscles along his arms as well.

"My eyes are up here Petey-Pie."

Peter blushes as his eyes met Wade's blue ones.

"Y-yeah."

Wade grinned, ducking down to press a soft kiss to Peter's lips.

"Good. See you in a few hours."

Peter smiled, slipping his gloves and mask on before launching out the window.

~~~~~

Peter checked his phone as he slipped into his bedroom. He had an hour and a half to get ready and be to work. Praise Wade for pushing the bath last night. He could skip the shower this morning.

"Late night?"

"The fu—" Peter yelled, flinging himself into the ceiling.

Felicia smirked up at him mischievously. He made to snark at her when he finally took her in. She was stretched out across his bed in nothing but a pair of skimpy, lacy black panties and the most gaudy, bedazzled, glittery crop top he had ever seen. Positioned in the middle of the top was a round symbol showing half of his mask and the other half was Deadpool's. Above the symbol was the word Spidey and below Pool, both wrote in a bubbled out print.

"The fuck are you wearing?!"

"You like it?" She smirked wider. "I find it rather fitting."

"Oh my God." Peter groans, dropping down to the floor. "Please take that off."

"Ohh, I don't think that would be appropriate considering in not wearing a bra under here *and* you just sealed the deal with a certain mercenary."

Peter ran his hand down his face.

"Did he text you?"

"Called actually. He was *very* excited about last nights events."

“And what? You rushed over here to show off your wardrobe?” Peter accused, crossing his arms.

“Please. Who do you think set up your little rooftop meeting? I slept here last night waiting on your arrival this morning.” Felicia brushed him off as though it should have been the most obvious thing.

“I can’t process you right now.”

“Probably for the best if you want to make it to work on time.” She said, holding out her phone and striking a pose as she lined her face and top to fit perfectly on the screen before snapping a photo.

“What are you doing?” Peter asked, suspicion in his voice.

“First I’m gonna send this to Wade, then edit my face out and post it on my Spideypool instagram of course.”

“I.....I really need to get to work.”

Felicia snickered as he grabbed his clothes and headed into the bathroom.

“I take it May got off ok this morning?” He asked, buttoning up his shirt as he stepped out the bathroom.

“Yup. She was excited to go back. Sitting around this house with nothing to do was driving her crazy. She said to give you her love and hoped you practiced safe sex last night.”

Peter spit his coffee out on the counter.

~~~~~

Peter has never been more thankful to leave his house and go to work. Felicia and May clearly could no longer be left alone together.

“Hey Har-“

Peter paused, doorknob still in hand as two heads looked up at him.

“Hey Pete.” Harry greeted, a tired and painful look on his face. “This is Harley Keener, a representative for Stark Industries.”

Peter quickly pushed aside his fear of Harley having been told who he was and walked into the office, holding out his hand.

“I’m Peter Parker. Nice to meet you.”

“Ni-nice to meet you to!” Taking his hand, Harley stuttered and spoke a little too loudly. He felt his cheeks get a little hot and his accent more pronounced.

No. Maybe he didn’t know who he was. Harley had made it pretty clear Spider-Man wasn’t someone he wanted to associate with.

“Peter is the head of my medical division, and best friend.” Harry smiled. “Given our....situation, I’d like him to sit in on this meeting.”

Peter nodded at Harry and closed the office door. Harley starred at him a few seconds longer as he took the seat beside him.

“What’s going on Har?”

Harry took a deep breath before speaking.

“Last night there was a break in. My father’s locked up lab was broke in to and files and untouched formulas were taken. I know I should have destroyed everything, but I wanted to keep it in case it was ever needed for evidence or anything.” Harry paused, looking Peter in the eye. “My office was also broken in to and various files stolen. One of those files were the Oscorp/SI plans for new medical studies. That’s why Mr. Keener is here.”

Peter soaked in the information. His fear was unfolding before him. No doubt Norman was involved, and Harry was in danger. How long before Norman went after him? Not just him, but MJ was now in danger too. He suddenly found himself grateful for Harley being there. No doubt he would return and tell everyone what Harry had told them. At least they could offer Harry protection.

“What do you need me to do Har?” Peter asked, leaning forward.

“I need you to help me with my father’s lab. I need to look around more, but I can’t do it alone.”

“Done.” Peter nodded.

“First I want you to go with Mr. Keener to SI and drop off this hard drive with our agreements and talk with Stark about proceeding forward. I have some things to take care of as far as security and I have different departments running inventory to check for any missing equipment and supplies. I trust you to handle this for me Pete.”

It felt like ice water running through his veins as Harry continued.

“Normally I’d send a more official representative but since it was going to be your department working with them, I figured it would be best to send you. I have Lily running your inventory while you’re gone. She’ll keep you up to date on things while you’re gone.”

Peter was inwardly panicking. He had *no* desire to go to SI and *definitely* no desire to talk to Tony. Looking at Harry’s face though, Peter knew he was sunk. Harry needed him now more than ever.

“Don’t worry Harry. I’ll take care of things with SI. You focus on things here.”

“Thanks Pete.”

The grateful smile on Harry’s face was worth the pain Peter was about to endure.

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“So...” Harley cleared his throat as they got into his car. “I’m sorry about what’s happened to your friend.”

“Yeah. He doesn’t deserve this, especially right now.”

“How long have you two known each other?”

“Forever.” Peter smiled. “Him and his fiancé MJ were my only friends growing up.”

“I didn’t have a lot of friends growing up either. Small town but big on gossip. Can’t say I’m sad to

be gone.”

The two rode in silence for a ways, while Peter ran through all the ways this was about to go horrible wrong in his head.

“I..uh... I haven’t been in New York long. Any....any places I should make it a point to go?” Harley asked.

Peter looked at him, a little concerned at the fact the pink in his cheeks seemed to be getting more pronounced the longer they were together. He may not have the highest opinions of Harley right now, but he hoped the other man wasn’t getting sick.

“You mean Stark hasn’t shown you around?”

“He’s been a little busy lately. Avengers business.”

Peter was all to aware of said “Avengers business” as the business was him.

“Well, outside of the normal tourist locations, it’s sometimes beat to do a little exploring on your own. If I had one recommendation, it’s Delmar’s Deli and Grill in Queens. It’s my favorite.”

“Hmm. Maybe you could show me where it’s at one day.”

Peter made to respond when he caught the sight of the tower looming overhead. His earlier dread slammed in to him like a freight train. Harry didn’t even know how much he owed him.

“Looks like the ride over.” Harley spoke, an odd tone in his voice.

Peter barely heard him over the pounding in his ears. As Harley parked the car, he took a breath and readied himself for what awaited him.

“I’m sure Tony is expecting us.” Harley smiled, leading Peter to the garage elevator. “He was upset to hear about the break in.”

I bet he was. Peter thought.

“Here.” Harley said, pulling a visitor’s badge out his pocket. “This way we can head straight on up and avoid the front desk.”

“Thanks.”

The two made their way across the busy lobby. Peter has never planned to walk this lobby again, and yet here he was. He stifled a groan as they stepped into the elevator and Harley hit the number for the floor of Tony’s private lab.

“Tony’s been in his lab for a while now. I told him I was bringing someone from Oscorp with me so he said to meet him in his personal area outside the lab.”

Great. Peter internally huffed.

The elevator ride was quiet as far as normal hearing went. Peter however, was losing his mind over Harley’s constant fidgeting and looking like he wanted to say something then stopping himself. Why were his cheeks red now?

Peter didn’t know whether to sigh in relief or resignation as the elevator finally stopped and the door opened.

“This way darlin’” Harley motioned for Peter to follow him.

Peter raised an eyebrow at the unexpected shift in confidence from the man. Maybe being on his home terf made a difference, it sure would have for Peter. SI was a dangerous place for him right now.

He followed Harley to the spacious waiting area. The large windows allowed a fantastic view of the city.

“I’ll go get him.” Harley smiled, slipping off to find Tony.

“This is going to be terrible.” Peter pinched the bridge of his nose.

Pulling out his phone, he debated who to inform of his location and mental state. He hadn’t really told Wade the whole story behind him and Tony, so no point in texting him yet. Matt had a case today and May was back at work so that only left one person.

Peter ran his hand down his face and typed his message.

{I’m at the tower. About to have a meeting with Tony about Oscorp/SI business. Oscorp was raided last night. Let Jess know.}

A few seconds later he got a response.

[Damn that Parker Luck is something else. The break in clears up some questions. Jess and I did a steak out last night at the docks. Boxes with Oscorp labels were dropped off. I’ll let her know. Fill you in later. Be careful Spider.]

Peter frowned as he read the message. Times like this always proved Jessica’s talent. Anyone else would have long abandoned the docks for clues. Good thing Jessica Jones was persistent.

“So, who am I meeting from Oscorp toda-“

Tony stopped as Peter turned to look at him.

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“Tony!” Harley yelled over the blaring music. “Tony!”

Tony turned, removing his protective eyewear.

“Lower the volume for me FRI.”

Harley breathed a sigh of relief as the music lowered.

“So, guess my time is up. Time to go play business man hu?” Tony sighed, looking back at his new gauntlet with longing.

“Yeah. Gotta pay the bills somehow old man.” Harley grinned.

Tony tolled his eyes and moves to grab his discarded button up and jacket.

“Guess I also need to look the part.”

Harley waited while Tony got ready before speaking.

“Hey, Tony.”

“Yeah kid?”

“Go easy on this guy.”

Tony turned to face him with a raised eyebrow.

“Did Osborn send me a weak one?”

“No, I don’t think so at least. He seemed very confident when he sent him with me.”

“Then what’s the deal.”

Harley fidgeted a few seconds before blurting out.

“He’s fucking hot Tony! He’s hot and I’ll be seeing him a lot if we continue work with Oscorp!”

Tony blinked in surprise at Harley’s outburst. The kid had always been pretty upfront but this was exceptionally forceful. However, this also wasn’t what Tony was expecting. Of course, while the idea of Peter and Harley hitting it off was becoming an increasing uncertainty, Tony had remained hopeful. If Peter had met Harley under better circumstances it may have been easier to get them to become, at the very least, friends. If nothing else Deadpool could be pushed out the picture entirely.

“Sure kid. I’ll take it easy on the guy.”

“Thanks Tony.”

The two exited the lab and walked towards the waiting area.

“So, who am I meeting from Oscorp toda-“

Tony stopped as Peter turned to look him in the face. After his departure, Tony never expected to see him return to the tower, yet here he was.

“Mr. Stark.” Peter spoke, his tone formal. “I’m here on behalf of Oscorp to discuss future business plans.”

“Mr. Parker. I see the job offer was for an extremely worthwhile position apparently.” Tony smiled tightly, shaking Peter’s outstretched hand.

“You already know him?” Harley asked, confusion on his face.

“I met Mr. Parker here at his graduation. Unfortunately Oscorp got to him first.”

“I’m very happy with my position Mr. Stark. It’s been great so far.” Peter responses with an easy smile. “With that said, I have things I need to attend to with the break in. I’d like to go ahead and discuss future proceedings.”

Digging in his pocket, he held out the small flash drive Harry had given him.

“This is a digital copy of all the agreements between our companies. The hard copies were stolen in the break in.”

Tony took the drive and motioned for Peter and Harley to follow him back into the lab.

"Come on, we'll pull everything up and go over our options."

Peter felt Harley move in behind him, almost like he was blocking him from escaping. Once again, Peter found himself briefly wondering if Harley did in fact know he was Spider-Man. His only hang up was the fact it was just them and Tony and nothing had been said. Talk remained business related. Surely if he had figured it out, it would have already been addressed with it just being them.

"So, Mr. Parker, can I call you Peter?"

Peter hesitated. He wasn't sure he wanted to create such an air of familiarity between them. At the same time, he was confident once again Harley didn't know anything and didn't want to draw suspicion with passive aggression.

"Sure, Mr. Stark."

"Please, call me Tony."

Peter grimaced but nodded. Tony smiled and began pulling up the files.

"I was upset to hear about the break in at Oscorp. I know the kid hasn't had the easiest of times lately. It couldn't be easy stepping in to that type of role."

"Harry is handling it pretty well actually." Peter said, quick to defend his best friend.

"Oscorp is flourishing under his management. I more so meant emotionally."

Peter didn't respond as Tony looked over the agreements between Oscorp and SI. As Tony drug out the fairly simple task, Peter felt his nerves increase. It was growing harder and harder to sit in his chair and be around both Tony and Harley. Chancing a look, Peter glanced over at the silent Harley to find him already looking back at him. What hell was wrong with the guy's cheeks? They were red again. He *really* did hope the guy wasn't getting sick.

"Hey Harls, can you run these papers to Pep for me? I promised to get them to her here shortly."

Harley startled as Tony's voice drew him out of his thoughts.

"Y-yeah! Sure! Be right back!" He smiled, taking the folder Tony held out and leaving the lab.

"Hey Pete." Tony said softly.

"I told you not to call me that." Peter returned.

Tony sighed and rubbed his temples.

"Look kid, I realize things didn't exactly go smoothly when you were here--"

"Not my fault." Peter frowned, cutting him off. "I didn't want to be here then nor do I want to be here now. I'm doing this for Harry."

"Just talk to me Peter. We both know Norman is behind the break in. You're over there in enemy territory all alone. I don't like it."

"It's not your problem. I *have* backup. I've also dealt with Norman before. I'm the reason he was

behind bars in the the first place."

"I know that Peter, I just.." Tony paused and sighed. "I can't *not* worry about you."

"You sure didn't seem to have a problem after you took me to Germany." Peter shot back, crossing his arms.

"Clearly I messed up by letting things go once we got back. I should have been more involved with you, just like I'm doing with Harley now."

Peter raised an eyebrow at Tony's words.

"So, he really *is* my replacement. Gotta say Tony, you did good. You might actually get it right with this one."

"W-what?" Tony stuttered in surprise. "Pete, *no one* can replace you! I've spent these past years desperately trying to mend things with you!"

"Again, *don't call me that*. I'm not interested Tony. You've tried mending things? You've spent eight years trying to justify your actions and making out like *I'm* being difficult!"

"Because you are!" Tony shouted, slamming his hand down on the lab desk. "You *are* being difficult because you, once again, won't listen! You're choosing to stay at Oscorp out of some misplaced spite towards me when you should be coming here! *Here* is safe for you! Norman is lurking around out there Peter. What if he's found out who Spider-Man is under the mask? Who's going to help you and May if he does?"

"You leave Aunt May out of this!" Peter growled. "You've done enough as far as she goes and you know *exactly* who my backup is."

"Those little vigilante friends of yours? I drunk detective? Two, basically, street fighters? A thief? A blind lawyer running around dressed in a halloween costume?" Tony scoffed.

"People I can depend on and have my back."

"The Avengers can have your back."

"If I want a hero team to watch out for me, I'll call Reed Richards."

"Grow up, Parker!" Tony yelled, standing up and causing his chair to fall over. "This is serious and you're throwing a temper tantrum at someone offering you *real* help! You think Norman Osborn is scared of your little band of vigilant misfits? If he starts using his serum again they won't stand a chance."

"They're stronger than you think and work pretty well as a team when they want to." Peter said, a slight smirk on his face at his comment.

"I didn't do every thing right Peter, but I wasn't wrong about you not realizing when you're in over your head. Incase you forgot, your girlfriend was beaten by a highly trained mystery force. Norman's not playing this time."

"He wasn't '*playing*' last time Tony. What, did you think we were just out there having a good time?"

The two men glared at each other, neither wanting to be the one to crack.

"By the way," Peter finally spoke, a grin coming to his lips. "Black Cat is *not* my girlfriend."

"Lover. Fine. Whatever." Tony rolled his eyes. "What's it matter what her label is?"

Peter took a deep breath, refusing to let Tony get to him any more than he already had.

"Look, I'm here for Oscorp business. I came to discuss SI's further involvement in joint ventures."

Tony sighed and gave Peter a thoughtful look. Peter wasn't stupid by any means. He knew Tony held all the cards legally as Tony Stark never signed an agreement without some sort of protection clause to his company.

"Agreeing to continue the partnership with Oscorp after such a significant security breech wouldn't be in SI's best interests you know. In fact, I'd say it would be an idiots choice, especially given the fact you and I both know who's responsible for the break in. I would be putting myself and my company at a huge risk."

Peter's jaw clinched.

"So you're invoking your right to back out." Peter said it as a statement and not a question.

Tony rubbed his chin, studying Peter's face.

"I tell you what Peter. I'm willing to put aside my misgivings,"

"What do you want?"

"You. You come back and join the Avengers and I'll save Oscorp's ass by sticking to the deal."

Peter looked at Tony with a blank expression.

"Repeat that."

"If SI pulls out, every other company with a joint venture will follow suit. I hate to do this, I really do, but you've left me without any other options Peter. I'll stay a partner with Oscorp, but the Avengers get Peter Parker and Spider-Man. I'm not asking you to leave Oscorp of course, but I wouldn't deny you a position here."

Peter sat in stunned silence. There was no way he was hearing this right. His eyes narrowed as he studied Tony's face.

"This is low, Tony. I can't believe you would threaten my best friend's livelihood just to get me to join the Avengers."

"Again, you left me without options. Regardless of everything though, your company had a major security breech. It's a threat to SI and every other company involved. Sheer business practices would advise against proceeding while things at Oscorp are uncertain. Do you even know what Norman did while there? What all he may have taken? I wasn't lying when I said it's a risk to SI."

The most infuriating thing was, Peter knew he was right. While the other partners didn't know Norman was behind the break-in, Tony did. He also knows how dangerous Norman could be.

"How about this. I'll give you a day. When you accept, you'll attend a meeting with the Avengers. After the meeting, I'll let good ole Harry know he's still got a deal with us."

Peter made to respond when the lab doors opened and Harley walked back in with three coffees.

"Figured I'd pick these up on my way back. Didn't know how you liked yours Peter, so I just brought several things." Harley smiled brightly, handing Peter his cup and pulling packets of sugar and creamers from a small bag.

"Uh, thanks." Peter replied, taking the cup from him.

Tony grinned encouragingly at Harley as he took his own cup.

"As I was saying Mr. Parker," Tony started, acting like he didn't just drop a bomb on Peter. "Let's just leave things where they are. I'm not saying no, but I'll need to discuss some things with Pep before I give an answer. You can assure Harry he won't have to wait to long. If we proceed, Harley here will be my representative for the company."

Harley's head shot up to look at Tony with a slightly frantic expression. Peter took an internal sigh of relief. He'd rather deal with Harley over Tony any time.

"I understand Mr. Stark. We appreciate you not right out refusing to work with us. If you decide to stick with us, I'm sure Mr. Keener and I will have no problem working together."

Peter wanted nothing more than to bitch slap the smug look off Tony's face. He knew the man wanted him and Harley to get along and work together as Avengers, and now he would getting his wish to some degree either way. Peter looked at Harley, wanting to offer an encouraging look but found him red face again.

"Do you feel alright?" Peter asked. "You keep getting flushed. Maybe you should get some rest."

Tony choked, spitting his coffee out over his desk while Harley's face flamed further.

"I-I'm alright!"

"Are you sure? I'm sure Mr. Stark would let you have some time off."

"Of course I would." Tony bit back a laugh.

"So is everything in order?" Harley asked, desperate to change the subject.

"Yeah, we're good." Tony replied. "It was nice seeing you again Mr. Parker. You'll be hearing from us soon."

Peter didn't miss the underlying tone.

"Pleasure Mr. Stark." He forced a smile and shook Tony's out stretched hand. "On behalf of Oscorp, we appreciate you working with us while we get things sorted out."

"Oscorp and SI working together on a product to help the medical field is to good of a PR move for both companies to pass up, but we have to consider our own interests. Here's hoping that maybe Oscorp will have answers soon enough that there won't be any cause for further concern."

Peter nodded, beyond thankful to be leaving. He stood, grabbing his coffee and followed Harley out of the lab. Tony followed them to the elevator.

"Take good care of Mr. Parker here Harls. Make sure you get him back in one piece." Tony grinned as Peter stepped into the elevator.

Harley shot him a glare before stepping in beside him.

The elevator ride was quiet, making Harley antsy. Standing next to him was a man he found way to attractive to not at least *try* to get to know.

"Tony has his faults, but I'm sure he'll do what he can to not let Oscorp take to bad a hit over this." Harley smiled.

"Yeah. Harry needs something in his favor as far as the company goes."

"Things better for him outside of it?"

"Way better." Peter smiled softly. "He and our friend MJ *finally* got engaged at my graduation party. We were all waiting on it forever."

"Sounds like a nice party. Celebrating a graduate *and* an engagement with close friends and family."

"Yeah. I've known Harry since we were in Pre-K together. We met MJ in 1st grade. They've danced around each other since then. Of course, when you're that young you have no idea that's what you're doing. Cooties and all that." Peter chuckled.

Harley smiled at Peter's soft expression while talking about his long time friends. He was way to cute for Harley's health. The dinging of the elevator signaled the end of the ride and the two stepped out into the lobby. Making their way across the floor, Happy caught sight of them and froze. Hearing about Peter was common, actually seeing him was completely different. The two made eye contact briefly before Peter turned his gaze away and followed Harley to the garage.

"Wanna....wanna grab some lunch before I take you back?"

Peter looked over the roof of the car at Harley's nervous expression. He briefly considered saying no, but his stomach decided that was the moment to betray him and rumbled loudly.

"I guess so."

Harley drove him to a small, hole in the wall restaurant.

"This is one of the only places Tony has had the time to show me. The food here is delicious." Harley beamed, leading Peter in and towards a back booth.

He prayed whatever Peter ordered would be good and that he could consider this a successful first date. Not that Peter knew that's what Harley wanted to pretend it was. He had to tear his eyes away as the sun caught Peter's slightly disheveled chocolate locks and highlighted his smooth skin. His doe eyes studied the menu before him, paying no mind to Harley's stares.

"What's good?" Peter asked, looking up finally.

"I prefer their cheeseburgers honestly. Best I've ever had." Harley grinned.

Peter nodded and set the menu aside.

"Then that's what I'm having."

Harley smiled happily. Part of him was dying at how 'high school love' he was acting. He had only just met this guy and was already trying to impress him! Worse than anything was the fact that Tony knew and was completely prepared to take advantage of that fact. He should have better control than this! He was a confident guy! He could handle this!

After placing their orders, Harley decided to start the conversation.

"So, since we're most likely going to be working together, we should probably get to know each other better. It'll make things a lot easier."

"Perhaps." Peter replied.

"Well, I know you're the head of Oscorp's medical department. It doesn't sound like you've been there long though."

"I haven't. Harry offered me a job before I graduated. I was set to join the company right after. I didn't find out the position till afterward." Peter shrugged.

"He must have a lot of faith in you."

"I can hold my own in a lab." Peter smirked. "What about you?"

"I'm pretty much Tony's lacky." Harley laughed. "I work with him on all his new projects. I don't know, maybe personal assistant is a better term?"

"Right hand man?"

"I wouldn't go that far. He's been teaching me aspects of the company, but I'd say Pepper is his right hand."

"Miss Potts has been with him for years. At this point she's probably more in charge than Mr. Stark." Peter grinned, knowing fully well how much hold Pepper had in SI.

"And she's great at it." Harley nodded. "I've worked alongside her a few times."

Peter soaked up Harley's open information. Surly Harley wasn't blind to the fact Tony was practically grooming him to take over SI? It wasn't that Peter was jealous, but he was confused. Tony had flat out told him how he wanted him to lead the Avengers and "come home", yet here he was putting SI in Harley's hands. Great for Harley, confusing for Peter. Then again, maybe the Avengers *was* the only thing Tony wanted him for. He *had* told Peter his little offer didn't include him leaving Oscorp. He knew joining the Avengers would have Peter around more so maybe he didn't want to throw the company and the Avengers on him. Wow. Point for Tony there. With the right training, Harley would probably do a great job. Tony wouldn't be willing to hand the reigns over to just anyone. Not only that, he had made Harley an Avenger. Maybe he shouldn't brush Harley off after all. Take him overly seriously? No. That wasn't Peter's style at all. Not ignore him? Definitely.

A ping startled Peter out of his thoughts and he checked his phone.

[Every thing ok Spider?]

{I can't even properly answer that.}

[??]

{I'm literally having lunch with my replacement.}

[You have my attention.]

"Everything ok?" Harley asked, watching Peter's changing expressions.

"Hu? Oh, yeah. Just my friend checking on me."

"Do you need to go back to Oscorp?"

"No, that wasn't Harry."

Harley nodded as Peter made no move to elaborate before his phone pinged again.

[Hello! You can't say something like that and go radio silent Parker!]

{Again, I'm having lunch! I'm starving!}

[Of course *you* would put your stomach ahead of gossip.]

{A growing spider has to eat.}

[We'll be talking about this tonight.]

{Not tonight Kitten.}

[Gasp! Is my little spider getting laid again?]

{I hate you.}

[Give my regards to lover boy.]

Peter rolled his eyes and shoved his phone back in his pocket, content to ignore Felicia forever now.

"So," Harley started. "What does Peter Parker do in his off time?"

"I'm pretty boring. I spend time with my friends or my aunt. I see my dad a good bit too."

"I haven't seen my dad in years. He walked on me, my mom and my sister." Harley frowned at the memory.

"If it helps, Matt isn't my biological dad. He's my dad in every other sense though. I'm the perfect son he never had. I'm kind of a big deal." Peter chuckled. "It's just me and my aunt, legitimate family wise. But she's the most amazing woman I know."

Harley nodded.

"My mom is pretty great. A little absent, but when you're a single mom, supporting two kids and living in a small town it's not surprising. She's done the best she can. She's gotten a break since I got old enough to take care of myself."

"She sounds like a strong woman."

"She is." Harley smiled.

The two were interrupted as the waitress brought out their food.

"Wow," Peter grinned. "This actually looks really good."

"Wait till you try it." Harley replied, biting into his own burger.

Peter picked up the burger and took a large bite. The meat was juicy and full of flavor. Harley

hadn't been lying about how good it was.

"You got me. This burger is awesome."

Harley nodded in agreement, chewing away on his own. The two ate in a surprisingly comfortable silence. Both too busy enjoying their food to care to much for conversation.

It was a ping from Harley's phone this time that broke the comfortable atmosphere.

"Looks like Tony's wondering where I am." Harley rolled his eyes. "Like he couldn't find out with the touch of a button."

*He's probably wondering if you're still with me.*

Peter thought, internally frowning.

"Looks like it's straight back to Oscorp with you once we're done." Harley frowned.

"That's fine. I need to get back to Harry anyway." Peter said.

The two finished up their meals and waited for the check. The smiling waitress placed two separate bills on the table before scurrying off with a red face. Peter raised an eyebrow as Harley shrugged. Turning his bill over, Peter nearly choked.

Call me, handsome.

The words were written in bubbly font at the bottom of the bill, along with a name and number. Peter looked over at Harley, who was also looking intently at his own bill.

"Call me, handsome?" Peter asked.

Harley nearly spit out the coke he had decided to take a sip of.

"Wha-what?" he stuttered, snapping his head up to look at Peter.

"Is that written on your bill too?"

Harley wished the floor would swallow him.

"Y-yeah. From Lindsey."

"Mine's from Jenny. I'm pretty sure that was our actual waitress." Peter said, placing a tip on the table and standing up to go pay.

Harley followed suit, watching as Peter shoved the bill in his pocket after paying.

"You planning on calling her?" Harley asked, fishing for possible information on Peter's preferences.

"No, but it seemed rude to just dismiss her. She knew I had to use that to pay, so it must have taken some courage to be willing to write that on there."

Harley hummed and the two made their way to his car to take Peter back to Oscorp. He's been lying if he said he didn't wish he had some excuse to stay after dropping Peter off, but Tony had already sent him another text asking where he was. Once Peter was out the car and in the building, Harley called Tony.

"Did you need something?"

"Whoa, what with the tone kid?"

"You interrupted something." Harley huffed.

"Kid, you weren't gone long enough for me to, 'interrupt something'." Tony sighed.

"I was having lunch with Peter."

There was a pause on the other end before Tony continued.

"How did it go?"

"I think it went good. I avoided business talk. He received a few texts but it was a very short time. No one was pestering him on getting back."

"Excuse me kid. I didn't know I was sabotaging your date with Mr. Parker."

"It wasn't really a date." Harley sighed.

"You'll get there kid. I'm not sold on not working with Oscorp. Their break-in was unfortunate, but once they look further into it, it may not be a lasting problem."

"Don't try to keep secrets Tony." Harley replied. "I know it's that Norman guy. Harry's dad. You do too."

Tony didn't respond for a few minutes.

"Yeah, most likely. I mean, I'd be confident placing a hefty bet on it being him. We just allude to the fact we know anything. Norman getting out is still unknown by the public. I really don't want to traumatize the Osborn kid. Clearly his old man didn't stick around to make contact with him."

"So, if it really is him, how much danger is Oscorp in?"

"Depends on what Norman got his hands on." Tony replied.

"Harry told Peter Norman's old lab was broken into and some things were stolen. He wanted Peter to help him go through it."

"You're just full of surprises today Kid."

He could hear Tony's grin over the phone.

"Hurry up and get back here. Avengers meeting when you do."

## Chapter End Notes

And here we go!

## Chapter 19

### Chapter Summary

Peter and Harry enter Norman's lab.

Bucky is already a step ahead.

Wade and Peter sexy times.

Bucky and Steve chat.

Devil Dad prepares.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Peter stopped dead in his tracks after following Harry into his father's lab. Everything was a mess. The filing cabinets were open and papers thrown everywhere.

"It's bad." Harry said, scanning the room. "I only glanced in here when security informed me this area had been breeched."

"We'll get it sorted Harry." Peter assured.

"No, Pete. Sorting this mess isn't the problem."

Peter raised an eyebrow as he followed Harry's stare. The door was open to a small cryogenic chamber. The inside was empty.

A pit settled in Peter's stomach.

"That's where it was. The remainder of Dad's formula. He's taken it."

"Harry?"

Harry looked over at Peter with a tired expression.

"Come on Pete. You can stop pretending you don't know it was him. You may not know he got out, but you know he was the only one who could have accessed this lab without me."

Peter sighed. Harry looked so resigned to what was sure to happen. Norman would take the formula and become the Green Goblin again, this drawing negative attention back to Oscorp.

"Pete?"

"Yeah Harry?"

"Do you think you can handle him a second time?"

Peter froze, snapping his attention to his friend. Harry regarded him with serious eyes.

"Wha-"

"I know Pete."

"H-how?"

Harry chuckled as he smiled.

"Because no one carries guilt like you do. After Dad got put away, no one felt as bad as you. No one worried about my feelings as much as you. No one *avoided* the topic as much as you. Heck Pete, for a little bit, you used my new position as an excuse to avoid *me*. I didn't catch on at first though. No, it took me a little while and several memories to piece together what I once thought was just you being flaky. The vanishing Peter Parker. Never in the same place as Spider-Man even when he should be."

"Harry, I'm sorry-"

Harry held up his hand, stopping Peter's apology.

"You saved Dad from himself Pete, no one could be mad at you for that." Harry smiled, pulling Peter in to a warm hug. "My question still stands. Can you beat him again?"

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Harley walked into the briefing room to find all the Avengers already there.

"There's the man of the hour." Tony grinned, motioning for Harley to sit next to him. "So, our little corporate liaison here got news on the Oscorp break-in."

"There was a break-in at Oscorp?" Sam asked.

"Yeah, but before you all jump on me about not telling you, I didn't find out till this morning and sent Harley over there. So, in my defense, I was waiting to see if I could get anything of use to tell." Tony shrugged.

"That sounds about right." Clint rolled his eyes.

Tony ignored the spy and turned to Harley.

"Let's hear it kid."

Harley blushed slightly as everyone's gaze fell on him.

"I really don't have that much to tell." he fidgeted. "I did manage to find out that Norman's lab was broken in to and things were taken. No one knew exactly what yet, as Harry was waiting on one of his employees to go with him to look."

"Osborn trusts some random employee with going through his Dad's secret goblin lair?" Clint grinned at his own joke.

"Peter's his best friend!" Harley defended, a little louder and to quickly for his own sake.

"Peter hu?" Natasha smirked.

Harley's face lit up and he held his face in his hands.

"Real nice kid." Tony smiled. "Came to talk to me about continuing work with Oscorp."

"Still," Natasha's face turned serious. "Osborn either extremely trusts Peter, or Peter knows about Norman. The identity of the Green Goblin was kept under wraps. Only the high ups in the company knew what happened, which is how Harry Osborn slipped in to the role so quickly. There was no concern about Norman's whereabouts."

"I take it you've dug up every single thing about his kid then?" Rhodey asked.

"He's a good kid. Norman ignored him. He's better than he has any right to be."

"You're not going to invade Peter's privacy." Harley shot. "I know you want to since he's obviously so close to Harry, but *don't*."

"That's the worst thing you could've said kid." Clint grinned. "You've basically just issued a challenge to her."

"I don't think it's right to look in to someone that didn't have direct relations to this, Norman man." Wanda spoke softly. "I wouldn't want anyone digging in to anyone connected to me."

"We have bigger issues than some friend of Harry Osborn." Bruce sighed. "We have a once dangerous man running around, most likely planning to return to that activities that got him locked up in the first place."

"According to records, Spider-Man had quite the battle with him before." Vision stated. "I know he mentioned this, but I looked in to it deeply. He disappeared for a time after it."

"Completely?" Steve wondered.

"Reports have that some civilians saw his disappear through a portal much like the one we last heard he went through."

"Geeze, how long has Spider-Man been working with the wizard?" Sam asked.

"I don't know." Vision replied. "That is just the first account of it being seen. He could have possible worked with him before that."

"Why don't we just have Dumbledore deal with Mean Green Fly Machine? Give Spider-Man a break this time." Tony huffed.

"Because Spider-Man has fought him before. That makes him the best choice to fight him again." Natasha responded.

"Hey!" Clint shouted, sitting up straight in his chair and looking at Harley. "You know that Peter kid's last name?"

"Yeah. It's Parker." Harley replied, suspicious of where Clint was going.

"Peter Parker!" Clint grinned. "That was the kid who used to take pictures of Spider-Man for The Bugel!"

"So?" Rhodey led.

"He can help us get to Spidey! Surely he had some kind of contact with him!"

"No!" Harley and Tony shouted together.

Harley flushed as everyone looked at them, while Tony stared back.

"I-I mean I already told you guys to leave Peter alone." Harley stuttered.

"Tony?" Steve asked.

"I've already reached out to Spider-Man." Tony shrugged. "I asked him to come in to talk."

"And he agreed to this?" Steve frowned.

"We'll see. I've got Jarvis on alert and the conference room window is programmed to open for him."

"You think he'll just scale the building?" Wanda asked, intrigued.

"That sounds like his style." Clint smirked.

"I think he'll show." Tony smiled confidently.

Bucky silently watched until they were all dismissed.

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The two friends spent the rest of the day sorting through what remained of Norman's lab. Both hoped to come across something useful in helping Peter stop Norman faster this time. The first time he had done it, Peter didn't have any access to any of Norman's things, now he had full reign. Despite this good fortune, the two didn't seem to be finding anything of real use.

"Let's face it, Pete." Harry sighed. "He took everything important. Nothing here is gonna help."

"Well, we may not be completely without luck." Peter said, pulling out his phone and rereading his texts with Felicia. "A friend of mine has been monitoring the docks. Some Oscorp boxes were dropped off last night."

"Wow, Pete. Thanks for sharing in such a timely fashion." Harry deadpanned.

"In my defense, I didn't know how to say that without telling you why I would even know this information *and*," Peter grimaced. "I kind of forgot."

"There's my best friend." Harry rolled his eyes, but smirked. "Still, you're right about being able to tell how you'd know that. I can't exactly tell anyone anything either. I can't tell anyone I heard it from you because not only would they want to know how you know, they'd want to know why you should be believed. I could call in an anonymous tip to search the docks for stolen goods, but I doubt they'd find anything. Most likely it was a *very* temporary thing."

"Well, Spider-Man can look in to it to make sure."

Harry hesitated before responding.

"I don't know Pete. Spider-Man isn't exactly Dad's favorite person right now."

"Spider-Man doesn't have a lot of fans anyway Harry. What's one super human to the list?" Peter shrugged, trying to put his friend at ease. "Look Harry, it's what I do. I'm in danger every time I put on the suit. I can't let this go. Maybe it *is* still there and maybe I can stop Norman from taking there serum again."

Harry sighed and ran his hand down his face.

"Well, maybe you can bring the Avengers in to help you."

Peter didn't respond right away. He had to remind himself again that Harry didn't know about anything between him and Tony.

"I think I have a better team for this. The Avengers might draw too much attention. We need to stick to the shadows for now."

Harry just nodded.

"By the way, what did Stark say?"

Peter winced, thankful Harry couldn't see it since he had turned away from him.

"He's going over some things. He didn't say no, but he did put me off. However, he did say it would be a very short wait. Most likely to discuss things with Ms. Potts."

Harry sighed. It wasn't exactly the news he wanted to hear. However, he smiled as Peter turned to look at him.

"Ok. So SI is in the air, but I may have *some* good news though."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. Definitely good news for you." Harry chuckled. "Feel free to freak out you nerd."

"Now you have my complete attention." Peter grinned.

"Octavius Industries is still in support of us. Granted, we do help fund his projects, but you know as well as I do he's a good guy with an impressive mind. I'm glad he's sticking with us. This also means, you're gonna be seeing him personally as I'll be letting you check in with him."

Peter blinked, studying Harry's face.

"Are...are you serious? Otto Octavius? I'm gonna get to work with Otto Octavius?" Peter's smile stretched wider.

"I wouldn't trust anyone else to him. He's eager to meet you himself."

"Harry Osborn, I could kiss you."

"You're a little late for that Parker. I've moved on."

Peter laughed, too excited to banter back.

"Honestly, there's a lot to unpack in this short amount of time."

"Tell me about it. I guess we should get out of here. It's after seven."

We'll come back and take another look tomorrow. Maybe we'll have better luck after a good night's sleep."

The two men made their way back to Harry's office and grabbed their things.

"Are you actually going home to sleep or is Spider-Man about to do some investigating?"

Peter smirked.

"Spider-Man is taking the night off because Peter Parker has plans."

"Since when does Peter Parker make plans?"

"You say that with a tone that suggests you know what I'm doing. How do you know I'm not meeting up with my contacts?"

"Because you'd be doing that as Spider-Man. Are you telling me Peter Parker has a date?" Harry grinned as they stepped into the elevator.

"I'm not telling you anything. Things are still....fresh. Don't want to get ahead of myself."

"They'd be crazy to turn you away Pete." Harry smiled.

"See, that's why you're my best friend. You're always building me up to *not* be the human disaster we know I am."

"Sure Pete." Harry rolled his eyes.

The two exited the elevator into the parking garage and made their way to Harry's car.

"Need a ride?"

"Nah, just wanted to make sure everything was ok down here."

"I'll be fine Pete. If something looks suspicious, I've got your number."

"Ok." Peter nodded. "I'm just gonna *swing* on outta here then." he winked.

"Get out of my sight." Harry huffed, opening his car door and getting in. "Seriously though, be safe out there Pete."

"You too Harry."

Peter watched as Harry drove away before making his way out towards the back alley, slipping off his dress clothes to reveal his suit underneath. Digging his mask out of his book bag, which he got teased for carrying by his lab assistants, he shot off a web and swung out into the night.

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Bucky gave a small sigh of relief when he hear the soft sound behind him.

"A little far from the tower, and conveniently in my swing path."

"I've been avoiding it as much as I can since you bolted and I figured this was the best way to get your attention."

Peter hesitated a moment before rolling his mask up to his nose and sitting down on the roof edge next to the former assassin.

"You do one nice thing and you're suddenly under investigation." the man sighed.

Peter grinned.

"Guess they didn't take to kindly to you giving me clothes?"

"Not that, it's just that you should hear the wild theories they're throwing around. You're my secret

son now apparently.”

“How does that work?” Peter asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Apparently I fathered you during my time with Hydra and you were smuggled out and given a new identity.”

“Gotta give them points for creativity.” Peter laughed.

“Yeah. Sure.” Bucky rolled his eyes. “Anyway, I’m here to see how you’re doing. I heard about the Oscorp break-in.”

“Yeah. Not ideal. He created the Green Goblin in his lab there. It’s obvious he’s going to do it again.”

“What’s your plan?”

Peter didn’t immediately respond. Truth was, the break-in had only just happened and there was no clue where Norman went with what he stole.

“Not sure at the moment.” He answers honestly. “I’ve got a network on watch though.”

“That’s good. Especially considering those guys that attacked your friend are still out there.”

“How do you feel about joining my network Mr. Barnes?”

Bucky’s head snapped to look at the vigilante.

“Why would you want *me* apart of your little group. It’s no secret you don’t want the Avengers help.”

“Easy.” Peter grinned. “You’re my favorite.”

Bucky looked at the white eyes of the mans mask before bursting into laughter.

“Gotta say kid, that’s a first outside of Steve.”

“Doesn’t make it any less true.” Peter shrugged. “What do you say? Wanna join the Spidey Squad?”

“Do you really call it that?” Bucky asked, raising an eyebrow.

“I do. Not exactly sure about everyone else though.” Peter chuckled.

“What does joining this ‘Spidey Squad’ entail?”

“Eyes and ears. We’re an information group. Everyone pulls their load and we’re all busting ass at the moment. I’m currently investing Oscorp itself.”

“Let me guess, I’ll be your Avengers Tower informant.” Bucky smirked.

“Smart man. Don’t worry though, I’ll be sharing info with you too. It’s only fair if you’re willing to help.”

Bucky was silent a moment, then went to respond before Spider-Man held up his hand. He leaned in to Bucky and whispered.

"The good Captain really needs to work on his stealth skills. He wasn't exactly quiet joining us."

Bucky stilled, finally catching the slight sounds of Steve's feet. He smiled and shook his head.

"How much did he hear?" he whispered back.

"Just got here. Probably missed the last thing we said. Honestly, I figured Natasha would be the one following you."

"She's got a 24 year old on her case right now."

Peter could only assume the man was talking about Harley. What could he possibly have going on with Natasha? Peter briefly wondered if it was something he might need to be concerned about, especially after spending the day with him. Shaking his head, he pushed it aside for the far more pressing issues that loomed before him.

Peter made to out Steve from his hiding place but stopped as a bright light streaked toward him.

"Hey Web Head!"

"Johnny." Peter greeted. "What brings you this way?"

"Well, I was...." Johnny paused when he finally took in the person next to Spider-Man. "Oh. Um.....I didn't know you were associating with the Avengers. Did we miss something?"

"No." Bucky answered. "I was stalking him."

No one said anything in response to that for a moment.

"Well then, maybe you should be leaving now." Johnny said, narrowing his eyes.

"I don't think the threats are necessary son." Steve spoke, fully stepping out from the shadows. "No ones hurting anyone here."

"Captain America?" Johnny asked, looking over at Peter.

Peter just shrugged in response.

"We're not here to cause Spider-Man any trouble. If anything, consider this an apology for how things were last handled."

"If you say so." Johnny raised as eyebrow before turning fully to Peter. "Reed sent me to give you these." He tossed a bag to Peter.

Peter caught it, instantly regretting it.

"Holy shit!" he cried, tossing it from one hand to the other. "The next time Reed wants to deliver a package tell him to bring it to me himself or through Sue or Ben. How did you even get this here?"

"Fire proof bag, bug boy."

"Arachnid." Peter scoffed.

Johnny rolled his eyes and grinned.

"You sure you don't need any help here?" he nodded his head toward the roofs two other

occupants.

"Nah. I'm about to leave anyway. I got places to be. In fact, I'm already late."

"Alright then. Later Webs!" Johnny called, flying off.

There was silence after the youngest member of the Four left. No one quite knew how to proceed. Finally, Steve spoke.

"We really do owe you an apology. We were only supposed to ask you about Deadpool. That was the original purpose for trying to bring you in. Then Norman Osborn made a secret break out and it just got more pressing to find you. We shouldn't have left you alone with Tony, not with everything else going on. However, I know he was desperate to talk to you."

"I'm sure he was." Peter replied. "Look Cap, I'll accept your apology on the grounds that I appreciate letting me know Norman got out, but stay out of my business with Tony. He and I have history I'd rather not have laid out before the Avengers."

"I can respect privacy Spider-Man, but I can't accept running from confrontation. I didn't run from Tony when we fell out with the Accords. We were in a time crunch to find the last Winter Soldiers before they were awake and Tony and, even you, were holding us up. After that, I was a wanted man. Can't exactly just show up after that and how we left things when he chased us down, but I'm here now. Both sides have confronted each other and discussed our problems. We've come a long way and I'm thankful for it."

Peter sighed.

"You know, I did some research after things were settled down. I won't lie, I wish I hadn't been in Germany. So there you go Captain, there's part of the story. I was put somewhere I shouldn't have been. Take that back to your little tower meetings. I'm not running, I'm protecting myself. I was never an Avenger, so I don't owe any of you anything. I sure don't owe Tony Stark anything."

"He made your suit didn't he?"

"In case you haven't noticed, I haven't worn that suit in years. I don't have anything Tony made me." Peter crossed his arms.

Steve took a breath before looking Peter straight in the white eyes of his mask.

"He wanted to talk and offer you help. You basically threw a tantrum and ran off. I saw all the suit designs he had been working on for you."

Bucky's head shot towards Steve, clearly surprised by this information.

"I never asked for them." Peter glared.

"That's what caring about someone is about. You do things for them without them having to ask. He's trying. He's trying to repair whatever happened between the two of you and you seem to be adamant on throwing it back in his face."

"So, let me get this straight," Peter tilted his head. "You have *zero* idea what actually happened between me and Tony, outside of what he's told or implied, and you think you have a right to chastise me on my choices?" Peter could feel his anger rising.

"I'm just saying you should give him a real chance."

"Like you did? Sorry Cap, I'm not that desperate to let Tony Stark stick his dick in my ass." Peter ground out before firing off a web and swinging away.

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Peter burst in to Wade's apartment, his anger still firm. Wade looked from the other side of the room where he had just walked in the door with a bag of Mexican food.

"Rough day Baby Boy?"

Peter stalked across the room, stripping down along the way before shoving Wade up against the door.

"You listen to me Wade Wilson," He growled. "You're gonna get naked, take me to bed, and fuck me so hard we break the bed."

Wade blinked before a saucy grin stretched across his now unmasked face.

"Oh, I think I can make that happen." He said, flinging Peter over his shoulder and rushing towards the bedroom.

He threw Peter on the bed before stripping out of his suit. Peter was already digging in his night stand drawer for lube, his pert ass wiggling in Wade's eyesight. Wade silently thanked whoever decided to grace him with this gift before laying a hard smack to Peter's ass cheek.

Peter yelp, falling in to the mattress and barely managing to get the lube out the drawer.

"I don't think it was very nice of you to come in to *my* home, demanding things from me and making me waste the food I brought." Wade chastised, laying another smack on Peter's other cheek. "Maybe I need to teach you a lesson on manners."

Peter looked over his shoulder as Wade loomed above him. He was about to respond when Wade grabbed him, lifting him up and flipping him across his lap.

"Yes, I definitely think this is something you need to remember." Wade smirked, slapping Peter's ass again. He laid another smack, his dick twitching as the flesh gave a jiggle. Jesus, Peter had a supple backside.

Peter laid across Wade's lap, both mortified and aroused as Wade continued his actions. He couldn't believe he was actually *enjoying* being spanked.

"Oh Baby Boy," Wade's pleased voice came. "Your sexy bubble butt is glowing."

Peter moaned as large hands lovingly rubbed the tender flesh.

"Jesus, you make noises like that and this is gonna go real hard and real fast."

"That's what I asked for!" Peter yelled.

"I've been waiting to have you a long time Petey-Pie. I can go hard honey, but fast ain't an option until a little further in, so I suggest you quit wiggling your ass at me."

Peter glared at floor remembering he was super flexible and strong. Before Wade could register what was happening, Peter flipped over and flung his legs over Wade's shoulders while throwing his hands to the floor and pushing off. Wade fell back on the mattress with a surprised squeak as Peter moved his legs out and straddled his chest.

"I told you when I got here. I'm not in the mood for slow and careful, I want quick and dirty. We can be lazy later, right now I want you in me completely."

Wade groaned as he grabbed Peter's hips in a bruising grip.

"Are you sure? You've only done this once before baby and my self control with you is low."

"Prep me Wade. Prep me and get busy. I need you. I've had a long day and a frustrating night and I want you to erase it by pounding this ass you obsess over so much."

Wade's eyes narrowed as he threw Peter off him and rolled on top. He looked down at Peter's flushed but determined face. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

"Peter," he breathed out, opening his eyes. "I'm going to ruin you. I'm going to spread that ass of yours and stretch your pretty little hole. I'm gonna lube you up so well I'll slide in so completely you'll have no choice but to take what I give you. I'm gonna finish inside you, leave your hole stretched, sloppy and dripping with my cum. Are you ready for that? Once we start, I'm not gonna be able to stop."

Peter responded but wrapping his legs around Wade's waist and pulling him down for a kiss.

"Shut up and put your money where your mouth is."

Wade growled and flipped Peter on to his stomach, pulling him up on his knees. He heard the cap to the lube pop open and felt Wade's fingers spread his cheeks before feeling his thumbs run over his hole. The first one sunk in easily, the wet sound of lube filling the room. Wade pulled his thumb to the side, sliding in the other. He spread Peter's hole, then pumped the two digits a bit before pulling out. Suddenly Peter felt a thick finger slide back in then out. Eager for another, Peter rocked back in to Wade and another digit slipped in. Peter shivered as lube slid down his thigh and Wade pumped and slid a third finger in.

Peter moaned as Wade's finger brushed his prostate. Wade hit it a few more times, causing Peter to leak precum. He felt Wade pull his fingers out and chased after them, missing the feeling of being full.

Suddenly, Peter felt the head of Wade's cock rub against his over lubed and stretched hole.

"This belongs to me and me only baby."

That was the only warning Peter got before Wade slammed in to him.

"WADE!" Peter shouted pain and pleasure shooting through him.

"So tight." Wade moaned, giving Peter a few seconds to adjust to him.

"W-Wade." Peter panted, breath evening out.

"I've got you Petey. If we need to go sl—" Wade's words were lost as Peter leaned forward and forcefully pushed back in to him.

"Move Wade!"

Wade growled pushing in and out of Peter with powerful thrusts.

Peter felt his orgasm building as Wade hit his prostate over and over. His breathing increased as loud, indecent sounds fell from his lips.

"More! Please Wade!" Peter cried, not caring at all about how needy he sounded. All he could focus on was Wade's cock in him, the sound of skin slapping skin, and Wade's large hands gripping his hips hard enough to bruise.

"I'm not gonna last much longer Petey." Wade grunted.

"Me either." Peter gasped. "Keep going. Don't stop!"

Wade picked up his pace and force, the bed creaking and the headboard slamming against the wall, until Peter cried out and his release spilled out on to the sheets. Two more thrusts and Peter felt Wade come inside him.

Panting, Wade rolled and pulled Peter down, making sure he didn't fall into his own cum. They lay, breathing heavily with Wade still buried inside Peter's ass.

"I forgive you for the wasted food baby." Wade sighed, burying his face in Peter's hair.

"Gee, thanks." Peter huffed put a chuckle, his breathing evening out.

The two stayed snuggled together before Peter tossed over his shoulder, "Guess we didn't break the bed."

As if waiting for its cue, the bed made one last, pitiful sound before collapsing and the mattress hit the floor. The two lay there in silent shock.

"Victory." Wade purred in his ear.

Peter chuckled and snuggled further in to Wade's warmth. He knew he should tell the merc what had happened during his day, but he felt too good and sleepy to find the strength to tell. He made the mental note to tell him in the morning.

In typical Peter Parker fashion, he forgot.

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"How long have you been talking to him?" Steve asked as he and Bucky made their way back to the tower.

"I've only actually spoken to him twice before this."

"Does anyone else know?"

"Nat does."

"Of course she does." Steve sighed. "Tony will be furious with both of you if he finds out you're hiding this from him."

"He's not going to find out." Bucky paused and looked at his friend. "Right?"

"Honestly Buck, I would have been perfectly happy not having seen what I saw tonight. I only followed you because things have been weird at the tower since you helped the kid out." Steve replied, looking up at the sky.

"I don't know anything."

Steve raised his eyebrow as Bucky stared straight ahead.

"About the kid and Stark. I don't know what happened, but he's real defensive about it. Whatever happened, he *definitely* thinks he has a right to be."

The two walked in silence down the ever dwindling crowded street.

"I know Tony can be....pushy, but he seems so invested in Spider-Man."

"Then he shouldn't have brought that other kid on." Bucky huffed. "You lost one, but gained another. Be happy you got at least one."

"Yeah, but Spider-Man is different. Tony took him on, apparently six months in to his powers. Harley, he's a good kid but he's not Tony's first mentee. I've heard Tony talk about Spider-Man. He wants the kid to lead the new Avengers when we all retire."

"That's a lot of responsibility to throw on one person."

"That's why Harley was brought in. He's supposed to be Spider-Man's partner." Steve said, looking at his friend.

"Yeah, well I don't see that happening. The two didn't exactly hit it off. I think Harley would be just fine if he never had to deal with Spider-Man again." Bucky paused. "How old *is* Spider-Man anyway?"

Steve didn't respond as he had no idea how old the man was.

"I haven't thought about it actually." he admitted. "I'm assuming he's older than Harley though. I think that's why Tony's so hopeful they'll eventually get along. Maybe he thinks Spider-Man can mentor him."

"You....*assume*?" Bucky raised an eyebrow.

"It's been eight years since we last saw him. I'm hoping Tony didn't bring an actual *kid* to the fight. Judging by his voice he's young, but 26 is still young."

"You '*assume*' he was 18 when we saw him?"

"I would think Tony would have *some* sense of responsibility to not involve a minor in something as dangerous as a fight between all of us." Steve said, unsure who he was trying to convince.

Bucky sighed and took a breath.

"Ok, let's throw age out the window and consider the fact that you can't possibly think this is going to work as things stand. Like the kid said, we don't know anything about him. We have no idea what went on. I know you're dating him now, but how do we know Tony isn't completely to blame? How do we know Spider-Man didn't do the right thing by leaving?"

"Are you suggesting Tony had ill intentions toward him?"

"No. I'm saying Tony was probably his normal self and did something stupid, which caused the kid to bail."

Steve didn't respond, his gaze on the sidewalk.

"Look, I'm not blind to Tony's wishes to bring Spider-Man in to the fold and have a team relationship with him, I'm just saying maybe we should consider removing ourselves emotionally." Bucky said, putting his hand on Steve's shoulder.

"I'm so done with secrets Buck." Steve sighed. "Every time I think I've got something figured out, a secret comes out and bites me in the ass. Spider-Man is probably Tony's biggest secret, and it's hurting the team. Why will he be so open with us about Spider-Man being on the team and how he should be kept away from Deadpool and other vigilantes, but close himself off whenever his personal history with the him gets brought up?"

"Because something in that story is *his fault*." Bucky shrugged his shoulders as Steve looked at him. "You can't tell me you haven't thought about it. The entire team has! Why else would Tony T'm right and do what I want' Stark, *not* talk about it?"

"So what do you suggest? Spider-Man doesn't seem to want to discuss it any more than Tony does." Steve asked.

"I think Tony just wants us all to focus on the kid now. He wants to be involved with the kid and doesn't want their part to influence how we see Spider-Man. Bringing Spider-Man in wasn't the disaster you thought it was gonna be until Tony got mouthy with him. Things would probably been fine if you had been the only one in there."

"Why just me?"

"Because Steve, you're Captain America." Bucky grinned. "Also, you generally wanted to warn the kid and do just what we were asked to do. You didn't have any ulterior motive. He may have responded better to one on one with you."

"Or maybe you."

"No. I kept the kid a secret. It would have looked strange for me to talk to him. It's why I was able to get him to stop and talk to me now."

"No offense Buck, but you let the cat out of the bag when he went to leave." Steve smirked.

"I was being nice!" Bucky cried, throwing his hands up. "The kid was about to swing out the tower in pants and a mask!"

"Tony's defiantly suspicious."

"I'm honestly curious why he hasn't beaten down my bedroom door demanding an explanation yet."

"I think he's waiting to catch you off guard." Steve chuckled.

"Well, he'll be disappointed. I've talked to the kid and have nothing to show for it. He's not coming off any information." Bucky sighed before continuing. "I know you and Tony talk about things. I know you know more about Tony's connection to Spider-Man than any of us, and yet that's still very little. However, I do believe we have bigger problems right now. We have a missing mystery group that infiltrated the new S.H.I.E.L.D and an unaccounted for escaped convict with his reacquired crazy formula. Throwing everything involving Tony aside, the rest of the team needs to figure out how to get Spider-Man on board. We need him."

Tony watched the security feed as Steve and Bucky walked back in to the tower. Curiosity burned at him as to where they had been. Ever since Peter had left that night, Tony had been trying to find a way and time to question the ex assassin about his seemingly familiarity with his kid. He definitely would prefer to have the conversation before Peter returned to the tower and became the newest

Avenger.

Peter. Tony sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. He hadn't particularly liked having to back the kid into a corner, but what choice did he have? Peter was so stubborn. It actually amused Tony how much Peter reminded him of himself in that aspect.

He turned back to the papers before him. He was thankful he had already created 3-D models of the suit designs for Spider-Man since Peter ripped up the physical copies he had made. Now that he was about to be an Avenger, he would have to take an upgrade. The Avengers weren't small time like his vigilante associates. If Peter was going to be able to hold his own, he would need better protection than what his current suit offered him.

He pulled up the specs for Harley's suit and the upgraded suit for Peter that he dubbed, the Iron Spider. He left some of Peter's classic blue, but added a lot more red and gold. Harley had been excited to find out Tony was already thinking of extra things for his suit and was eager to get started. He had not, however, been pleased to find the Iron Spider suit design. It had taken Tony quite a lot of talking to calm Harley and get him to possibly reconsider his anger at Spider-Man.

He stared at Peter's suit, finalizing the last parts. He knew he only had a few days at most before Peter returned and met with the team as a new member. He smiled as he turned the finished 3-D model various ways. He was childishly excited to have Peter coming back. Things would be so much better now. He knew what to do and had the proper mindset to do it now. Harley was proving to be extremely helpful in that aspect. Truthfully, Harley's enthusiasm and willingness to listen to Tony made him feel both proud and guilty. He could have had this type of bond with Peter the whole time. He could have had it then and not be chasing after it now.

Eight years was admittedly a long time to be chasing after the attention of someone who didn't want to give it. Normally Tony would have given up long ago, but not with Peter. It was important for him to prove to Peter he *was* the best person to learn from. He had so much he could offer the young hero. Peter was a good hearted soul with a strong moral compass, and Tony hated the idea of the seedy world of the vigilante's darkening his world view.

Pushing back from the screen, Tony stretched and made his way out the lab. At this point Steve would have already made his way back to the penthouse. Despite his curiosity about where he had picked Bucky up after the man had tried to 'sneak' out, he was willing to hold off in order to spend some quality time with his lover.

For Tony Stark, his world was finally falling in to place. He could only hope everyone else's was too.

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"Hey Tiger." MJ smiled as Peter entered Harry's office.

"I take it he had a bad night." Peter frowned, looking at his sleeping friend on the office couch.

"'Bad' would be an understatement. I tried to convince him not to come in today. He's not going to be much use in his current state."

Peter pulled Mary Jane into a hug, holding her tightly before finally letting go. He looked at her tired face and smiled encouragingly.

"How about I wake him up and take both of you home? I'll guilt him by telling him he'll be more of a hinderance to me than helpful."

"Good luck with that." MJ chuckled. "He said to let him sleep for an hour *then* wake him up. He's not going to let this go Peter. Norman is a darker cloud looming over him than he'd like to admit. You know it. We both saw how the man treated him."

"I hated it." Peter said, glaring at the floor. "It was even worse when he praised me for my academic awards in front of Harry. Harry wasn't stupid. He's incredibly smart, just not in the ways Norman wanted him to be. Harry's a people person with a flare for business. Norman wanted someone he could keep in the lab."

"None of that was your fault, Tiger. Norman was an ass who failed to see Harry's value."

"I was always afraid I was going to lose him." Peter said, looking straight at Harry's sleeping face. "Norman was always so nice to me and sung my praises. I was always so scared Harry was going to grow to resent me and push me away. He was my first friend. I don't think I could have come back from a blow like that. When Uncle Ben died, Harry spent every moment her could with me. He went out of his way to remind me that Uncle Ben would be so mad if I let his death hold me back. It's because of him helping me on the side that I was able to be strong for Aunt May. He was my uncle, but he was her husband first. Aunt May, you and Harry were suddenly all I had. You know what though? I didn't need anyone else. I had the greatest people in the world on my side, and that was all that mattered."

Mary Jane smiled and wrapped him in to her own hug.

"We all love you very much Peter Benjamin Parker." she smiled, planting a kiss on his cheek. "Oh! Good luck getting *that* off."

Peter blinked at her in confusion as she moved to the desk and rummaged around in her purse. She grinned when she pulled out a small compact and opened it, turning the mirror to Peter's face. In the middle of his cheek were a pair of blood red lips imprints.

"'Powerhouse Bitch' packs a might punch, Parker." she squealed.

"Is that actually the name of this shade?" Peter gasped, putting on a scandalized face. "What will the office think of the future Mrs. Osborn and lowly employee Parker?"

Mary Jane laughed and put her compact away.

"Seriously though Tiger. Good luck getting that off. Harry had to wear it on his lips for three days after a little make out session. Hope your mystery date can handle it." she threw him a saucy wink.

Peter went to reply when Harry groaned from the couch.

"Do you two mind? I'm trying to die on my couch here."

"Absolutely not. I claimed that couch and you are *not* dying on it." Peter huffed.

"Wow. Thanks Pete." Harry said, turning his head and sticking his tongue out.

"Reign it in children." MJ giggled.

Harry groaned and swung his legs off the couch, slowly sitting up.

"I guess we better get back to the lab, Pete." Harry yawned, running a hand down his face.

"No." Peter shook his head. "I'll go and keep looking. You go home and sleep. I know you want to

help and have a lot on your plate right now, but that's why you need rest. Norman being out doesn't change the fact you still have to manage Oscorp. Right now you have secrecy on your side. Yes, news of the break in has spread, but not the news that it's Norman. You need to be clear headed for what's coming, so I need you to go get some sleep."

Harry looked up as Peter stood in front of him, his expression full of concern.

Finally, he sighed and stood up.

"Alright Pete. Here." Harry held out his ID card. "You'll need that to get you in to the lab. Let me know immediately if you find anything." He hesitated a moment, looking carefully at Peter's face. "I mean it Parker. You let me know. Let me know or I'll fire you."

"Sure thing, Boss." Peter grinned.

Harry smiled, pulling Peter in for a tight hug.

"Thanks Pete."

Peter responded by pulling Harry in tighter. He sent a silent prayer of thanks for the absolute beauty that was Mary Jane Watson. If anyone would look after Harry, it would be her. Peter never worried when MJ was on the job. How had he avoided these two at all? He should never have let Norman's capture keep him from them then, and he sure as hell wasn't going to let it happen again.

He let Harry go, helping MJ gather Harry's things and walked them to the elevator.

"Be careful going home." Peter whispered in Mary Jane's ear as he hugged her. "We still don't know where Norman is, or if he'll go after Harry."

"Well then, it's a good thing we have Spider-Man then."

Peter pulled back and looked at the smile on MJ's face. He just smiled back, not at all surprised.

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Peter grumbled to himself as he fell through the door in to Matt's apartment. May had called to say she was going out with some friends from work. He had assured her he'd be fine and that he was glad she was getting back to her normal routine.

He lay face down on the floor, his legs partially in the hallway.

"Are you coming in or do I just leave you there?" Matt asked, stepping up to him.

"Just give me a minute and I'll crawl to the couch."

"Shut the door on your way over."

Peter listened as Matt walked away. He lay there a few more minutes before pulling himself the rest of the way into the apartment, using his foot to kick the door shut.

"Come on Parker," he grunted. "You're New York's favorite vigilante. You can pick yourself up off the floor."

Slowly, he pulled himself up and shuffled to the couch.

"Matt!" he called, throwing himself on to the couch. "I need sustenance!"

"I'm sure 'New York's favorite vigilante' can find strength to get it himself."

Peter lifted himself up enough to peer over the back of the couch and glare at his mentor.

"Come on Dad!" he whined.

Matt didn't respond, frozen in place. He coughed after moment and moved to rummage in the kitchen. Peter grinned, falling back on the couch and listening to Matt move around. He was almost asleep when Matt tapped his shoulder.

"Here son." he chuckled, handing Peter a cup. "Foggy had dropped off food before you got here."

"Matt! Were you holding out on me? I'm your child! You're supposed to take care of me!" Peter gasped, sitting up and smiling into his cup of chocolate milk.

"First of all, you're 23 and can take care of yourself. Second of all, I only keep what I need for chocolate milk here for you. No one else is coming over and drinking it and neither am I."

"I knew I was special."

"Very." Matt deadpanned. "So, you're not here for a social call."

"No, I wish I was though." Peter sighed, placing his cup on the coffee table. "I didn't get to talk to you yesterday since you were in court, but there was a break-in at Oscorp. Norman raided his lab and took a few other things from Harry's office."

"Peter." Matt frowned. "That's not something you don't tell me. I can't have you waiting to tell me things like that. I can't watch out for you if I don't know I need to."

"I know, it was just a very long day."

"I can *feel* the fact I'm not going to be happy about what you're about to tell me."

"I had to go to SI."

The room was silent as Peter waited for Matt's reaction.

"Why?"

"Because the SI contract with Oscorp was one of the things taken from Harry's office. I mean, a few others were too though. Anyway, Harry sent me with, get this, Iron Lad back to SI to go over continued work between the two companies." Peter said, rubbing the back of his neck.

"Does he know who you are?"

"No. He was really fidgety though. His face kept flushing. I think he might have been trying to get sick."

Matt shook his head and internally groaned. "How had Peter lived 23 years and still not picked up on subtle attraction. Granted, his only experience with romance were two *very* straight forward people. Guess Peter just needed it spelled out for him."

"I get the feeling I haven't reached the part I'm going to hate yet."

Peter took a deep breath before finishing.

"Tony basically backed me into a corner by saying he'll continue work with Oscorp if I agree to join the Avengers."

Matt sat silently and still. Peter briefly wondered if the man was even breathing. The longer the lack of response continued, the higher Peter's anxiety rose.

"Calm down Peter, you're giving me a headache." Matt said pointedly.

"Sorry." Peter grimaced.

"Who else knows?"

"No one."

Matt nodded, standing up and moving around absentmindedly. He paced a while before speaking.

"I'll go with you. Bring Wade as well."

Peter blinked in shock. He had expected several responses, but this was not one of them.

"You want me to join the Avengers?"

"No, but I know how important Harry is to you. Maybe Stark needs a reminder of where you *actually* belong. We go tomorrow night."

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter May and Felicia will return.

Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Peter faces two major events.

Chapter Notes

Ok, let me start by saying there is a section of this chapter that COULD be triggering. I don't think it is, but I would feel better about giving a heads up. It's border line sexual assault. Nothing comes of it and it's so light you might not think anything of it, but I'm not the judge of how ANYONE should feel or take something.

I will have the section marked at the beginning and end. For those who choose to skip, there will be a cliff notes version A in the ending notes as the scene gives information to the story.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter smiled as he walked in to his personal lab. His entire team was there, anxious to hear from him about what was going to happen.

"How's Mr. Osborn?" Lily asked.

"He's out today but plans to be back tomorrow. He's doing as well as he can."

The group nodded, all having been informed on Peter's errand to SI and helping out their boss. It was no secret amongst his team anymore that he and Harry Osborn were friends.

"We've really come to a halt on things, Peter." A dark skinned man named Graham spoke. "We've cataloged all the missing equipment and supplies. The truth is, we can't continue our current projects until we replace it all."

Peter sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Any projects we *can* work on? I can put in orders for our missing stuff but they'll all be on hold until Harry comes back. Even then though, it'll take time to get it all in."

"We have a few stalled projects we can jump back on." A short, blonde girl replied.

"Ok, Laura. Get together what ever you guys need for those projects and get started. At least we can get *something* accomplished so that we don't all look useless."

The team then filed out, all conversing with each other on where and how to pick up the laid aside work.

"So, is Mr. Osborn out for just today...."

Peter look up as Lily shuffled from foot to foot in his doorway.

"Knowing Harry, probably just today." Peter smiled.

Lily nodded and paused before leaving.

"We have things under control here, Peter. If you have something else you need to be doing, we can most definitely cover for you. You may not know it, but some of these projects they're getting ready to work on are things they never thought they'd be able to get back to. You've just made their day." she chuckled.

"You're a life saver, Lil." Peter smiled, grabbing his bag and heading towards the elevator. At the door, he paused and turned back to his excited team. "Enjoy yourself guys, it'll be back to grind sooner than you'd like."

His colleagues shot him false glares, some sticking out their tongues as he entered the elevator laughing.

~~~~~

Peter swiped Harry's ID and entered Norman's lab. He hadn't found anything yesterday and, most likely, wouldn't today either. Sitting down in one of the rolling chairs, Peter ran a hand down his face. He couldn't believe how fast and hard things had fallen. It wasn't that long ago he graduated college. He pictured Harry and MJ's happy faces at their engagement. His sexual awakening for Wade. Aunt May's full recovery. Things were looking good for the future despite Tony Stark. He should have known it wouldn't last.

He was about to do one last sweep when his phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Don't you 'hello' me, Spider!" Felicia yelled. "I haven't heard from you since your little lunch date!"

"Don't call it that!" Peter snapped.

"Then quit being a tight lipped asshole and tell me what's going on!"

Peter grinned and leaned back in the chair.

"Two questions. Are you sitting down and how much time do you have?"

He heard a shuffling sound then Felicia spoke.

"I'm sitting and I'll make time."

"Spider-Man may be about to whore himself out for Oscorp."

There was silence on the other end far longer than he would have liked.

"Felicia?"

"I think something in my head just exploded. You wanna run that by me again?"

"Spider-Man is on the chopping block. The Avengers get Spider-Man or SI pulls out of its Oscorp partnership and claims its due to the security compromise."

Felicia was silent for a moment before a snicker came over the line.

"Spider-Man really *is* about to whore himself out, isn't he?"

"It concerns me that you find this funny." Peter huffed.

"Well, I honestly don't know what to tell you, Spider. I can't make the decision for you but, come on, how can you *not* find some of this funny?"

"Because it's happening to *me!*" Peter yelled.

Felicia snickered again.

"I'm going to hang up."

"I'm just amused by how it sounds, not by what it means."

He could practically *feel* her eye roll through the phone.

"I told you before, I've got your back. Whatever you need, I can give. With that said, *are* you gonna offer yourself up?"

"Matt is demanding to go with me when I make my choice, and he wants me to bring Wade."

"Oh, it just keeps getting better." Felicia snorted. "I love your life."

"You're a terrible person."

"Excuse you, I'm fabulous!"

Peter sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Honestly though, I don't know what I'm gonna do. I don't want to join the Avengers, but Harry is important to me. I can't do this to him."

"You can't save everyone, Pete." she soothed. "I know you want to help Harry, but is it worth your freedom as Spider-Man?"

"I'm in trouble, Cat."

Felicia sighed over the phone.

"Take Matt and Wade to meet them. Having the two of them there will take some of the pressure off of you. I'd love to give you some amazing piece of advice, but I don't have any. I won't lie to you about how pissed everyone is going to be if you agree to Stark's terms."

Peter felt a tired smile cross his face.

"I know. I hate feeling like I'll be spitting in everyone's faces. I never thought it'd turn in to this giant clusterfuck. The worse part is that Harry would give up SI in a heartbeat if he knew why I don't want in on the Avengers."

"Wait, you say that like he knows you're Spider-Man."

"He does. He dropped that on me after the break-in. He's concerned if I'm gonna be able to handle Norman again. He even brought up getting help from the Avengers. I know Tony isn't the ending of the world for Oscorp really, but it would be a blow I'm not sure Harry could handle right now. He's got Norman and the missing equipment he stole to worry about. SI pulling out will be a ripple in a pond next to the tidal wave that Norman attacking the city with Oscorp property will be."

Felicia was quiet for a while before speaking softly.

"We both know where this is heading, Spider. Sometimes there is no good answer, no right response. I trust you to do the right thing and I'll defend you against the others. Just....just don't let yourself get hurt, Peter. I love you."

"Love you too, Kitten."

He kept his tiny smile as the call ended. He really did have the best people in his life. Taking a breath, he stood up from his chair and moved around the room, straightening things up from where he and Harry had only increased the mess. Bending to pick up a stack of tossed aside papers, Peter paused. The words 'Dear Harry,' catching his eye.

~~~~~**Possible trigger warning starting here~~~~~**

Pulling the paper out from the stack, Peter read over the letter.

Dear Harry,

If you're reading this, then something has happened to me. I only wanted what was best for you. I spent years working on a formula to keep you from the same fate as your mother. I lost her, but I refused to lose you as well.

Peter blinked. Harry's mother had died due to some rare heart condition. Did Harry have it too?

This formula will enhance aspects of a person's body. An unhealthy person can suddenly lose all since of their illness. Your mother could have been spared, as can you, should you develop the condition. I won't deny that this project has had to remain hidden from all eyes. I can't allow anyone to hinder its development. The secrecy, though, leaves me with very little options of testing out its effectiveness. I'm going to test the serum on myself. The goal is to enhance a person, so if it works, I will feel its effects to some degree.

I can only hope I feel a difference in my body. Perhaps if I can prove it's positively changed me, I can bring it to eyes of the public. Imagine it, a world without illness. I must succeed! I can't allow anyone to stop me!

I will conduct the first trial on myself tomorrow.

Peter stood, staring at the paper. Norman hadn't even bothered to leave a hint of love for Harry in a letter that could have preceded his death. While the letter didn't tell him anything about the actual construction of his formula, it was clear what it was meant to be. It was a knock off of the Super Soldier Serum given to Steve Rogers. Norman had tried to create a brand of the formula that would erase illness from people, only it backfired into a serum for madness.

"Jesus, Norman." Peter grimaced. "Why?"

"Imagine a world where *everyone* could be spared a life of sickness, Parker."

Peter jumped, spinning around. His eyes widened as he found Norman Osborn standing in the lab doorway.

"The Super Soldier Serum was a masterpiece, but without all its components, it would have been a dangerous thing to try to replicate completely. I wasn't that stupid. With that said, I *could* replicate what gave Rogers his extensive immunity to illness. I think I improved it even."

Peter took a step back as Norman advanced.

"Oh, I could never replicate *you* though. I would have loved to, but you are very special, Peter." Norman grinned, an unsettling glint in his eye. "So, special. You bonded completely with the spider DNA. Amazing really. You were the only one to do that, and it was a complete accident it even happened."

Peter's eyes widened as he realized what Norman was saying.

Norman chuckled, stopping a few feet from him.

"Your friend Adrian was quite willing to give you up for the chance to see his family again."

Peter swallowed hard. This was a worse case scenario situation.

"Let's not do anything rash, Peter." Norman said, noticing Peter's quick looks around the lab. "You're completely alone here, and you wouldn't want to have to risk your identity now would you? You can't be certain if I'm the only one who knows."

Peter's blood ran cold. Norman had him backed into a corner. If he had told anyone else, then there was a huge threat to Aunt May running around New York. He could only pray Norman was bluffing.

"So beautiful, Peter. The perfect human in my eyes. My altered Super Soldier Serum may not have worked out how I wanted, but you are a lovely result of another passion project. Your parents were involved in its creation you know? How poetic their son would be the one to survive it. There were others Peter, but like I said, you were the only one to survive."

"How could you create something so dangerous?"

"Dangerous? Look at you, Peter. You're, alluring. Everyone would love to be you. I would love to be you. While the formula I took didn't work out quite how I wanted it to, I can't say I'm disappointed either."

"You lost your mind!" Peter yelled. "You lost control and nearly ruined the city! You left Harry to clean up behind you! I thought you were a brilliant man, but I nearly died trying to save you from

yourself!"

"Oh Peter," Norman tisked. "I may not have known that it was you under the mask, but I would never have allowed you to die. I told you, you're special."

Peter moved to dodge as Norman leapt forward, but the man had already taken a dose of his formula, his eyes flashing green. The change distracted Peter just long enough to Norman to slam him against the wall, his arm pressed into Peter's neck.

"Very special." Norman purred, pinning Peter's body to the wall with his own. "My goal was always to bring you in. Bring you in, study you, replicate what worked on you. When you managed to put me away, I thought all my chances of getting to you were gone. You can imagine my joy when I was offered a deal to get out. I help them, and I get you in exchange. I'm so grateful to the fact you didn't let Toomes die."

"Wh-who let you out, a-and what do they get i-in return?" Peter struggled to get out.

Norman laughed darkly.

"That's my secret little spider. Now that I have you, I just have to let it slip that I do. Make sure your little friends know you're mine." Norman's eyes flashed green and a wicked smile settled on his face. "You're so perfect, Peter. So much better than the wasted potential my son is."

Peter tried to swallow as Norman pushed a little harder.

"Yo-you wrote Harry that note. Wh-why do that if you didn't care?"

"Oh, that note wasn't for Harry, Peter. I wrote it and placed it for *you* to find. Once I heard my pathetic excuse for a son wasn't coming in, I figured you would make your way in here alone. So, I came and planted the letter for you to find. I wanted *you* to know what I hoped to accomplish. I knew *you* would understand my goals. Again, it didn't quite work out, but *I* benefited from it. I'm healthier than I've ever been, not to mention stronger and....virile."

Peter's eyes widened as Norman's leg pushed between his own.

"Now, my beautiful, perfect Peter. I think it's time we leave here and go somewhere...more comfortable."

Peter had been waiting, hoping to get information out of Norman but, that was no longer an option. Lifting his leg, he planted his foot against the wall and pushed off. Norman flew back, sliding across the floor. Jumping up on the ceiling, Peter scrambled towards the door.

"Stunning." Norman awed as Peter moved above him.

Flinging himself out the room, Peter turned and closed the lab doors, using Harry's ID card to seal it shut.

"Oh, Peter." Norman sighed, shaking his head as he walked up to the glass door. "I designed this lab. Do you really think you can keep me in here? You were bit by an Oscorp spider, therefor, you belong to *me*. You're mine, Peter. You're mine and I *will* have you."

Peter glared at the man.

"You're not getting anything except a one way ticket back to lock up."

Norman laughed darkly, moving towards the back of the lab.

Peter watched as the man tapped a button on the back wall and a thick mist began to fill the room.

"W-what are you doing?!" Peter yelled, losing sight of Norman in the fog.

As quickly as it came though, the strange fog cleared the room, leaving no trace of Norman behind. A deep sense of dread settled in Peter's stomach. Not only was Norman loose and back on his serum, he knew he was Spider-Man. Could things *get* any worse?

~~~~~**End possible trigger section**~~~~~

Peter flew out the front doors of Oscorp, his phone out and dialing Matt's number. He had let Lily know he was leaving the premises, telling her he was going to talk to Harry about some things and that he'd be back tomorrow.

"Peter?"

"Matt!" Peter yelled, running down the street. "I hope you're not busy because I'm on my way!"

"I'm just doing paperwork. Where are you?"

"Tearing ass down the street! We need to talk *now!* I'll be to the office soon."

"Peter!" Matt yelled. "Where are you? I'll send Foggy to get you."

"I'm.."

There was a slight pause on Peter's end before he responded.

"I've got a ride. See you soon Matt."

"Peter? Peter!" Matt shouted into the phone but the line went dead.

~~~~~

Matt paced his office, waiting on Peter to show up. It wasn't like him to call Matt in such a frantic state.

He was about to call Peter when the door to his office slammed open and Peter came barreling in. He ran straight to Matt and pulled the man into a hug. The two stayed like that until Matt noticed the figure of Wade Wilson standing in his doorway.

"Let's sit down, Pete." Matt soothed. "Tell me what happened."

Matt motioned to the empty chairs in his office. Peter took no time falling in to one while Wade moved a little more cautiously.

"Wilson, get over here." Matt huffed. "I don't have time for you to drag ass."

Wade grinned and slipped into the seat next to Peter.

"What's wrong, Pete?" Matt asked, concerned over his kid's appearance.

Peter took a deep breath before opening his eyes and focusing on Matt. Wade studied Peter's face, a little concerned for his spider after Peter had filled him in on both his past with Tony Stark and that he had something he needed to discuss with both him and Matt.

"Norman caught me in his lab."

As the story of his encounter with the former head of Oscorp unfolded, Wade felt his anger spike.

"He did *what*?" Wade fumed, shooting out of his chair. "Who does that asshole think he is? How *dare* he lay his hands on *my Baby Boy!*"

"Sit down, Wilson" Matt growled. "I'm not dancing in a field of fucking flowers over this either, but ranting like a lunatic isn't going to get us anywhere."

Peter sat slouched in his chair, his head thrown back.

Wade grumbled and balled his fists open and shut as he sat back down next to Peter. The three sat in a tense silence until Peter finally spoke.

"I'm going to turn myself in to Tony."

Wade and Matt flew out of their seats, both shouting.

"You can't be serious, Peter."

"I don't think that's a good idea Petey-Pie."

"What about everyone who's looked out for you?"

"There's no going back if you do this."

Peter rubbed his temples as the two raised thier voices as thier objections continued.

"I know what I'm doing!" Peter yelled, eyes narrowed as he looked up at the two men. "I thought about it the whole way here! I thought *long and hard* about this."

Taking a deep breath, Peter stood up and moved to look out Matt's window.

"There's not enough of us Matt." he sighed. "We can't protect everyone. Aunt May, Harry, MJ, they're all in danger. They're all connected to me, and Norman knows it. If I don't give in to him, he'll draw me out by going after them. Don't say he won't, because he already did when he sent that mystery group after Cat. "

Matt frowned, glancing over at the frustrated and torn face of Wade. Neither knew how to reply, as both knew what Peter was saying.

"Tony and the others have the means. Natasha and Clint can do this type of surveillance in their sleep. We all have jobs. Jess, Luke, Danny, me, you. We can't be with them all the time."

"Petey, why not ask Kitty Cat to stay with May and I can keep an eye on both-

"I already thought about that." Peter looked at him. "Felicia was with Jess the night they found the Oscorp drop off. I think it would be best if the two of them continued thier investigation. Maybe they can find out where it's going from there and find Norman's hiding place. So no, I don't want her to leave Jess and go to May. So we're still where we started."

Matt sighed and ran a hand down his face.

"What about you, Peter?" Matt asked softly. "I am fully aware of the threats to May, Harry, and MJ, but what about your own? Norman already got to you once, and no one was around to help you. You yourself said he had already taken at least *some* of his old formula. What if he catches you off guard again? Or what if he catches you in a group of people?"

Peter didn't respond. He honestly didn't know how. He would never be stupid enough to say Norman *wouldn't* go after him in public, but there was one problem with him doing that.

"He'll lose his element of surprise if he doesn't." Peter finally spoke. "Right now it's not public knowledge he's out. If the Goblin comes after me in public, secrecy is lost."

"I don't think he's worried about that any more, Peter." Matt sighed. "Secrecy went out the window when he told you he was going to let us all know he had you. The fastest way to deliver that kind of news would be publicly. He could cut out having to do that by nabbing you in a crowded place."

Wade frowned pulled Peter in to his side.

"Maybe I should stick close to you instead, Baby Boy."

"This is exactly why I've got to go to Tony. May, Harry, MJ, me, that's too many people for just you to cover. I could be proud and count myself off the protection list, but that's how you run in to trouble. I'm not stupid enough to overestimate my abilities. If he attacks me while I'm surrounded by people..." he looked at Matt. "

Silence settled over the small group, the sun's light growing weaker. There wasn't anything else to say. Matt knew exactly how stubborn Peter could be, and Wade had quickly been learning.

"So what do you want us to do, Pete?"

"I still want both of you to come with me to meet with Tony. I feel positive he'll bring all the others in, and I'll need the support. We'll leave Aunt May with Jess and tell her to go hang out at Luke's. I dread the questions I'm gonna get for *that* request. It'll be safe for May though. The more people around, the less chance Norman will make a move. As for Harry and MJ, I'll ask Reed to take them in for the night. Hopefully we can have them under surveillance at home by tomorrow evening."

"Why not just ask the Fantastic Fam to watch over May and the little Osborns?" Wade asked.

"Because they're about to leave on a mission. I talked to Reed after Johnny dropped off a project I had asked him to look in to."

"Tin Man's not going to make it easy for me to be around you Petey-Pie." Wade said sadly.

Peter smiled as he moved and cupped Wade's cheek.

"He doesn't get a say in my private life, Wade. Remember, he's only getting Spider-Man."

"You ask for protection for May, Harry and MJ," Matt grumbled, "And he's going to ask for more. He'll hold thier protection over you so you'll have to turn in Peter Parker as well."

Peter smiled tiredly as he looked at the man he come to consider a father to him.

"Possibly. I just....I need to do this, Matt. *I need* to."

"Everyone's going to try to kill you. I'd put May at the top of the list. I'd put Felicia right below it."

"I talked to her right before Norman caught me. She already knows what I'm dealing with. May.....I won't lie that I'm terrified of telling her." Peter's laugh was full of anxiety.

Silence settle again before Wade took Peter's hand and moved toward the door.

"Come on Petey, let's go try to relax before we meet back up with Red."

Matt didn't argue as Wade led Peter out of this office. He gave Wade a concerned look, sensing the man glance over his shoulder. The lawyer stood, a defeated stance was all he could managed. Wade tried give off an encouraging aura, but both knew they were about to face a devastating experience.

~~~~~

Peter stood on Matt's roof, waiting for the man to join him and Wade. He shift, slightly annoyed and embarrassingly aroused at the fact he was about to go meet with Tony while wearing a butt plug that was keeping Wade's release inside him. He can't say he hadn't been surprised when Wade pulled out and something else was immediately inserted. While Wade had acted teasingly about, Peter had the suspicion it made Wade feel smug to know Peter would be sitting in front of the billionaire with a flaming ass filled with him.

"Really?" Matt grumbled. "You two couldn't have waited?"

"We're right here, Red. I know you're blind but your other senses are better than that." Wade said, raising an eyebrow.

Peter's face glowed under his mask.

"That's not what he's talking about. Shut up."

Wade looked between Peter and Matt, noticing Matt's slightly scrunched nose.

"No way." Wade snickered, finally realizing what was going on. 'Did you think I'd let my Petey go into the jaws of death without a last taste of satisfaction?"

"I'd have preferred it if you didn't leave the *satisfaction* with him."

"Oh my God." Peter moaned, putting his face in his hands. "Can we please just go now."

"Is May with Jess?"

"Yeah." Peter sighed.

"I take it that didn't go well."

"It was strange. She was upset but heard me out completely. She understands my fears, but she's itching for a chance at Tony. We're going to, 'have a long talk' once I get back." Peter shuffled again, anxious about May and the impending Avengers meeting. It also didn't help that the plug had a tendency to brush his prostate.

~~~~~

Tony tapped his foot against the floor and looked out the large window. Peter hadn't shown up last night and it wasn't looking promising for tonight either. He had really hated to hold the Osborn kid over Peter's head, but desperate times and all that.

"Something wrong Tony?" Steve asked, drawing the attention of the other Avengers spread around the common room.

"I was just-"

"Boss." FRIDAY's voice filled the room. "Spider-Man has just entered the briefing room."

"Perfect." Tony grinned, standing up.

The other Avengers looked at him in surprise. Spider-Man had *willingly* come to the tower?

"I made an offer." Tony said simply. "I guess he accepted it. You all coming? You might want to be here for this."

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Peter shifted in his chair, hoping to find a position that didn't remind him of what had happened before heading to the tower. A position that didn't make him think of Wade bending him over the back of the couch and landing smacks to his ass while his quickly hardening dick made him beg for Wade to fuck him. He had nearly come when Wade roughly pushed him down on all fours and plowed in to him, all the while telling him that despite what Tony might say, he wasn't going to just let Peter go. Peter couldn't believe himself when he started screaming about how he belonged to the merc and no one would change it. What was it about Wade that made turned him into a wanton mess?

He was startled as a large hand squeezed his upper thigh, a little higher than anyone would consider appropriate. He stiffed as the hand started to creep up higher. Peter waited, curious to see just how far Wade would go when the door suddenly opened.

"Ah, Spider-Man-" Tony froze as he noticed Deadpool and Daredevil looking back at him.

"I hope you don't mind, Mr. Stark. I just thought it might be best if your team got to meet some of mine." Peter smiled, lifting his mask up to his nose.

"Thank for the heads up FRI." Tony grumbled.

"I was only told to inform you of *Spider-Man's* arrival, Sir." The A.I. sassed.

"While you're welcome here," Steve started. "I have to ask *why* you're here."

"You didn't tell them?" Spider-Man asked, turning to look at Tony.

"A surprise can't be a surprise if everyone knows." Tony grinned, motioning for everyone to sit.

Peter wanted to roll his eyes. Tony's overly confident attitude grated on his nerves. It wasn't like Peter was about to turn himself over because he genuinely wanted to.

The Avengers filed the rest of the way into the room and filled up the empty seats, all curious as to what was going on.

"So, Spider-Man," Tony grinned. "Anything you want to say?"

Harley studied Spider-Man and his two....teammates? They had certainly been quick to come to his aid the night Harley had chased him down. As mad as he wanted to be, he had promised Tony to give the vigilante a second chance.

"I've come," Spider-Man paused, taking a breath. "I've come to accept your offer to join the Avengers."

The room erupted into loud voices, all wondering what was going on and when Tony had made contact to ask the man to join them.

Harley sat in silence, watching the reactions of the people before him. It was clear the two flanking Spider-Man weren't happy at all with this development, while Spider-Man's tense shoulder suggested he had his own doubts as well. Curiosity filled him. Why accept the offer if you didn't want to? What was Spider-Man going to get out of joining a group he had seemed to fight so hard to stay away from?

"I just have one request." Spider-Man spoke up, the room falling silent.

'*Here it comes.*' Harley thought.

"What's that P-Spider-Man?" Toy asked, a slight hesitance in his voice.

"I have people that need protecting. Norman Osborn is after me as both Spider-Man and my civilian identity-

"*What?!*" Tony yelled, clearly unprepared to find out Norman knew who Spider-Man was under the mask.

"All that's important is that he knows who I am and that puts people I know in danger."

"What are we supposed to do about that?" Natasha asked, eyes narrowed.

"I'm requesting they be watched. I need to know they're safe." he answered.

"Who are these people?" Steve asked.

"Harry Osborn, his fiancé Mary Jane Watson and May Parker."

Harley perked up at the last name.

"May Parker?" he asked. "Would she be related to a Peter Parker?"

"She's his aunt." Spider-Man responded.

"Well, what about Peter then? Doesn't he need protection? Also, how do *you* know him?"

Deadpool tensed, agitation evident.

"Mr. Parker used to take pictures of me for The Daily Bugle. Kid needed money so I helped him out."

"You let that kid take pictures of you for *that* rag?" Clint grimaced. "They talk shit about you all the time!"

Spider-Man shrugged, not concerned about the paper's stories.

"So, can we assume Mr. Parker knows who you are under the mask?" Natasha asked with veiled curiosity.

"He does. It's through him I was able to talk with Harry Osborn. Point is, Norman knows who these

people are and how important they are. I need them covered for Peter's sake and they're own. I'll handle Parker's safety." Spider-Man replied.

"How? How will *you* keep him safe?" Harley glared. "If this Norman guy is after you, seems like you're the last person that should be watching out for him!"

"Look, Peter is *my* responsibility." Spider-Man stated firmly. "He's got a lower profile and can get me around Oscorp easily. I can't ask Harry to do that."

Harley glared, clearly not liking his answer.

"So basically, you're willing to risk his safety to make things easier for you."

"I told you once before, if you try to fight me, you'll lose." Peter glared through the mask.

The air was charged with tension, and Wanda found herself developing a headache. She made a conscious effort to avoid delving into the minds of anyone in the room, but the fluctuating emotions were pushing her limits.

"What happens to this Peter Parker, after his work hours?" she asked, trying to diffuse things. "Will you be watching him?"

"Depending on the protection that can be provided for May, Peter will be staying with a known acquaintance in Hell's Kitchen in the evening. During the day, Spider-Man and Deadpool will be watching him." Daredevil answered, his voice calm and assuring.

"Oh, and I suppose you can't tell us who the Hell's Kitchen acquaintance is? Also, how is *that* lunatic safe for Peter?" Harley scoffed, pointing at Deadpool.

"Look brat," Wade sneered. "I happen to know that our Hell's kitchen contact is trusted by most of the vigilante community and the three of us. Also, and most importantly, Peter Parker sees this man as a father and the guy sees him as a son. As for me, I'll make damn sure Baby Boy is well protected. So why don't you butt out of things you don't understand before Bea and Arthur have to made an appearance."

Peter pushed Wade's hand down as it reached for the katana hilt strapped to his back. The tension that had started to fade, spiked once again.

Tony's face was strained from Wade's father/son comment. It was obvious now that the merc knew what Spider-Man and Daredevil looked like behind their masks. Noticing Harley made to respond, Tony cut him off.

"I have to disagree with your choice here Spidey. I'm covering everyone else, so I'm going to cover Parker as well. I can understand if you want Osborn and his fiancé to be at thier home to keep up appearances, but the Parker's don't have the security benefits to do that. I think it would be best if they both moved into the tower until this was all over. In fact," Tony looked straight at Peter. "I insist. You have your demands Spidey, I have mine."

"Tony, man-" Rhodey started.

"Peter's not up for discussion." Spider-Man glared. "May Parker will be left alone in their home and Peter will-"

"Not happening." Tony shot. "I can't secure an entire block with normal civilians, not without drawing attention. You're asking me to have people monitor all the residents as well as people they

let in to their homes. You're focused on Norman himself but we already know there's lackies out there doing work for him as well. You want May Parker protected, you're gonna have to give me more. Also, I highly doubt she's going to want her nephew to be left to fend for himself. I know you said he'll be with some *friend*, but I doubt it's really the safest option."

"I respect your opinion Spider-Man," Steve smiled, his expression genuine. "But I feel like Tony's right. Protecting someone from afar is tricky on the best days, you can talk to Natasha if you want a more qualified opinion, but to do it with the situation we're in might be to hard to manage. We're dealing with more than one person and no way of knowing who else to look for. Think about your friend who was attacked. They managed to take out a S.H.I.E.L.D team and go after her. Fury still hasn't been unable to get a lead on anyone involved. Even the person who infiltrated his organization has completely vanished. We have a lot of variables we can't possibly account for here. Tony can arrange for protection for her, but you either have the risk of making her a bigger target with open protection or the risk of not being able to get to her fast enough. As for Peter, splitting up isn't always bad as it lessens the chance of both people getting kidnapped, but it also thins out the protection force."

"Ok Stars and-"

Peter covered Wade's still masked mouth.

"I want her opinion." Spider-Man said, looking Natasha in the face.

Natasha raised an eyebrow as everyone in the room turned to look at her. With a smirk, she met Peter's eyes through the mask.

"I think my opinion doesn't matter. Nice deflection while you try to think of something though."

"You know, we're spending an awful lot on time on some random kid and his aunt." Clint said, crossing his arms and looking between Spider-Man and Deadpool. "You guys in a threesome or something?"

"No they're no-" Harley shouted.

"Oh I do love me some Petey-Pie-" Deadpool interrupted.

"There is no threesome-" Spider-Man once again covered Deadpool's masked mouth.

"So there *is* something going on-" Sam joined in.

"Either you're going to protect May Parker, *in her home*, or you're not. It's a very simple answer. Spider-Man has agreed to join and that's all he's asking for. I find it hard to believe you can't accommodate his *one* request. The Osbornes are easy to monitor since they live alone and have way more privacy in their high-rise. May is the only one you'll have to put out any real effort on." Daredevil said, cutting through the chatter.

"Where do the Parkers live?" Natasha asked.

"Forrest Hills, Queens." Spider-Man replied.

"I could make it work. Any houses for sale on the block?"

"No." Tony grumbled, slamming his hand down on the table. "We'll have the Osborns *and* the Parkers stay here in the tower. I know I just mentioned appearance for the Osborns, but I'm sure we can come up with some excuse if it *actually* becomes an issue."

Peter was one wrong word away from a legitimate panic attack. This meeting was going all kinds of wrong. This was supposed to be easy. He gave himself over as Spider-Man, why did Tony have to push for more? He knew Matt was going to be right when he mentioned it in his office, he had just stupidly held out hope he wouldn't.

"You're assuming these individuals will be comfortable staying here." Daredevil frowned.

"Who wouldn't be?" Harley replied. "The tower has *everything*! If I was hiding from someone, I'd love to do it here."

"Comfort and comfortable are two different things, son." Steve smiled softly at him.

"You gotta admit Nat," Clint grinned. "Having them all here would certainly make it easier than getting Tony to buy you a house. Plus," he looked at Spider-Man. "Wouldn't it be easier on you too? I mean, you're worried enough about these people to come to us, even though it's obvious how uncomfortable you are."

"If Norman finds out Petey is coming here, it could make things worse." Deadpool pointed out. "I think he should stay with his...dad."

Tony glared at the obvious jab.

"Let the kid and his aunt stay together in their home. Don't send him somewhere else." Bucky spoke up, causing everyone to look at him. "I'll look after them."

"I already offered to do that." Natasha said, raising an eyebrow.

"Deal." Spider-Man said, looking at him. "You watch out for them. May during the day, both at night. Deadpool and I will have Peter and Harry during the day. I'm pretty sure I can convince him to bring MJ to the office. She can help him work on all the paperwork the break-in caused. Peter can take me around during that time."

Spider-Man stood, holding his hand out to the man. Bucky smirked, standing and taking the masked vigilante's hand in his.

Everyone watched the exchange with mixed reactions. Surprise, confusion, intrigue, suspicion and anger.

"I know the Parkers have an extra room, maybe I can have Peter talk to May about you renting it, instead of trying to buy one of the houses on the block." Spider-Man offered.

"I-"

"I'm sure we can get it covered if you can't, Spider-Man." Steve cut Tony's agitated response off. "I know this is a stressful time for you, but I want you to know that you're apart of our team now, and we take care of our own." He stood up and made his way over to a small cabinet in the corner. Rummaging around a bit, he pulled out a small box and walked back to the table. He slid the box towards the vigilante.

"That's an Avengers comm." he nodded. "It's directly connected to ours and FRIDAY. Wear it whenever you suit up. If you get into any trouble, you can let us know and we can come help."

"Or," Tony started, reigning in his anger at Barnes and quickly jumping in with a hopeful expression. "You could take the new suit I made for you."

No one said anything, surprised by Tony's offer. While word had slowly been circulating about Tony's Spider-Man suit designs, no one knew he had already completed a suit.

"The comm is already built into the mask. KAREN is already installed.."

Harley stared at Tony with wide eyes. When had he worked on a Spider-Man suit, and why hadn't he said anything? To have finished it and no one know, Tony must have been spending hours in the lab that no one, not even Steve, knew about. Even more so, the suit had and A.I. apart from FRIDAY? Even *his* own suit operated off of FRIDAY. Why was *Spider-Man* given something like that? Why did *he* get a personal A.I.?

Harley felt a dark feeling weigh down on him. Tony hadn't said anything about creating a separate A.I. for the Iron Lad suit. Nothing for him, but one for *Spider-Man*? The most ungrateful person ever! Tony was more than capable to creating A.I.s in his sleep, but it took time to program one to be personal, which is exactly what it seemed like Spider-Man's was. An A.I. *just* for him. Even more upsetting was based on the way Tony said it, the A.I. had been existence since Tony took Spider-Man in.

Harley glared at the vigilante across the table. He wanted nothing more than to punch him in the face. He wasn't special. He was just a dirty vigilante playing hero. The papers hated him, and most of New York was undecided.

*Harley* though, Harley was an official Avenger. He was Iron Lad! He was going to be fighting alongside Earth's mightiest and *everyone* would know him. Being an Avenger would only make him a positive symbol. A sign of new blood and a symbol of hope that the Avengers would continue on.

Spider-Man, well, he would only bring them down. He would be a black spot on thier image. A member the public would never get behind. He had agreed to give Spider-Man a chance, but that was out of the question now. He would never accept the man after finding out *just* how much of Tony's generosity Spider-Man had threw back in his face. Spider-Man had no business being a part of the future of the Avengers. Harley could handle it just fine.

*Spider-Man* didn't deserve anything. He didn't deserve a suit, and he sure didn't deserve his own A.I.!

"As nice an offer as that is Mr. Stark," Spider-Man said stiffly. "I-

"No strings kid." Tony said, sending a clear message to Peter he wouldn't be taking it back. "You're on the team now, so your equipment is on me. I'll be making sure your stuff is on par with ours. You can take the comm, but come with me down to the lab and take the suit. I won't push you to wear it, but at least you'll have it if you need it."

And there it was. The moment had come that would solidify Spider-Man's stance on involvement with Tony Stark and the team. If he turned down Tony's suit, it would make the statement that, while he was technically a team member, he had no desire to assimilate himself into every aspect of it. That, of course, would cause a major problem as that mentality of not accepting help or guidance could eventually spread to the other members of the team. The point of a team was to have trust in each other and the Avengers had already been through a devastating issue of trust and loyalty already.

If he *did* accept Tony's suit, then it would send the message he was willing to put their past behind him and give, at least some, control back to Tony. Tony made the team tech, they all had to trust he had thier best interest in mind. For Peter though, the real fear was that unlike the rest of the team,

Tony had used the tech to limit his capabilities and then held it over him. Peter had already proved Tony didn't control Spider-Man once, would he be able to do it again if Tony slid things in under the radar?

"Come on kid." Tony said, standing from the table. "Let's go to the lab. We can talk more there. Personally, I think it's a little crowded in here. Your....*friends* can wait here though."

Tony walked to the door and stood there, waiting to see if Peter would follow.

Peter looked at Matt. The man gave the smallest shrug, just a tiny flicker of shoulder movement but Peter got the message. Matt wasn't going anywhere. If Peter wanted to go at with Stark again, the man would be waiting there when he was done. Regardless what Peter decided on following Tony, he had already given Spider-Man over in exchange for the security of the safety of his loved ones. Matt would stand with Peter on anything and Peter loved him for it.

Next to him, Wade's rigid posture radiated suspicion and anger. He knew what Tony was doing. Get Peter alone and manipulate him into giving away more than Peter planned or wanted to. He was about to tell Tony just what he thought of the man's offer when Peter's soft touch landed on his shoulder. In one, small exchange, Wade knew Peter's decision and hated it. He didn't want Peter alone with the man who held so many of the cards, cards Peter may not be able to out play. He felt the touch leave his shoulder and let his shoulders slump. He hadn't missed Matt's subtle response to agreeing to let Peter do what he thought he needed to.

Agreeing to trust in both Peter and Matt, Wade gave the nod.

He could sense the small smile Peter gave him before following Tony out the door.

## Chapter End Notes

After this little announcement, please continue for the cliff notes of the marked scene.

I'm posting the link to my Tumblr as I want to do a Q&A for the story. Maybe it's not necessary because I don't know if anyone has any question they WANT to ask, but I'm doing it anyway. I'll take asks from now on but will answer them here so that they're all in one place if anyone wants to read them. I'll have a chapter labeled Q&A's and place a date every time I update. I will update that after every posted chapter if anyone has anything they want to ask.

<https://ampmiscofiles.tumblr.com>

Cliff notes: Norman catches Peter alone in his old lab. He faked a note to catch Peter's attention to begin his reveal of the reason behind his creation of the serum that made him Green Goblin. The formula was to recreate the health benefits of the Super Soldier Serum. During their encounter, Norman tells him Adrian was who told him Spider-Man's identity. Norman tells Peter that he was the only person to survive the spider bite and meld with the spider DNA. He tells Peter that even when he didn't know who Spider-man was, he wanted to bring him in as he thought Spider-Man was a

perfect creation. Upon finding out it was Peter under the mask, his interest grew and altered a bit. The two have a short scuffle in Norman's favor, and he subtly/not so subtly reveals his now physical attraction to Peter. Peter escapes but so does Norman.

## Chapter 21

### Chapter Summary

Peter and Tony talk.

Harley.

Bucky. Just, Bucky.

Wade is jealously possessive.

Matt is Matt.

### Chapter Notes

As always, I'm sure there's grammar and spelling mistakes. If anyone is interested in being a beta for me, I'd gladly take the help!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter followed Tony out the briefing room and into the elevator. As the doors closed he shuffled to the side and the, once forgotten, plug in his ass shifted. Dear God why had Wade chosen tonight of all nights to go all possessive boyfriend?

'For the love of all that's holy don't let this thing start slipping.'

Beside him, Tony cleared his throat, pulling Peter out of his internal crisis.

"I'm sorry about Harley. He's.....he's"

"Following us." Peter cut him off. "We left him but I'm sure he'll be joining us down at the lab directly."

Tony sighed and ran his hand down his face.

"He's a good kid," Tony smiled. "You'll work good together."

"I don't think he wants to work with Spider-Man." Peter replied.

"He does. He's just getting used to the idea of you being on the team. You didn't exactly leave him on a good note your last visit."

"His opinions aren't my concern or problem. All I care about is the fact that Norman knows it's me and that puts May, Harry and MJ in trouble."

"What about all your other....friends?"

"They're enhanced. They can handle themselves fine." Peter stated firmly.

"Then why not ask them for help? Why come to me?" Tony asked, turning to look at Peter straight on.

"Because Jessica and Cat are following a lead, Danny has a company to run, and Luke has his bar. Just because Norman is out there, it doesn't just mean they can throw all their responsibilities aside. I can depend on them if I need them though. That's what matters."

"Well, you can depend on us now. We'll take care of you, May, Harry and MJ now. No need to have those others involved anymore. You're an Avenger now!" Tony beamed.

Peter narrowed his eyes.

"I'm not leaving them Tony. They're my friends and, for all tense and purposes, family."

Tony's smile faltered a bit before he brushed off Peter's comment.

"Of course!" He said, stepping out the now stopped elevator. "It's just that you'll be a lot busier now. You'll be joining us on out of town missions and all."

"I have a job. Spider-Man isn't leaving New York."

Tony sighed and rolled his eyes.

"Please. I'm sure Oscorp could manage without you every now and then."

"I have a team."

Tony stopped and groaned.

"Look Underoos. You agree to the deal. I'm saving Oscorp as well as helping you out with May and your two friends. You're gonna have to hold up your end and that's that the Avengers get Spider-Man!"

Peter glared and took a deep breath.

"I agreed to this because you backed me in to a corner!"

"I'm doing you a favor!" Tony snapped. "Are you forgetting the fact that the general public doesn't know it was Norman behind the mask? Did you forget that as far as they know, Norman is hiding in retirement? If it comes out that he's the Green Goblin and on the loose, how do you think that's going to go? You think the break-in hurt Oscorp, just think about what that would do?!"

Peter glared. He felt like he was always one step behind when it came to Tony. He hadn't thought about Oscorp. His concern had been what Norman could do to Harry. As far as Oscorp went, he hadn't went past the break-in.

"I helped keep Oscorp in good with partners, but I can't compete with the Green Goblin being Oscorp's creation."

Peter turned away from Tony, choosing not to respond. What was there to say really? He knew Tony was right, whether he wanted to admit it or not. He wanted to pull his hair and scream in frustration. Why? Why was this happening? He was finally getting things together! He finally had a really good job! Aunt May would be taken care of (without anything from Tony, as Peter would make sure that never happened again). He no longer had to worry about his secret identity since all the important people in his life knew he was Spider-Man. How did things get the way?

"Come on Pete."

There was that name again. Peter took a deep breath, there really was no use telling Tony not to use it. The man was going to do it anyway.

"Let's get to the lab."

The two entered with a whoosh of the doors. The closed behind them as the two walked further in. Peter looked around. Nothing seemed to have changed from the times he had visited, until he saw his old work station. It was clear Harley had taken over the spot since nothing was as Peter had left it. Tony seemed to follow his eyeline and gave a nervous chuckle.

"I didn't have any place cleared for Harley to work. I'll be getting him a new spot shortly though. You can work on your web shooters and formula there again." Tony said quickly.

Peter didn't respond, his eyes moving from the work area. His features softened as he caught sight of Dum-E.

"Yeah, he's still hanging around." Tony grinned, eager to find any positive conversation with Peter.

"I always liked him." Peter smiled, not looking at Tony.

Whether it was or not, Tony took the smile as a good sign.

"Come over here Pete." Tony said, directing Peter over to his desk.

On top of the desk was a glass container. Peter watched as the contents inside swirled around a spider symbol, blue and red and gold colors catching in the light.

"Nanites." Tony supplied.

Peter looked from the container at Tony.

"What?"

"The suit. I made it out of nanites. No more suits under clothes. Just tap the spider and the nanites will form the suit around you. I modeled it after my newest suit." Tony pointed at the reactor on his chest. "Just a tap and I'm in the suit."

Peter blinked in surprise and turned back to nanite spider suit. Tony had definitely put in some thought and work into this new suit. Peter, as much as he wanted to, couldn't deny the feelings bubbling up in him. Tony had made a suit, specifically with him in mind. There was no telling how long he had worked on it. The familiar sense of awe at Tony's genius reared its head.

"I told you in the briefing room kid, but I'm not gonna force you to wear the suit."

Peter looked at him blankly, not wanting to give anything away.

"You're not gonna make a safer suit though. This suit is my ultimate creation so far. I call it the Iron Spider. It's specifically tailored to operate for you only. No one else could get the spider and activate the suit. It's also made to adapt to any new web shooters you want to add. Karen is apart of the suit as well. There's also a....um....instant kill feature."

Peter eyes widened and his jaw dropped, ignoring the name of the suit in turn for the new feature.

"Instant kill?! Tony, Spider-Man doesn't kill anyone." Peter snapped, pushing back the memory of

Norman praising him for not killing Toomes.

"And I hope you never have to. It's just a precaution Peter. I've seen a lot of alien attacks and it's a safety net against them. It's not automatic and it won't just activate on its own. You will have to physically tell Karen to activate it."

Peter frowned, not comfortable with the new addition Tony had added.

"Tony I-"

"Just take it. Take the suit. Think on it. Regardless of what's between you and me, you can't deny the benefits this suit could offer you. It can offer you way more protection than what you have now."

Peter hesitated long enough for Tony to scoop up the container and hold it out to him.

"Just take the suit."

Peter looked from Tony's hopeful face to the suit. The tech junkie side of him screeched that he should take the suit while the other side of him didn't trust it. Peter fought with himself before finally sighing and taking the container from Tony. Tony beamed as he ran to the other side of the lab and came back with a black bookbag.

"Just in case you decided to take it. I wanted you to have a way to carry it back with you."

Peter nodded numbly and slid the glass case into the bag.

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Harley watched from his vantage point outside the lab. He was crouched down, peering between the equipment in front of the glass window. He could clearly see Tony and Spider-Man talking. For the first time, he cursed the sound proof glass Tony had installed. The two had their backs to him until Tony moved, and Spider-Man shifted. Between them, Tony held up a glass container, inside it was a spider symbol surrounded by a swirling mob of colors.

Harley glared. He had seen that very thing often enough when Tony worked on his new suit.

Nanites.

Surely Tony hadn't been working on a nanite suit for Spider-Man!

No one but Iron Man had any nanite technology incorporated into their suits or weapons, yet Spider-Man was being given a whole suit?!

His glare hardened on Spider-Man as he took the container out of Tony's hands and Tony ran off, coming back with a bookbag that Spider-Man put the suit in.

That ungrateful jerk just got handed one of the most advanced suits out there and he probably didn't even care!

Somewhere in the back of his mind, Harley knew he should have more anger directed at Tony than Spider-Man but he couldn't bring himself to acknowledge it. Tony had already done a lot for him, and even he could admit the suit Spider-Man was currently wearing was useless beyond covering his body. Maybe this was a test run for another suit? Spider-Man needed something better immediately, so Tony provided. The billionaire had created the spider suit without anyone

knowing, so maybe he had made more? Maybe he was working on one for Harley as well. Still, Harley wished he had gotten one before Spider-Man.

Harley watched as Tony smiled fondly at Spider-Man as he put the suit in the bag. Harley couldn't say offhand that he had seen Tony give anyone else that look. Sure, he had his look for Steve, he had his look for the other Avengers, he had a look for Pepper and he even had a look reserved only for Harley. This look however, this look he held for Spider-Man was different than the others. This look loomed in the area of a father's expression towards a son, and Harley hated it.

He knew Tony and Spider-Man had a history. He knew Spider-Man was relatively young, no one other than Tony, Pepper and maybe Rhodey knew just how young he had been when Tony recruited him. Still, he knew Spider-Man had been young, but what did Spider-Man do to deserve that look? The two hadn't even worked together long, whereas Harley had known Tony for years now.

Taking a breath, Harley turned his attention back to Tony and Spider-Man. Tony seemed happy and content while Spider-Man had a tenseness to his jaw and shoulders. The two talked a more, Tony patting Spider-Man on the shoulder. After a few more minutes, Spider-Man threw the backpack over his shoulder and he and Tony made their way towards the lab doors. Harley ducked around the corner, peering around enough to see the two exit.

"I'm glad to have you back." Tony smiled. "You're gonna love being on the team. We're a family here. Maybe a bit dysfunctional, but a family none the less."

"Perhaps you should explain to your 'dysfunctional family member protege' that spying only works if you're not caught." Spider-Man deadpanned.

Harley glared, stepping out into the hallway fully. Tony sighed, clearly wishing Harley hadn't followed them this far.

"Trust is something that's earned and I don't trust you, so naturally I followed you to watch out for Tony!"

"Kid," Tony smiled softly. "I appreciate the sentiment, but I wasn't in any danger with Spider-Man."

Harley wanted to argue. He wanted to yell that they should just kick Spider-Man to the curb and leave him for Norman to find. Let the amazing Spider-Man take of things on his own. However, he kept his mouth shut, glaring at the spider themed vigilante.

"It's fine Harles." Tony assured. "There's nothing to worry about here. Why don't you head on up to the common room while we finish up here."

Sending one last glare towards Spider-Man, Harley stomped over to the elevator and left.

"I'm not working with him Tony." Peter frowned. "He sets off my Spider Sense."

Tony looked at Peter, his eyebrows raised.

"Harley?" He asked incredulously. "Maybe you should get yourself checked out Pete. Harley's no threat."

"Maybe not to you, but he's one to me."

"It'll be fine once you tell him who you are." Tony shrugged.

"What?!" Peter yelled, his anger rising. "What do you mean, 'once I tell him who I am'?! I'm not telling any of the Avengers who I am!"

"Oh come on Pete." Tony rolled his eyes and crossed his arms. "Surely you don't think you'll be able to keep your identity secret forever. You're on the team now. They deserve to know who they're working with. I'm not saying you have to do it today or even tomorrow, but eventually you'll have to."

Peter couldn't even respond. Yes. Yes he had thought he could keep his identity secret because the Avengers were only getting Spider-Man! Peter Parker was to stay nothing more than a loyal friend and worker to Harry Osborn!

"That wasn't part of the deal." Peter seethed.

"Sure it was." Tony waved his hand. "You agreed to join as Spider-Man and Peter Parker stayed with Oscorp. Well, Peter Parker is staying with Oscorp regardless of telling them who you are under the mask."

Loopholes. Tony always found loopholes. Matt knew he would find loopholes.

"Besides," Tony fumed. "Seems like Barnes already knows your secret."

Peter pulled his mask completely off, staring Tony in the eyes.

"What's between me and Mr. Barnes is none of your business."

"Don't tell me you're sleeping with him too!" Tony yelled.

"Are you fucking serious?!" Peter yelled back.

"Well I don't know what to think since your sleeping with that lunatic in the briefing room!"

"You don't think anything!" Peter growled. "It's none of your business!"

"It is when he on SHIELD's watch list! For God's sake Peter, he was the original reason we were supposed to bring you in!"

"You don't like Wade, I get it. He hasn't had the.....best track record, but he's trying. He's put a lot of effort in to his change and you could at least acknowledge that."

"Ditch him." Tony huffed.

"I'm sorry, what?" Peter asked, positive he hadn't heard what he heard.

"I said," Tony stressed. "Ditch him."

"Have you lost your mind?!"

"No. If anything I'm saving yours! You're an Avenger now Spider-Man, it's time to start acting like one. You can't have someone like Deadpool hanging around you. As a major public figure now, you have an image to maintain. Deadpool is a blemish. Get rid of him."

Peter's mouth opened and closed, but no words emerged. Just how much was Tony expecting Peter to give up? He already gave up his freedom as Spider-Man, now Tony wanted his identity and his relationship?!

"No one else on the team seems to have a problem with him!"

"Because no one on the team is dating him! No one on the team has to be seen with him!"

Peter felt his chest tighten. What had he gotten himself in to? He should have just told Harry what was going on. Harry knew he was Spider-Man, what was one more big secret told between friends? Now he had given himself over to keep Harry and Oscorp safe. Harry would probably strangle him if he knew. Peter hadn't felt this scared since he was 15 and going to Germany with Tony to fight Captain America and the other rouges.

"This isn't fair, Tony." Peter whispered.

"Once you get settled with the team you'll see how right a choice it was. I promise you'll be amazed at how much better your life is about to get."

Peter didn't feel like his life was getting better at all.

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The team left Deadpool and Daredevil in the briefing room, confident in the fact that FRIDAY was watching them closely. As soon as they entered the common room, everyone erupted into shouts and questions and all were aimed at one James Buchanan Barnes.

"Just what the hell was that?" Sam rounded on Bucky.

"Yeah man," Clint joined. "What's your deal with the webbed wonder?"

"You seem kind of protective of him." Wanda said, tilting her head slightly.

"You might as well spill. Tony's gonna blow a gasket on you anyway once Team Red's gone." Rhodey sighed.

Bucky stood, listening to all the questions fly. There was no point in trying to explain anything until they stopped.

Steve stood further back, not participating in the interrogation. He stiffened a bit as Natasha slid up next to him.

"You've been with him to meet Spider-Man, haven't you." she said as a fact and not a question.

"Yeah. I followed him out of curiosity. Found him and Spider-Man already talking on a rooftop. I don't know what's going on between them, but Bucky's gonna side with him on anything at this point."

Natasha nodded.

"Think he's knows anything?"

"No. At least, that's what he told me. Honestly though, I believe him and not just because he's my best friend."

"I agree. Besides, this isn't just one sided. Spider-Man clearly has a shared trust for Barnes." Natasha said, watching Bucky closely.

"Rhodey's right though." Steve groaned, pinching the bridge of his nose. "Tony's all fine right now, but as soon as Spider-Man leaves he's going to be all over Buck."

"Perhaps his loving boyfriend should step in on behalf of his best friend." Natasha smirked.

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"Can you believe that little snot nosed brat!?" Wade fumed, stomping around the room. "How dare he imply anything about my Baby Boy! Who does he think he is? Ok, he lives up here in fancy pants town, but he can't satisfy Petey-Pie like I can!"

"This would be a good time for you to shut up." Matt growled. "I have no interest in what you're doing with my son behind closed doors."

Wade froze mid step.

"Did you just admit to me that Petey's your son?"

Matt let out a deep breath.

"Peter, whether I realized it or not, became my son the day I met him."

Wade grinned, slapping Matt on the back.

"Devil Dad indeed! So does that mean your'e gonna help me keep Iron Dick Jr. away from Petey?"

Matt raised an eyebrow up at the mercenary.

"I think Peter is more than capable of keeping that kid in line."

"No he's not! He's to sweet to be mean to him!"

Matt sighed, trying to tune out Wade's rant about Harley trying to steal Peter from him and how it wasn't Harley's cum currently plugged up in Peter's ass.

Matt wanted to die.

He was released from his suffering when the door opened, and Bucky Barnes reentered the room. Wade's rant quickly ended and he and Matt stared at the man.

"I'm assuming you realize I know who Spider-Man is under the mask now." Bucky said, sitting down across from Matt.

"If I'm being honest." Matt sighed. "He wasn't doing a good job of keeping it a secret just now."

"Oh, don't worry about it. I was just interrogated up until the point it dissolved into a full blown conspiracy that Spider-Man and Peter Parker are banging."

Wade burst into laughter, folding over and holding his stomach.

Matt dropped his face into his hand.

"Well," the vigilante started. "At least his identity is safe."

"Oh it's safe alright!" Wade continued laughing.

Choosing to ignore Deadpool, Bucky turned his attention fully to Matt.

"So, is there a reason Peter turned himself in? Kid seemed pretty adamant about avoiding Tony."

Matt studied the man before him. He had never explicitly talked with Peter about being able to tell his story. He had always felt like it was Peter's story to tell. Still, Bucky knew he was Spider-Man and perhaps it would work in Peter's favor to have someone on the team know his story. It didn't hurt that Peter seemed to trust him, given his reaction to the man watching over him and May.

"The story is really Peter's to tell, but I'll make an exception this time. The sooner Peter has someone here who understands him the better."

Wade, finally quelling his laughter, joined the two men back at the table. He waited patiently as Matt began the story of how Peter eventually became his son.

Harley was furious as he rode the elevator up to the penthouse. FRIDAY had alerted him to the others being in the common room, but he had no desire to join them.

Spider-Man.

He had never wished for someone to disappear before, but he wished the webbed vigilante would just disappear from New York. He knew when he had come here that Tony and the Avengers were looking to bring Spider-Man in for questioning and he knew Tony had history with him. He knew this, but really didn't think anything about it. He had been content in the thought it was just Tony doing his job and that would be as far as it went.

Spider-Man was ruining everything.

He had told him to stay away from Tony and here he was joining the Avengers!

Harley leaned against the back wall of the elevator and took a deep breath. He needed to take him mind off of Spider-Man. His mind drifted to Peter. Pretty Peter Parker. God, Harley barely knew the guy and how he was acting was embarrassing! Harley pictured Peter's face while they had had lunch and wished for that simple time back. Unfortunately, now Peter was in danger and it was Spider-Man's fault!

Harley growled at the implications that had been made that Peter was romantically or, at least, sexually involved with both Deadpool and Spider-Man. No way would Peter have anything to do with Deadpool. Harley had heard enough about the mercenary to know he wasn't someone to get involved with on any level. No, despite the jokes, Harley didn't even believe the web head himself wanted anything to do with the insane mercenary.

But Spider-Man a different story.

If Peter had taken pictures of Spider-Man, then the two of them had definitely hung around together in and out of the suit. At least it sounded that way when Spider-Man admitted Peter knew him outside the mask. Of course Peter knew who Spider-Man was. The stupid vigilante seemed to be wrapped up in everything Harley cared about. Sure, Spider-Man had denied any sort of physical involvement with Peter when Deadpool had jokingly (he better had been joking) implied having a relationship, but that didn't mean anything really.

No matter, Harley decided. Peter was in danger due to his association with Spider-Man and Harley didn't trust the vigilante to properly protect him. He would personally make sure Peter stayed safe while he was at Oscorp and stay with him till he got home to his aunt. He wasn't exactly close with Barnes, but he did trust the man to watch over the Parkers.

He would show Peter what a hero really is.

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Bucky wasn't one to lose his cool easily. He was observant and calculating of situations, always remaining calm before acting.

He threw a chair across the room.

"Are you kidding me?!" Bucky seethed. "Stark brought a 15 year old kid to Germany to fight us? What was he thinking?! You said the kid had only had his powers six months right? He had no business there! It wasn't even his fight!"

Bucky took deep breaths to steady himself as Matt waited patiently and Wade spun in his chair.

"Ok. Ok." Bucky breathed, pinching the bridge of his nose and sitting back down. "So Stark pretty much kidnaps this kid then what, leaves him to fend for himself? You can't do that. You can't take a kid, or anyone, into a situation like that and expect them to just go back to things like normal. For the record, I am blatantly choosing to ignore the abuse of power there."

"Don't dwell on Germany." Matt said, setting his elbows on the table. "Peter's not mad about Germany, he's mad about everything that came after."

"As he should be!" Wade piped up, stopping his spin. "My Baby Boy could have died under that building!"

Bucky groaned and placed his face in his hands.

"The kid never should have gotten involved with us."

Matt didn't argue. It wasn't the first time he wished he had approached Peter when he first heard about him instead of letting Tony Stark get to him first.

"Look, what's done is done. Peter is here and he's ok. I only told you this so you'll understand why he feels the way he does about Stark and joining the Avengers."

"Then why is he?" Bucky asked, looking up. "You've told me his history with Stark, but not why he's here now."

"Because Iron Dick didn't give him a choice!" Wade shouted.

Bucky raised an eyebrow, looking to Matt to explain.

"Oscorp. It's in trouble due to Norman's escape and break-in to steal equipment. Right now it's only known that the security was breeched and things stolen and it's caused some strain. Nothing about Norman's escape has leaked yet. Still, even with just the break-in, partners in the company worried about their own investments and their own privacy and protection. Stark agreed not to pull out, which would settle worry amongst the other companies, in exchange for Peter to join the Avengers."

Another chair flew across the room.

"I can't believe this! How can you sit there so calm?" Bucky said, giving Matt a look.

"Because I trust Peter. Nothing that happened before Peter came to me can be changed. It's a part of who he is today and I accept it because he does. As for this now, it's his battle. This isn't something

I can help him with. All I can do is be here for him, but he has to make the calls."

Bucky started at the devil themed vigilante. Despite not being able to see his whole face, the blatant love for Peter was there.

The three men looked up when the briefing room door opened and Spider-Man, a new bookbag slung over his shoulder, and Tony entered the room. The billionaire eyed Barnes before turning fully to Peter.

"I'll get Barnes a place set up. You can tell Peter to meet—"

"I know Stark." Bucky said flatly. "I know who's under his mask."

Tony glared as he looked over at the former assassin.

"Of course you do."

"Well, it's been a blast spending time here, but I've got a nice big bed that's really lonely right now. I think it's gonna require two bodies to comfort it." Wade wiggled his eyebrows and winked at Peter.

Peter's blush traveled down below the folded up part of his mask.

Tony's glare turned toward the merc.

"Take a good look around, cause you'll never see the inside of this tower again. You come back here and you'll find yourself sitting in a night cell back at SHIELD."

"Now, now, you know that never works on me!" Wade grinned, antagonizing the man. "But it's all good. I mean, Spidey would be the only reason I'd come here but I don't have to look past my other pillow to find him."

Tony's fists clenched and his jaw set. His posture radiated fury and urge to attack.

"I think we should go." Matt said, standing from his seat. "You have work in the morning, Pete. Barnes, Peter will let me know if or when you can move in and I'll help with the introductions with May."

Bucky blinked in surprise, not expecting Daredevil to offer his service at the risk of his identity getting out further.

"You heard Devil Dad, let's get outta here Baby Boy!" Wade cheered happily as he moved to the reopened window.

Peter nodded, turning to Bucky with an outstretched hand.

"Thanks again." he said with a genuine smile. "I'd much rather have you watching over May."

"No problem kid." Bucky grinned, taking Peter's hand.

"Welcome to the Spidey Squad!"

Bucky just watched, amused as Peter joined Deadpool by the window.

"Shoot me a line back, Pete." Matt said, looking over at him.

Peter stared at him, confused for a moment before shrugging his shoulders as Wade attached himself to Peter's back.

"As cute as this little backpack makes you look, it's really in my way Webs." Wade pouted.

"You'll be fine. Hang on tight." Peter chuckled before falling out the window, Wade's screams the only sound.

A few moments later, the smack of a web line hitting above the window sounded. Matt turned to where Tony was staring him down. The two eyed each other before Matt stepped up to Tony.

"I don't like you." Matt opened with. "I don't like you and you obviously don't like me. So here it is. That kid. That's my kid. Outside of May Parker he's my responsibility. You'll have to pull one hell of a trick out of your ass to win him over, and it's obvious you don't have one. I don't know what you think is going to happen now, or even after Norman is locked away, but Peter's personal life will never be on the table for you. You got Spider-Man. Leave Peter alone." Matt turned and walked confidently to the window, pulling out his baton and holding it over the web line. He paused in his move to jump and looked back at Tony's angry red face. "That's my son Stark, and I'll protect him violently if I need to, even if it's protecting him from you."

With that, Daredevil leapt out the window, sliding down the web line to the roof top over and disappearing into the dark.

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Peter followed Wade into the apartment with a solemn expression. Tony's words ran through his head over and over. He didn't want to leave Wade. They had only just started exploring their relationship and now it was being threatened!

"Everything ok Baby Boy?" Wade asked, pulling Peter close to him.

Peter pulled off his mask then Wade's. Honey brown eyes met piercing blue. God Wade was handsome, and Peter wanted him. Lifting up slightly on his toes, Peter pressed his lips to Wade's in desperation. He threw his arms around the man and held tight.

Pulling away for air, Wade frowned.

"What happened Petey?"

Peter stared, not wanting to ruin things by talking about Tony.

"Can we talk about it later? I kind of just want you to take me to bed."

"I think I can handle that." Wade said with a soft smile, scooping Peter up bridal style and carrying him to the bedroom.

Wade gently put Peter back on his feet and worked on removing his suit until Peter stood completely bare before him. Wade's eyes traced every inch of Peter's body, intent on memorizing it. Not wanting to be alone, Peter moved to help Wade remove his own suit. Once they were both naked, Peter slid into bed, Wade following.

"Let's take this slow, what do you say baby?" Wade asked softly, running his lips up and down Peter's bared neck.

"Please." Peter replied with hitching breath.

Wade moved slowly down Peter's chest, placing loving kisses along the way. Kissing along Peter's flat and hard stomach, Wade reached down and pulled out the plug he had stuck in him earlier. He sat up, his cock twitching as cum slowly leaked out of Peter's tight hole.

"You're so perfect Petey-Pie." Wade groaned.

"Prove it. Tell me why." Peter moaned as Wade swirled his finger along his rim.

"You're perfect for me. You gave me a chance. Believed I could do better. You make changing worth it." Wade paused, then slipped his cum coated finger inside Peter's hole. "And you take what I give you so well."

Peter moaned, loving the way it felt to have Wade prepping him. Slowly, another finger slipped in, the two making scissoring motions to stretch him more.

As he moved his fingers in and out, Wade bent forward and took one of Peter's now pert nipples into his mouth. Peter arched his back, encouraging Wade's actions. Leaving Peter's nipple finally, Wade leaned up and pulled the lube out of his night stand. He added a third finger and pushed them further inside, nailing Peter's prostate a few times before pulled them out.

Peter's breath was a little heavier as he watched Wade lube up his cock. Taking a extra bit, Wade coated Peter's hole and slipped a finger inside again to ensure a smooth and easier entrance on Peter. Slowly, he pushed inside his lover.

Peter groaned at the feeling of Wade filling him up. It felt so right to be joined with him. It felt far to right to leave it.

"Wade," Peter gasped, feeling Wade bottom out. "Please."

"Anything for you Petey-Pie." Wade smiled and slowly began to rock back and forth.

The pace was slow, meant to last. Wade caressed every part of Peter he could reach, leaning down and pressing thier lips together. Peter moaned into the kiss, his tongue licking along Wade's bottom lip. Wade opened his mouth as Peter invaded. The this stretched on, fueled by Wade's consistent hits of his cock against Peter's prostate.

When they broke for air, Wade paused, waiting for Peter's eyes to focus and look at his. Once he had Peter's attention, he took a breath, then the words came.

"I love you Peter Parker."

Wade's thrusts never slowed as a goofy grin bloomed on Peter's face.

"I didn't think that was a secret Wade." his eyes twinkled with mirth and pleasure. "But if you think it was, then I'll tell you one of mine in return. I love you, Wade Wilson."

Peter had internally debated long and hard about those words. Wade had had no problem with his attraction to Spider-Man, but he hadn't known how the man was going to react to Peter Parker. Wade's lazy but purposeful thrusts and warm mouth on his left little room to question how he felt. He felt the same about Peter as he did Spider-Man.

Peter on the other hand, had apparently been denying his feelings for the merc long enough to be unsure if he was ready to utter those words. However, as he looked up at Wade's loving gaze, he knew it was right. This was right where he was meant to be and Wade was who he was meant to be there with.

Smiling softly, Wade's thrusts begin to pick up speed and Peter felt his release building.

Peter moans, fists twisting in the sheets. With a few more powerful thrusts, Peter came hard, shouting Wade's name. At Peter's cry, Wade finished, once again filling Peter with cum. The two locked eyes, both panting and covered in a thin sheen of sweat. Sighing in content, Wade placed a kiss to Peter's forehead, sliding out of him slowly. Reaching to the night stand, he grabbed some tissues and wiped up Peter's stomach before collapsing next to him.

The two lay there, recovering and enjoying the other's presence.

"Wanna get a shower Baby Boy?" Wade asked, brushing Peter's sweaty curls off his forehead.

"Honestly, I'm too tired to bother. We'll take one in the morning." he replied, snuggling up to Wade's side.

Wade smiled, pulling his closer.

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After watching Daredevil leap out the window, Tony rounded on the former soldier.

"You want to explain to me how you know my protege and have been seeing him behind my back?!" Tony shouted, face twisting in a glare.

"I wasn't aware I needed to report every thing I did to you."

"You sure as hell do when it involves him!"

"I think you need to step back Stark." Bucky narrowed his eyes. "I don't think you have any right to that kid's life considering what happened between you."

Tony stepped back, eyes widening a bit before drawing his eyebrows down with a sneer.

"Let me guess," he started. "Did the devil tell you his version of events? I'm sure he had quite the story to tell since he hates me because he wants to keep Peter to himself and the other vigilants of New York."

Bucky schooled his features, refusing to show any of his internal hesitance caused by Tony's words. It was true that Peter had issues with Tony, but it was questionable as to whether Daredevil's story was real or not. The man was extremely protective and invested in the spider.

"I would suggest that unless you hear something from Peter himself that you throw everything you hear out the window." Tony growled, confident in the thought that Peter would never tell what happened.

It wasn't hard to see that Peter didn't want to talk about his time with Tony, not that there was anything Tony couldn't explain better. Shooting Bucky a steely look, the billionaire turned and stomped out the door.

Bucky frowned at the open window. Truth was, he had no real reason to trust Daredevil or Stark at this point.

The next chapter may take a little longer to get out since I ran out of what I had already outlined here. It's still coming, I just may not be able to get it out so soon.

## Chapter 22

### Chapter Summary

Little bit of Tony.

Peter and May.

Peter and Harley.

Smut....twice.

### Chapter Notes

Ok, I had to go back and edit the last two chapters because I established earlier in the story that I had Peter and May living in their house in Forrest Hills. So no need to go back and read the chapter again, I just edited a few lines to stick to my continuity.

I know I warn of this constantly, but for some reason my spell check just up and left. I have gone back to look over things, but as always, there's mistakes. I will go back and correct as I find things wrong.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tony entered his lab and looked over at the, no empty, space the Iron Spider suit had once occupied. He'd be lying if he said he wasn't utterly surprised by the fact he was able to get Peter to take the suit. He ran his fingers on the spot, a small smile on his face.

Peter had taken the suit!

He had no idea if Peter would use the suit, but the simple fact he took it meant a lot to Tony.

"FRI, pull up the schematics on the Iron Spider."

"Yes Boss."

Tony stood as various hologram screens popped up, each with a different layout for the suit. Finger flew over the screens as Tony worked with the code.

"May I ask why you are messing with the tracking coding on the suit?" FRIDAY questioned.

"Because I promised the kid no strings. I'm altering the suit so that the tracker will only activate if Peter's vitals reach dangerous levels. I want to give him freedom, but the whole point of the suit is to provide more safety. FRI, link with Karen and update the codes as soon as Peter activates the suit."

"And if Peter does not?"

"Then no reason to have it changed." Tony frowned, not wanting to consider that Peter may never put the suit on.

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Harley Keener.

Tony sighed and sat down in his chair, still looking at the Iron Spider schematics.

He liked the kid. He liked him a lot actually. He was smart and listened well. Honestly, he listened way better than Peter had. Whatever Tony told him, Harley soaked it up. By all accounts, Tony should have given up on Peter and focused solely on Harley. As Pepper had told him, Harley was there and Peter was not.

Peter didn't *want* to be there.

Still, there was just something about Peter that he couldn't pull away from. The kid had turned in to an amazing hero. While The Daily Bugel trashed him, the general opinion of him was positive. Any time Spider-Man appeared on the TV, Tony's anxiety and pride soared. While he knew Peter had been out being Spider-Man before he found him, he had always felt responsible for Peter thinking he could handle more than he had been. He had taken Peter to Germany to fight the rogues for crying out loud! How had he ever thought the kid would go back to small time crime strictly. Still, he did his best to keep Peter low, and Peter blatantly ignored him.

The event at the ferry had been a disaster. Peter had overestimated himself by far. That alone should have made him stop and think, but it hadn't. Peter had jumped right back in to danger. He had jumped in so far he almost got himself killed. Yes, he had stopped Toomes, but it had still been a stupid thing to do. A stupid thing that could have been avoided and fixed.

The Avengers needed Peter, and Peter needed them.

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Matt frowned as Jessica paced, going over what she and Felicia had seen.

"So, we keep Pete away from the docks." Jessica finished. "He can't be there given the current circumstances. If Norman is that.....adamant about getting him, we can't him busting into a possible trap."

"I gotta say," Felicia huffed. "I've already given my spider to Wade. Norman is pushing his luck on keeping his balls."

Matt winced as he could feel Felicia was flexing her hands. He knew the damage those claws on her gloves could do, they shouldn't be taken lightly.

"I can honestly say that shouldn't be hard. Pete's got a lot on his plate right now with Tony and the Avengers. He's also having to scour Oscorp and keep an eye on May, Harry and MJ."

"Think I could convince Peter to get me into the tower? I'd love to have a little *chat* with Stark." Felicia grinned.

"You and everyone else." Jessica shot. "Don't get greedy thinking you'll get to him first."

"I've had several *chats*." Matt grinned.

"Shut up." The girls growled.

"Alright," Matt started, standing from his chair. "No one mentions the docks, we keep Peter away from investigating on his own, and we keep an eye out for Norman on our own time. We have a lower profile than the Avengers so we'll most likely find him first."

"And who ever he's working for." Jessica said, taking a swig from the bottle on her desk.

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"I demand you get that fine ass back in bed." Wade frowned, watching Peter hunt for all of his suit.

"I can't. I haven't left any clothes here and we have a job to do."

Wade perked up at Peter's offhanded comment.

"You're planning to leave clothes here?"

Peter froze, bent over and not even thinking about his naked ass facing Wade.

"Um....I might as well." he said, slowly standing up straight.

He turned to see Wade smiling happily as he threw himself out of bed and scooped Peter up into a hug. He pressed his lips to Peter's pouring all his happy feelings into the kiss. When they parted, he rested his forehead against Peter's.

"Nothing would make me happier Baby Boy."

Peter smiled softly, enjoying the moment a little longer before pulling back.

"Take your happy ass to the bathroom and get ready for the day." He smirked. "I gotta go back to May's, change, and have my life threatened if I don't have a sit down with her tonight."

"How you going to explain tall, dark and muscled moving in?"

Peter groaned and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"I'll let you know whenever I figure it out."

Wade chuckled and slapped Peter's ass hard. Peter yelped in surprise, the sting oddly arousing.

"You better get a move on Petey-Pie. I haven't met May yet, so I refuse to be associated with keeping you from her threats on your life."

"Wow." Peter deadpanned. "You're the best boyfriend ever."

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Peter took a breath as he slipped into his bedroom, thankful his door was closed. He wasn't sure he was quite ready for May. He looked at the clock and sighed in relief. He had plenty of time to shower before he had to leave for work. Grabbing his clothes, he turned to leave the room only to violently fling himself on to the ceiling as May forcefully kicked his door open.

"How cute that you thought you were going to sneak in here and be able to sneak out."

Peter swallowed thickly, dropping down to the floor.

"I-I wasn't going to sneak out May, I promise!"

"You damn right you weren't going to." She glared. "You get in that shower and join me in the kitchen. Make it quick young man."

Peter watched his aunt storm out his room and hauled ass to the bathroom. He never took a faster shower in his life.

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May side-eyed him as he stumbled into the kitchen. She turned back to her cooking, leaving Peter to flounder.

"Sit." she ordered.

Peter rushed to a chair at the table and waited in silence as May loaded two plates and joined him.

"Talk."

"What do you-"

"Think carefully before you finish that question."

Peter chuckled nervously as he rubbed the back of his head.

"Yeah, I guess I owe you more of an explanation than what I gave you over the phone."

May waited, silent and imposing despite her smaller stature.

"I joined the Avengers to get extra help tracking down Norman Osborn and protecting you, Harry and MJ because Norman knows who I am behind the mask."

May just stared, no hint of a response.

"Well then." she finally responded. "That's something."

She took a bite of her pancake. Peter waited quietly.

"Those pancakes won't eat themselves, Peter."

"I'm kind of terrified to eat."

"You should be terrified if you don't." May retorted.

Peter nodded and cut into his own pancake. They ate in silence a few minutes before May finally spoke.

"So, this isn't you just going back to Stark to start up a friendship?"

Peter paused, pancake halfway to his mouth.

"*That's* what you're thinking about?"

"I feel confident you and your band of heroes can handle Osborn, Peter." May scoffed. "You did it once, you can do it again. If you want me to be terrified, you need to specify that. No, Stark is the *only* concern I have."

"No, May." Peter smiled. "That's not my plan. However, I do think you should be at least *a little* concerned about Norman. He didn't know who I was last time."

May studied him a moment before her face softened into a strange expression. Peter gave her a questioning look but she just shook her head.

"So, who's on May Parker duty?" she grinned.

"I'm gonna bring them over tonight so we can talk everything out. They'll be watching over you today, but you won't see them."

"Alright." May nodded. "I'll make sure to plan to cook enough for three-"

"Maybe four?" Peter suggested. "Matt might be coming."

"Ok. I'll think of something."

"Thanks May." Peter smiled, standing up and kissing the top of her head. "I gotta go. Spider-Man's gonna do some snooping today."

"Be careful Peter." May frowned. "I really do have confidence in you, but I know you can get hurt. Watch yourself, honey."

"Love you, Aunt May."

"Love you too, Peter."

"Am I the only one that thinks it's odd that, not only is it all the missing Oscorp stuff still here, but that it's also unguarded?" Felicia asked, hands on her hips as she looked out at the boxes.

Jessica frowned. The two had scoured the outside of the building as well as the rafters for any type of surveillance systems, but they couldn't find anything.

"Maybe we should have a look see." Felicia grinned, moving to one of the boxes.

"No!" Jessica hissed. "We can't disturb anything. The whole thing is too odd, and I don't want to blow a potential opportunity for more information. They're either super confident, or this stuff is here from an entirely different reason."

"So, more stakeouts?" Felicia groaned. "You're killing me. Stakeouts are *so* boring. I'm an action type of girl."

"I'm not happy about it either, but this is just too weird. I'm uncomfortable just being here." Jessica said, scanning the area once more. "I think we should bail. We need to be here when there's activity."

"Now *that* sounds like it could be fun." Felicia grinned. "Maybe a little inside surveillance?"

"I don't think we can afford not to anymore."

"It's a date, Jones."

Peter walked slowly through Oscorp's underground parking garage. There was no place that could go unsearched since Norman's surprise visit. His eyes scanned every inch for anything out of place. The garage was currently deserted, which made his search a whole lot easier, but also filled with anxiety. It wasn't lost on Peter than Norman could show up again at any time.

He sighed in relief as he neared the elevator. Nothing had seemed suspicious, and he wouldn't deny how happy that made him. The parking garage was creepy even when there *wasn't* a mad man potentially lurking about. Moving to hit the elevator call button, Peter gasped as a hand covered his mouth and strong arms snatched him into the dark side of the elevator.

Peter felt his back hit the wall and lifted his arms to strike when a familiar voice reached his ears.

"You need to be more aware Baby Boy." Wade purred in his ear. "I caught you mighty easy. Got you all alone in this dark corner. No one would see you if they came in. I could do.....*anything* to you right now and no one would know."

Peter stifled a groan behind Wade's hand and the merc pressed against him.

"So tempting Petey-Pie. I could take you right here against the wall before you went up." Wade smirked, sliding his free hand down to grope Peter's ass.

Peter knew he should not be as aroused as he was given the current circumstances.

Wade removed his hand from Peter's mouth and leaned in for a kiss. Peter wound his arms around his boyfriend's, yes *boyfriend's*, neck. Wade's hands roamed freely over Peter's body before untucking his button up and sliding his hand up to touch warm flesh.

"The things I want to do to you right now." Wade moaned.

"The things I'd *let* you do to me right now." Peter gave a breathy grunt. "You're wearing to much."

"I'm on the job sweetheart. The outfit is required."

"It's really access limiting."

"It only *looks* that way."

"Hu?" Peter asked before squeaking as Wade spun him around and pressed him against the wall. Before he could think, his pants hit his knees and cool air brushed across his ass and crotch.

"I thought you were 'on the job'?" Peter gasped as a slick finger slid between his cheeks and rubbed around his hole. "Also, really? Travel lube?"

"Always ready for you Baby Boy." Wade purred.

"We really shouldn't be doing this Wade." Peter's breath hitched as a single finger slid inside him. "Norman could be anywhere."

"And I'll show him just who it is you belong to." Wade growled, pushing another finger in.

"Tha-that's not what I m-meant!" Peter panted as a third finger entered and Wade started to pump them in and out.

Peter felt his body heat up and Wade pumped his fingers harshly. His hands stuck to the wall as Wade gave a few more pumps before pulling out. There was no time wasted before Peter felt Wade begin to push inside him. He moaned at the pressure before Wade clamped his hand back over his

mouth.

"As much as I enjoy verbal confirmation of my skills Petey-Pie, I'm gonna need you to be a good boy and be quiet. I'm not really feeling like putting on a show for anyone." Wade whispered into his ear as his pushed the rest of the way in. "You feel so good Baby Boy. When this is all over, I'm gonna take you on a nice, long vacation."

Peter shuddered as Wade ran his lips along his neck. The thrusts were short at first, slow and steady before picking up speed. Coherent thought left Peter's mind as Wade's free hand grabbed his dick and started to pump. The two were to caught up in pleasure to hear the sound of a car shutting off and a door closing.

Wade's thrusts sped up and Peter felt his own release building. So close. So close. So-

The ringing of a phone coming toward the elevator froze them both. Wade's hand clamped a little tighter over Peter's mouth, hopefully further quieting the sounds of his heavy breathing.

"Hello? Yes Tony, I'm here now."

Peter's eyes widened as the voice of Harley Keener echoed around the elevator. What was he doing here? He didn't get to think on it much as Wade started back up, his pace more vigorous than before. His slick hand stroked Peter faster, giving a little squeeze. Peter could feel the drool start to slip out his mouth.

God he wished Harley would just get in the elevator and go. He didn't care where he went, just anywhere but there! There was no way Peter was going to be able to come quietly, not with how hard and fast Wade was pounding in to him.

The elevator dinged and the doors slid open. Peter struggled to listen for the sound of them shutting as his release was right at the edge. Just a little longer...

Peter came with a loud, but somewhat muffled, moan as soon as the doors shut. The hand over his mouth didn't do much to hide the sound of Peter's intense pleasure. One thrust more and he could feel the warmth of Wade finishing inside him.

The two stayed locked together, panting and trying to calm down. Slowly, Wade slid out of Peter's hole, lamenting the fact he had not thought to bring a plug with him.

"Oh God." Peter breathed. "Nothing about that was appropriate."

Wade chuckled, pulling out some wipes from his belt and quickly cleaning up the mess between Peter's ass and thighs.

"Thank God I didn't get anything on my pants." Peter puffed out a laugh. "*That* would have been embarrassing for someone to see."

"Oh yeah," Wade smirked, pulling Peter's pants up. "Seeing your ass being pounded in to against a wall would be much easier to explain."

Peter shook his head with a smile and tucked his shirt in.

"Now I have to go in there and hope no one can tell I just had amazing sex in the parking garage."

"Amazing hu? Maybe we should have a repeat later then." Wade grinned, wiggling his eyebrows under his mask.

"Go do your job, Wade." Peter tossed over his shoulder as he hit the call button for the elevator. "I have one of my own to get to."

Peter fidgeted, trying to make sure everything was where it should be and that it *didn't* look like he had just had sex at work. Catching sight of his reflection in the elevator door, he sighed in relief. Everything looked straight and as for his hair, well, it was always a tad bit disheveled. He could pull this off no problem.

Stepping out of the elevator, he made his way to Harry's office. The two had to go over the protection plan and covering for Peter should he need more time snooping Oscorp's floors.

Peter walked in to Harry's office, smoothing out his shirt and oblivious.

"Alright Har, we gotta tal-" Peter froze.

Once again, sitting across from Harry, was Harley Keener. It was like DeJa'Vu. He had completely forgotten Harley had been in the parking garage and had taken-the parking garage!

Peter felt his cheeks heat slightly. Harley had been mere feet away from seeing Peter in an extremely vulnerable position. Wouldn't *that* have been a story to take back to Tony!

"Hey Pete, you alright?" Harry frowned, concern on his face.

"Y-yeah, I'm good." Peter collected himself. "Just wanted to check in."

"I'm here to help you Peter!" Harley jumped up. "Spider-Man came to the tower last night. He told us what was going on and that he was going to be using you to get around the building."

"Spider-Man isn't 'using' me, Harley." Peter grinned. "I don't think he could if he wanted to. I kind of just go alone with whatever he wants."

Harry snorted.

Harley studied him a moment before continuing.

"Well, we just felt it might be better if you had someone, who wasn't the main target, with you. We can say you're showing me around."

Peter glanced over at Harry who held his hands up in defense.

"I appreciate it Harley, I do, but I'm safe with Spider-Man. Trust me, he's not going to let anything happen to me."

Harley gave a tight look.

"I really must insist Peter. Spider-Man came to us for help. I'm here to help. It was his idea."

"I'm pretty sure he wanted you to watch over Aunt May, Harry and MJ."

"And you. He said he was going to watch over you during the day, but I think he should stay away from you and do what he can alone. Again, he's the main target so it's not safe to be around him. He shouldn't be watching any of you."

Peter felt himself becoming angry. He didn't have time to entertain Harley's need to be a hero.

"Really Harley, I appreciate it, but I'm fine with just Spider-Man."

Harley felt his temper flare. He refused to take anything out on Peter, but that didn't mean he had to hold back on Spider-Man later. He was obviously using Peter, in more ways than one from how adamantly Peter did not want him to accompany them.

"I'm already here." Harley started, taking a different approach. "Just let me work with you today, and Spider-Man can help you tomorrow."

Peter sighed. It was obvious Harley wasn't going to back down. Why was he pushing this so hard?

"Alright. Let me contact Spider-Man and let him know he can work any other leads today." Peter said, pulling out his phone and pretending to text himself.

Harley stared at the phone with a hard expression. So Peter had Spider-Man's number. Well, by the end of the day, he would have Harley's as well.

"Ok. Harry," Peter looked at his amused friend. "We'll talk before we leave today."

"You got it Pete." Harry's grinned widened. "Now go get busy escorting our business partner around."

Peter rolled his eyes and motioned for Harley to follow him. The two made their way to the elevator, Peter desperately trying not to think about his little encounter with Wade earlier.

"I didn't mean to surprise you." Harley started. "It's just that it really *is* a big risk for you to be alone with Spider-Man."

"Why? He's more than capable of protecting me." Peter replied, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah, but it also increases the chances of Norman attacking you. Right now, Spider-Man is target number one."

Peter didn't reply, and Harley decided to take that as him considering Harley's words as truth.

"Ok," Peter said, turning fully to Harley. "When we stop, we're gonna be on the floor of Norman's lab. We know for a fact he was able to get in here, so we have to be careful as we search for where he got in from. We can't afford to miss anything."

Harley nodded, tracing the line of Peter's strong jaw. Jesus, he needed to get his act together. He had to prove to Peter he was better than Spider-Man.

The two exited the elevator, and Peter led him to the glass doors of Norman's lab. He stopped before opening them and looked around. It hadn't occurred to him until just now that Norman hadn't actually been in the lab when he ambushed him. He had been in the doorway. Narrowing his eyes, he looked around.

"Before we go in, I think we should look around outside the lab. Check every spot out here first."

Harley turned his head and started moving around the room in the opposite direction. The two searched in silence before Harley broke it.

"He's sleeping with Deadpool you know."

"Who?" Peter asked, whippig his head around.

"Spider-Man. He's sleeping with Deadpool. I just think you should know."

Peter felt his face heat up. Yes, Spider-Man was sleeping with Deadpool and no one knew it better than Peter Parker.

"I know." Peter turned from Harley with a hidden smirk.

"It doesn't bother you?"

"Why would it?"

"Because-

He's sleeping with you too. Harley thought.

"You just seem to be on good terms with him and he's sleeping with a known murderer."

Peter paused, turning to Harley with a hard expression.

"Deadpool has made an active effort to change. Most of what he does now is infiltration and recovery. Yes, he does occasionally slip back and take a hit job, but he's really working on changing."

"For Spider-Man?"

"No, for the man behind the mask." Peter smiled softly.

Harley didn't reply.

"I don't know what you have against Spider-Man, Harley, but he's not the villain you think he is."

"I don't think he's a villain!" Harley responded quickly. He didn't want to offend Peter. "I haven't really spent enough time with him to say that. I just haven't had the best impression of him when I have seen him. Also, I don't like that he's willing to put you in danger. He knows the risks, and he didn't hesitate to be around you."

"It's nice that you're concerned Harley," Peter said, surprised that he honestly meant it. "But I really would have been fine with him."

Harley didn't say anything, distracting himself by looking around. He had almost met back up with Peter when a strand seam in the wall caught his eye. It would have easily been missed if someone wasn't actively looking for anything out of place.

"Peter?"

"Yeah?"

"I think I found something."

Peter made his way toward him as Harley ran a finger along the seam. Peter frowned at it, then looked around.

"If that's an entrance, it can't just open from one side. There has to be a lever, or button somewhere. Start pressing shit. There's no guarantee the way to open is it actually near it."

Harley chuckled, causing Peter to look at him with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh come on. Don't tell me this isn't slightly Scooby-Dooish to you."

Peter grinned.

"Well then, let's be meddling kids. Get to looking Keener."

The two pressed and pulled on anything that looked suspicious, but had no results.

"Maybe it does only open from one side." Harley frowned.

Peter took one more look around before his eyes widened. Norman had disappear *inside* the lab, not out of it.

"Let's check in the lab. Maybe there's an exit in there."

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Wade fumed from his vantage point where he could see into Harry Osborn's office. He had seen Peter and *the brat* leave together and hadn't seen any sight of them since. He fought every urge he had to sneak inside and find his Petey-Pie. No doubt mini Stark was trying to put the moves on him.

Pulling out his phone, he shot a quick text to Peter asking if he was ok. A few seconds later his phone dinged with a response letting him know he was fine and that he was down in Norman's lab.

Wade noticed he didn't mention his company.

Another ding.

*'I'm currently entertaining Iron Lad who insisted on playing protector. We think we found how Norman got in, now we're looking for how he got out.'*

Wade sighed in relief. Peter wasn't hiding that he wasn't alone. Still didn't mean he had to like it.

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Harley noticed Peter texting someone, briefly wondering if it was Spider-Man.

No. No. He wasn't going to worry about that right now. Peter needed him to help find where Osborn had exited the lab.

Peter made his way over to where he had last been able to make Norman out before the fog completely enveloped the room. He had to have left somewhere around there. Peter stood, staring hard around the area when a slight draft hit his skin. It was so soft, he only noticed his due to his heightened senses. He used his hand to search around the wall, letting the coolness guide him.

"I think I found it."

Harley walked over, seeing Peter holding up a hand high up the wall.

"I don't see anything."

"It's not the wall, it's the ceiling. I can feel a draft coming down."

The two looked up where the ceiling met the wall. Staring hard, they could make out the slightest hint of a line on the smooth surface.

"Damn." Harley whistled. "If you didn't know to be looking for the slightest thing, you'd *never* see that."

"Yeah, but that's Norman." Peter frowned, looking around him. There was no way Norman had moved around the lab to open his passage. The button had to be right around it.

The smallest brush of sound was heard as Harley lifted his hand from where he had leaned against a workbench. Under his hand was, amazingly, what looked like a water stain from a glass. Peter look at carefully.

"It's a sensor." He gasped.

"Wow. He really went all out."

"Well, at least we know how he got in and out." Peter scratched his cheek absentmindedly. "Give me a boost."

"What?" Harley looke at him wide-eyed. "You can't be serious!"

"I am. I need to know what's up there."

"Obviously a tunnel of some kind. I'm not lifting you up there." Harley stated, crossing his arms.

"Then I'll just drag something over. I'm getting up there whether you help me or not." Peter said, looking around the room.

Harley sighed and linked his hands together.

"Come on Peter. Just be careful. If you see anything strange, you drop back down immediately."

Peter nodded, wanting so bad to roll his eyes but refrained. He put his foot in Harley's hand and Harley pushed up. Peter grabbed the opening and pulled up till her could see inside.

"Well, it is just a tunnel. I think I should follow it." He tossed down to Harley.

"Absolutely not!" Harley yelled, unlinking his hands and catching Peter in his arms as he fell. "You will stay out of there and let *Spider-Man* handle it." Harley said, willing to risk the webslinger over Peter.

"I'm sure it's fine." Peter said, wiggling to get down.

Harley squeezed him a little closer.

"I'm not letting you down till you agree you're not going to try going up there again."

"Yes, mother." Peter rolled his eyes.

Harley waited, debating on Peter's sincerity. Peter squirmed more and Harley finally put him down. Whether Peter meant it or not, he couldn't keep holding him. Well, he could, but it wouldn't do him any favors.

Running his hand back over the sensor and closing the hatch, Peter turned to him.

"Alright, we got what we came for, let's get out of here."

Harley nodded and followed the man out.

"So now what?" he asked, wanting to break up the silence.

"I tell Spider-Man and help him get to the lab."

Harley didn't say anything else, afraid he might have pushed too hard by dropping Peter out the ceiling.

~~~~~

Wade breathed a sigh of relief as Peter reentered Harry's office. He didn't care for the fact mini Stark followed him in, but he was glad he could see his Baby Boy again.

He studied Peter's face as he talked Harry and *Harley*.

Gah. Even the kid's name was stupid. Stupid like his hair. His hair needed to shut its whore mouth.

He turned his gaze back to Peter's perfect pink lips. They hadn't done anything past regular sex, not that Wade was complaining since he could spend all day every day buried in Peter's tight ass, but he'd love to see those pretty pink lips stretched around his cock.

He adjusted himself. Maybe he could catch his little spider in the garage again after work.

Since Peter and Stupid Hair had spent most of the day in the lower levels, it wasn't long he left and Peter and Harry were alone. He knew Peter was going over things with Osborn, so he waited patiently until the two stood to leave and made his way back to the parking garage.

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"Alright Pete," Harry said, exiting the elevator. "I'll let MJ know what's up. Good luck with May tonight." he smirked.

"Wow. Thanks Har." Peter rolled his eyes.

Harry chuckled and pulled Peter in for a hug.

"You, MJ and May are all I have left of family. I can't lose any of you, Pete. Be careful."

Squeezing a little, Peter smiled.

"I always am."

He watched as Harry got in his car and drove off, leaving Peter alone. A hand covered his mouth and pushed him against a wall.

"I can't believe that brat had all day with you." Wade growled in his ear. "I'm gonna wreck this perky little ass right here."

"We're-We're out in the open!" Peter gasped as Wade ripped his pants down and made quick work of getting his fingers inside him.

"That makes it all the more exciting Petey-Pie. Anyone could show up and see you begging for my cock. I don't plan on covering that pretty little mouth this time."

Peter shuddered as Wade pushes his fingers in deeper, hitting his prostate just right.

There were a few more pumps before fingers left him and Wade pushed into him fully. Peter

moaned, throwing his head back and gasping.

“Come on Baby Boy, let me hear you.” Wade grinned, pumping into him hard and fast.

“Wade!” Peter screamed. “There! Yes! Fuck! Faster!”

“I am to please baby.” Wade groaned, picking up his pace and reaching around to stroke Peter into completion.

Peter came with a loud cry as Wade slammed into him, filling him with his release.

The two stayed there, in full view of anyone that might enter the garage.

Wade lifted his hand, slapping it hard against Peter’s ass and making him jerk.

“Not yet Baby Boy.” Wade smiled, pulling Peter back on him. “Not yet or I go again and every second we go increases the chance of someone seeing us.”

Peter’s face lit up as he hid it against the wall. Wade thrust in to him a few more times before slipping out. He quickly slid Peter’s pants back up his legs, completely satisfied as they darkened around where his cum was leaking out of Peter’s abused hole and where he had finished on himself.

“Really?” Peter frowned. “It feels gross and I have to go home like this.”

“Don’t worry sweets,” Wade smirked, lifting Peter’s chin to look him in the eye. “Daddy Pool’s got that sweet little ass covered.”

Chapter End Notes

For those of you that were hoping, Bucky will return in the next chapter. Honestly, I've already wrote some of his first scenes and I love them. lol!

Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Bucky meets May....and Felicia.

Tony makes an announcement.

Chapter Notes

Felicia is the BEST girl.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter squirmed as the cab, driven by a friend of Wade's, Dopinder, bounced down the road. The evidence of thier little encounter earlier was starting to dry. He was going to find a way to kill Wade.

As the merc chatted happily with the cab driver, tried to slow his squirm. He had begun to accept the feeling of dried cum when a warm hand landed on his inner thigh. Slowly, it creped up further. Peter sent a glare at Wade who promptly ignored him. The hand paused before cupping him with slow strokes.

Yes. Peter was going to kill him.

The agonizingly slow strokes continued until Peter found them parked outside Wade's apartment building.

Giving Dopinder a high-five, Wade pulled Peter out the back of the cab and leading him down the alley.

"Figured you appreciate not having to walk through the lobby." he smirked, pulling his mask up and over his nose.

"Thought that was on of your things? Have me walk around where people can see evidence of you having been here."

"Oh baby boy, I'd love to parade you around so everyone knows you're mine, but you have places to be and I have someone waiting for us."

Peter looked at the merc with a raised eyebrow, only to get a mischievous grin in return before pulling down the ladder to the fire escape.

Narrowing his eyes, Peter scanned the alley before jumping and scurrying up the wall.

"No fair!" Wade yelled, scrambling to catch up.

Peter smirked, swinging himself on to Wade's level and prying up the window.

"Any time now." Peter grinned, watching Wade make his way up.

"Well now, isn't that a sight."

Peter jumped, smacking his head on the window frame and spinning around to find Felicia lounging on the couch.

"Felicia?!"

"Hello Spider." she smirked, a pair of his pants strown across her legs. "Heard you needed a little wardrobe help. Can't go home to May looking like that."

"Oh my god."

"There's my favorite cat burglar!" Wade smiled, falling in through the window. "Thanks for bringing Petey-Pie some new pants kitty cat."

"Oh, you owe me big Spider. May's been a busy little Spider Aunt. She was bringing in groceries when I slipped out. I would have helped, but it would have been a little odd to explain why I was making off with a pair of your pants."

"I'll pay whatever you want kitty cat. It was my fault after all." Wade grinned.

"Oh no," Felicia's smirk widened as she stepped in to Peter's space and ran a finger up and down his chest. "I want something from *you*."

"Hey!" Wade yelled, pulling Peter to him. "I don't think so! This fine piece of man meat is mine now!"

"But you've had him a while now." Felicia pouted. "I helped you out, so you should share a little."

Peter's face felt like it was on fire.

"No way! You had him longer!"

"I had him first!"

"We're in a relationship! A closed one!"

"Now where's the fun in that?"

"Can I just have my pants?" Peter asked, bringing attention to his predicament.

"Sure you can, if you can catch them." Felicia giggled, jumping back as Peter lunged for her.

"I have to take Barnes to meet May!" he griped, reaching for her again.

"Barnes?" Felicia stopped, tilting her head to the side. "James Buchanan Barnes? Avenger, James Buchanan Barnes?"

"Yes!" Peter replied in exasperation. "He's going to be living with us and keeping an eye on May."

"I want him."

"I'm sorry, what?" Peter blinked.

"I. Want. Him." Felicia declared. "He's a total hottie Parker! I'm coming to dinner."

"How come she gets to go but I don't?" Wade whined, pulling Peter back against him.

"*She* wasn't invited." Peter huffed.

"I get dinner with Barnes or sex with you Parker, take your pick." she smirked, shaking his pants at him.

"He'll take you to dinner!" Wade shouted, snatching the pants and shoving Peter behind him.

"Aww," Felicia cooed. "You're so cute when you're jealous, but fyi, I don't break up relationships I work hard to create. See you at home, Spider!" she winked, jumping out the window and disappearing.

"Oh, she's good." Wade grinned, removing his mask.

"Did she bring me any boxers?"

"Looks like there's a pair right here, Peter Pumpkin."

"Ok. She's good."

"You know," Wade started, slowly sliding up and pulling Peter flush to him. "We have some time to kill before you have to go."

~~~~~

"Hey May, we're here." Peter called, leading Bucky to the kitchen where May was busy cooking.

"Hi honey." she called. "Who did you bring ho-PETER!"

In a whirl, May snatched up an empty frying pan and jumped between Peter and Bucky.

"Run baby!" she screamed. "I'll handle this creep! I'll teach him a thing or two about messing with a Parker!"

"May!" Peter cried, trying to stop her.

"I can take him Peter! Grab Felicia and get out!" May growled, lunging at the former assassin.

Bucky, completely shocked, barely had time to throw up his vibranium arm to block the swing of the pan.

"That arm won't save you forever!"

Felicia starred as she entered the kitchen to see May swinging a frying pan at the former Winter Soldier.

"May!" Peter shouted, grabbing the frying pan from her. "It's ok! I approve of him! He's the one here to help us!"

May shot a wild-eyed look at Peter before throwing a suspicious one to Bucky. The two starred at each other, the atmosphere tense. Finally, May's look relented.

"Ok, I'll play nice...but only because Pete is vouching for you." she made to turn then paused and looked back. "Just know, if you try anything funny with my boy, I will *end* you. Oh! Felicia, honey, will you help me finish up the food?"

"I thought Matt was coming." Peter hissed.

"I told him I had it under control." Felicia grinned wickedly at Peter before joining May and leaving the two men.

"You sure your Aunt is kind of intense. I thought she knew you had an Avenger moving in?"

"You should see her when she gets on a role about Tony, and I did tell her the Avenger's were helping watch out for her, Harry and MJ. I guess she thought I was joking?" Peter muttered back.

"Well, don't just stand there you two!" May huffed. "Felicia and I cooked, now set the table and sit. I want an explanation for an *Avenger* being *in* my home."

Peter jumped to get the things to set the table while motioning for Bucky to go ahead and take a place at the table. The soldier moved stiffly to the table, not wanting to upset Peter's aunt any more than she already was. Peter shot him a nervous, but encouraging, look. There was silence until May and Felicia brought food to the table. Once they were all seated, May broke the silence.

"So, spill spider baby." May said, giving no room for hesitation.

Peter and Bucky shared a look before jumping in to the story.

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"Well, that sounds about right." May sighed. "I would normally apologize for attacking you James-"

"Bucky is fine. It's what all my friends call me."

May paused, eyeing him before continuing.

"I would normally apologize, but I'm riding an adrenaline high right now and feel like I could take on Iron Man himself. I see that look Peter, I *did* think you were joking. I figured Jess would actually be the one shadowing me."

Bucky grinned at May's confident expression.

"Jess is with me." Felicia answered. "We've been checking out some leads."

"Well, I hope the two of you are being careful."

"Of course, Aunt May." Felicia grinned.

"So," May started, turning back to Bucky and Peter. "You'll be moving in to the spare room and following me during the day. How long will this last?"

"Just until Norma is caught." Peter replied. "Once he's back behind bars, Bucky returns to the tower."

May hummed, studying the two with calculating eyes before nodding.

"I accept this. I accept this as long as Mr. Barnes is the *only* one that ever shadows me."

Peter and Bucky each raised their eyebrows.

"I'm a pretty perceptive person-"

"Bucky, please."

"I'm a pretty perceptive person Bucky. I can clearly see the trust between the two of you. It's no coincidence you were the one to be put with me. You can move your things in as soon as you're ready."

Bucky nodded with a smile.

While Bucky was occupied with May, Peter and Felicia engaged in silent warfare. Look that said words without speaking past between the two as Felicia shot lecherous thoughts about Bucky in Peter's direction while he vehemently told her no.

Not realizing Bucky and May had stopped talking, the two continued to communicate through looks before May clearing her throat made them jump back to attention.

"I hate when you two do that." May rolled her eyes.

"Sorry, May." the two responded in tandem.

"Right." she nodded. "Now, I refuse to let this food go to waste, so everyone dig in."

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"So, what's the deal between you and Felicia?" Bucky asked, grabbing his two bags out of his car.

"There's.....um.....we were...*involved* for a few years."

"Serious dating?"

"Sure...for a very short time. After that it turned strictly more....*physical*. We're still close though." Peter smiled.

"I can tell. I guess she's missing you since you hooked up with Wilson. I could practically *feel* her eyes boring in to me."

"Yeah. I should probably warn you that she's got you in her sights....and Felicia loves a challenge. You're like her perfect target."

Bucky hummed, though Peter wasn't sure what it was meant to convey.

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After getting Bucky settled in, Peter made his way to his room with a yawn. Three times with Wade in one day was catching up to him.

Walking in to his room with a stretch, he jumped when a silky voice spoke.

"Do you think this is to desperate?"

Peter stared as Felicia stood at his mirror, examining herself in skimpy black lingerie. Her full bosom pushed the limits of the bra as a silky sheer fabric hung from it, covering to toned abs. Her pert ass was only partly covered by a pair of lacey panties. Over the tiny panties, a sheer garter belt attached to the thin stockings covering her shapely legs.

"Well?" she asked, drawing Peter out of his staring. "I seem to have caught *your* attention. I'm not sure Wade would appreciate it." she winked.

"What are you doing?" he hissed, shutting his bedroom door.

"I asked you if this is to desperate." she rolled her eyes. "I think I look pretty hot, but I have an entirely different type of man to seduce this time. I feel like I have to try harder than normal. It excites me."

"He's here to watch over May, not to hook up with you!"

"You planning to go see Wade?"

"No..."

"Then Spider-Man is here to watch over May while I get to know the hunky Avenger across the hall." she winked, shaking her rear in Peter's direction.

"You are *not* seducing Barnes in this house."

"You're such a buzz kill Parker." Felicia pouted, turning fully back to the mirror. "I look so hot right now. It's a shame to waste it."

"Save it for another time. Seduce all you want after this is over."

"Hmmmm...you might, partially, be on to something Spider. Maybe this is to forward. I think a little teasing will be the better route. It'll make it all the better once we finally get to play."

"I dated you." Peter mumbled in disbelief as Felicia continued to examine herself.

"Black is so my color."

"Am I to assume you're staying over?" he asked, pulling a loose shirt and pair of boxers out of his drawers.

"And lose the chance of winter hottie seeing me looking all cute in one of your shirts and pair of boxers if I don't? Never. Give me clothes Parker." Felicia grinned, making grabby hands at his dresser.

"Wouldn't seeing you in *my* clothes give off the wrong impression?"

"Not if I play my cards right. Your clothes are a little big on me, so they make me look super cute...plus my boobs draw all the attention when I don't wear a bra with them. The shirt hangs off them and moves quite a bit."

"How is that less desperate than the lingerie?"

"Because it's less obvious. It'll look unplanned since it's just me waking up and getting out of bed."

"I can't believe this."

"Neither can I."

The two whipped around to the window as Wade crawled through.

"Here I came over to check on my Petey-Pie and I find a scantily clad seductress in his bedroom."

"Seductress hu?" Felicia grinned. "Then this is definitely the outfit I'm sticking with." she took one last look at herself before snatching the clothes out of Peter's hands and boldly walking out into the

hall to go change in the bathroom.

"What happens if Barnes catches her in the hall like that?" Wade asked.

"Then the whole teasing act she was planning goes out the window and she flat out seduces him right here in May's house."

"If the cat get's busy, so do we." Wade smirked, pulling Peter flush against him. "Now, how about you give me a little strip show while you change into your own sleepwear. I wouldn't be opposed to something close to her little number." he wiggled his eye brows under his mask.

"I didn't run into Bucky in the hall. So you're out of luck merc. Now get out so we can sleep."

"She gets to sleep over too? How is that fair?" Wade pouted, looking between Peter and Felicia.

"I've been sleeping over for years."

"Are you not wearing a bra under there? Are you about to get in *my* Baby Boy's bed, *braless*?"

"Two things," Felicia huffed, crossing her arms. "First, I *always* sleep braless. Whether it's here or my apartment, I don't cage these babies for bed. Second, I told you my boobs draw attention in your shirts Spider."

"You have no shame." Peter glared.

"Oh like *he* cares about *my* *boobs*. He took brief notice and has been staring at *your ass* ever since."

"*He* is right here. Plus, she's not wrong. If it wasn't for the fact she was about to crawl into your bed and press them all up against you, I could care less."

"Aww, is the big bad mercenary worried about us doing a little bit of cuddling?" Felicia grinned sliding up to Peter and pressing her chest against him.

"I thought we were friends!" Wade whined, pulling Peter away from her.

"We are." Felicia smirked, climbing in to bed and patting the spot next to her. "But I'm tired and need my sexy bed buddy to join me."

"What happened to your crusade to land Barnes?"

"Clearly that's not happening tonight Wilson, so turn my spider loose."

"You better not get frisky under there." Wade warned, narrowing his eyes.

"Me?" Felicia gasped. "I feel attacked."

"It's fine Wade." Peter sighed, turning and looking up at the man's mask. "Nothing's going to happen aside from her giving me a totally inappropriate rundown of how she's going to make sure she get the chance to get intimate with Barnes."

Wade paused, thinking for a minute before looking over at the innocently smiling blonde.

"I guess I can allow this," Wade nodded. "As long as we get to try something new in the bedroom Petey-Pie."

Peter's face went red as Wade lifted his mask to his mouth, his smirk suggestive.

"Ooohh! Agree to it Pete, I can even give you some ideas!" Felicia encouraged.

"There's the kitty cat I love." Wade grinned at her over Peter's head.

"I..I..."

"I'm ready to sleep, Parker."

"I..I.."

"Any time now."

"O-ok." Peter finally manage to get out.

"Oh, I'm gonna show you things you've never seen Baby Boy."

"I don't know. This cat always had a few tricks up her sleeve." Felicia winked.

Wade chuckled before turning back to Peter, who swallowed hard before Wade pulled him in for a deep kiss.

"Let's see some tongue." Felicia tossed out. "Give me a show."

Peter gasped as Wade bit his bottom lip then slipped inside his open mouth. The two stayed locked until they ran out of breath and pulled apart. Peter gazed up his boyfriend with glazed eyes.

"That's a look I've love to see on you all the time." Wade grinned before pulling his mask back down. "I'll leave you to your sleep. Goodnight Peter Pumpkin."

Wade reached around, grabbing and squeezing on of Peter's ass cheeks before leaving out the window with a "Night kitty cat!".

"Well now," Felicia chuckled as Peter slipped under the covers. "That was something."

"Shut up and go to sleep." Peter grumbled, rolling on to his side and throwing the blanket over his head.

"Aww! So cute!"

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"Woah, what happened to you, Tiger?" Mary Jane asked, looking Peter over as he entered Harry's office.

"I just spent breakfast watching Felicia Hardy make James Barnes rethink some life choices."

MJ giggled as Peter fell on to the couch.

"Well, if she's after Barnes, then who is this mystery person you're seeing?"

"I-uh-where's Harry?"

"No way." Mary Jane huffed, shaking her head. "You don't worry about where he's at when I'm asking you an important question Mr. Parker. Fess up. Who is it?"

"I don't think you'd believe me if I told you." Peter sighed.

"Hmmm....so it's someone in Spider-Man's field." she furrowed her brows, running through names in her mind. "Jessica Jones? No. You'd flirt but not date. Danny Rand? No. To much of a public figure for you. Luke Cage? No. Word is he's got the hots for Jones."

Peter blinked at her.

"Wait. What makes you think Luke Cage has the hots for Jessica Jones?"

"I work around a bunch of women who have nothing better to do then gossip. A lot of them like to frequent Luke's bar. They talk about seeing her there and how Luke *always* shows her special attention."

"Their friends!"

"You can *not* be that dense Peter." MJ frowned. "Moving on though....PETER PARKER!"

"What?" Peter jumped at her yell.

"Are you seeing Tony Stark's kid? The one Harry told me about?"

"Jesus no!" Peter shouted.

"Are you sure? Harry told me he seems pretty taken with you."

"That's crazy. He's just to caught up in that hero lifestyle. He wants to be a protector of the innocent."

"You really are that dense, aren't you Tiger?"

"I am not dense. Harley is *not* interested in me that way and he's *not* who I'm seeing."

"Well then, who else has Spider-Man been seen wi-" MJ froze, a mischievous smirk adorning her face as though she knew something more than she was about to let slip. "Spider-Man is knocking boots with Deadpool!"

"Wow Pete, living on the edge these days."

The two looked at the door as Harry strolled in, his smirk matching Mary Jane's.

"I had heard the famous Merc with A Mouth had been changing tactics. Guess we know why."

"I hate both of you."

"So, what's he like? From what I've seen he's pretty buff." MJ grinned.

"Didn't know what was your speed Pete. I would have worked out all those years ago." Harry joined her.

"This is not happening."

"Inquiring minds want to know, Tiger."

"Well you can both inquire your minds on some damn where else." Peter pouted, folding his arms across his chest.

The couple laughed as Harry walked over to his desk.

"Oh, and Peter." Mary Jane whispered into his ear. "Maybe you and your man should be careful about where you get up to illicit actives in the parking garage. You're lucky I'm the only one scanning the security footage lately. I got quite the show."

There was the extra thing she knew, and Peter wanted to die.

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Looking up at the opening in Norman's lab, Peter debated on climbing in. He hadn't told anyone about it, and given recent events, maybe he should wait till someone was with him. Maybe he could get Wade to come with him while one of the other Avengers watched Harry and MJ. The ping from his phone drew away his attention. Pulling it out and checking, Felicia's name appeared on screen.

"What does she want now. I'm not helping her get in Bucky's pants." he grumbled, opening up the message.

/check out the news!

Frowning, Peter clicked the link she sent to see a live feed from SI's conference hall. Tony stood at the podium, his signature paparazzi grin in place.

"I know you're probably all wondering what big Avengers announcement I've called you in for."

A loud rumble rose up from the group of reporters.

"I promise it'll be worth your while to be here today. As you know, the Avengers are closer than we've ever been and have always looking towards the future. Protecting the future is our ultimate goal. It's what we fight for every time a threat to our world emerges. However, we are still humans and that makes us susceptible to many things. One of those things, is age. We won't always be in the physical shape to protect the people of Earth. Understanding this is an important part of why we're all here. The future of the Avengers is bright, despite my disheartening opening. Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to officially introduce you to part of the future of the Avengers, Harley Keener, better known as Iron Lad!"

Peter watched as a pink cheeked Harley joined Tony on stage to flashing lights and shouted questions. Tony threw his arm around Harley's shoulder, anchoring him in the chaos.

Holding up his hand, the crowd quieted as Tony led Harley to the podium microphone.

"We'll take a few questions now."

"Will you be joining the Avengers on future missions or will there be a wait to see you in action?" A reporter in a green jacket yelled.

"No, I'm officially part of the team and will be working with them from here on out." Harley answered

"Will you be replacing Iron Man?" another reporter.

"No one can replace Iron Man."

Peter watched as the questions continued and Harley's nervousness started to disappear. He was

definitely channeling some Tony Stark confidence.

"I think that's enough questions for Mr. Keener." Tony smiled at Harley, patting his shoulder. "I still have another announcement."

The crowd went quiet as Harley stepped back and Tony took full control of the podium. A sinking feeling started in Peter's stomach as Tony looked out with an excited glint in his eye.

"While he couldn't be here today since he's on an assignment, I have the distinct pleasure of announcing that New York's own favorite vigilante, Spider-Man, has also taken up a spot on the Avengers' roster!"

Peter dropped his phone as the crowd burst into another uproar.

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"You were great out there kid!" Tony smiled at Harley as they left the reporters behind. "Loved the confidence you picked up. Reporters are like sharks and fear is blood in the water."

"Thanks Tony. You think they took the news that well?" Harley fidgeted with his fingers.

"Kid, once they see you in action it's only going to prove the confidence we had in you in there was right. Everyone loves good Avengers gossip. You'll be all over the papers tomorrow."

Harley grinned. Maybe Peter would see it.

"Tony Stark." A dangerously cool voice spoke from behind them.

Harley and Tony turned to see an eerily composed Pepper Potts.

"If I could have a word with you." she said, motioning the billionaire to follow.

Tony shot Harley a pleading look.

"Now." Pepper ordered.

Sighing in defeat, Tony patted Harley shoulder one more time before following Pepper to, what would mostly likely be, his death.

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"So, Pep!" Tony started cheerfully. "How about Harley? I thought he did great up the-"

"Spider-Man, Tony." Pepper cut him off with a glare. "That was a press conference to introduce Harley as a new Avenger, not to announce Harley *and* Spider-Man! How do you think Peter is going to take this?"

"I didn't lie." Tony replied. "Spider-Man *is* an Avenger."

"You have *got* to be kidding me!" Pepper fumed, throwing her hands up. "Do you really think Peter is going to stay on the team after Norman is put away? This was always going to be a temporary thing. If Norman didn't pose a threat to his family and friends, he wouldn't have joined at all!"

Tony watched while Pepper paced. If that was all she knew about Peter's choice to join the Avengers, then that's all Tony would let her know. No reason to bring up Oscorp. Not that it mattered anymore. Oscorp wasn't even a minor problem given the new developments. At this

point, Peter would probably have shown up anyway.

"Look, Pep." Tony sighed, running a hand through his hair. "Pete's on the team. If Norman takes flight as the Goblin again, people are going to see Spider-Man and the Avengers together. Better to go ahead and have the news out there now."

"I don't think Peter wanted any one to know."

"Trust me Pep, I have this under control."

~~~~~

Peter was panicking. What was Tony thinking? He hadn't wanted anyone outside of his close circle knowing he was involved with the Avengers! That was supposed to be his secret! Norman wasn't supposed to know they were involved!

Closing the hatch, Peter dashed to the elevator to get back to Harry's office.

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"Matt." Foggy said, opening his friend's office door.

"What's wrong?" Matt asked, picking up his increased heart rate.

"You're not going to like this."

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Jessica's fingers fell slack as the bottle slipped out her hand and shattered on the floor of Luke's bar. The two stared up at the tv before the new flash ended.

"What the-"

"Fuck."

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Danny pinched the bridge of his nose as he closed out the live feed on his computer.

"This is why you don't involve Tony Stark, Parker."

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May burst out the front doors of the hospital and stomped to her car. Her breathing was ragged as she got in and slammed the door shut, waiting for her passenger. No need for him to hide now.

After a few minutes, Bucky slipped in on the passenger's side.

"I can *not* believe this. No, you know what, I *can* believe it!" she fumed.

Bucky sighed and ran a hand down his face.

"I can promise you May, this was *not* in the plan."

"No. This is all Tony Stark." she growled, throwing the car in reverse and squealing tires out the parking lot. Bucky grabbed ahold of the dashboard as May slid out into traffic. "I suggest you hang on tight soldier. I'm about to show you how a real New Yorker drives."

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"Peter!" Mary Jane exclaimed as he burst into the office. "What the hell is going on? We just saw Tony Stark announce at a press conference you had joined the Avengers!"

"It wasn't supposed to be like this!" Peter exclaimed, running his hand through his hair and pacing. "It was only going to be temporary until we caught Norman! Once he was behind bars and all of Oscorp's things returned and taken care of, there wasn't going to be anymore Spider-Man and the Avengers!"

"Why would Oscorp be an issue with you and the Avengers?" Harry asked, furrowing his brows. "Is there something you're not telling me Pete?"

"I-"

"Just tell him Stark basically blackmailed you to join by threatening to pull out of Oscorp's partnership."

The three jumped as Wade's muffled voice came through the closed window.

"Christ!" Harry yelled, running and opening his window so the merc could climb in. "How the hell did you even get up here?"

"Skills and an amazing drive to protect my Baby Boy!" Wade replied, jumping up and wrapping himself around Peter.

"If there wasn't so much other shit to unpack right now, I'd say that was cute." MJ smiled, then frowned. "Peter, why would Tony Stark blackmail you to join the Avengers?"

Peter sighed and rubbed his face.

"Eight years ago Spider-Man got involved in Avengers' business."

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"You could have just told me Pete." Harry shook his head. "Yeah, SI is a big partner for us, but I'd never ask something like that from you."

"Well, at the time I didn't know you knew. I just wanted to help. Honestly Harry, I'd do it again if it helped you. I can't handle Tony in exchange for helping you." Peter smiled at his friend.

"Well, I can always cut ties with SI."

"No!" Peter shouted. "No. This isn't even about me. After Tony made the offer, I was furious. He backed me in to a corner using our friendship. Looking back though, Tony never would have backed out. He just had to make *me* think he would. He likes you Harry. He wouldn't want anything bad to happen if he could help it. No, this is between me and him. He made a desperate move."

"Still," MJ frowned.

"It's fine. Keep the partnership Harry. Me, Peter Parker, I'm telling you not to worry about it."

"I can't believe you're defending him." Wade pouted, pulling Peter into his lap from where he was standing.

"I can't either." Peter sighed. "I know I shouldn't, but I am. I understand why he did it. I don't

appreciate it, but I understand it."

The room's other three occupants starred at him.

"Just forget about it." Peter pleaded. "It's fine, I promise."

"I don't think I'd call this 'fine', Pete." Harry raised an eyebrow. "In fact, I'd say this is the opposite."

"Just, trust me, please."

"Alright, Tiger." MJ caved, placing her hand on Harry's arm. "We'll leave it to you."

"Thanks." Peter smiled.

"I still think you should kick his ass." Wade grunted, tightening his hold.

Peter made to respond when his phone started blaring. Ping after ping rang out as Peter scrambled to pull out his phone.

"Shit!"

"What's wrong?" Wade asked, peering at his phone.

"Apparently every one I know saw the press conference. Everyone wants to *chat*."

"Do you think May saw?" Harry wondered.

"If Bucky's text that he's gonna die before May gets him to the tower is any indication, then yes, she knows. Come on Wade, we gotta go save Bucky."

"Just Bucky?"

"Tony's on his own."

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After ensuring Natasha and Clint, who were on night time watch of Harry and MJ, were able to take over for Wade, the two made thier way to the tower.

"Matt?" Peter asked, answering his phone. "I'm guessing you heard the news?"

"Where's May?"

"Um...on her way to the tower with Barnes."

"I'm assuming you're on your way as well?"

"Yeah. I'm with Wade and heading there now." Peter nodded to no one.

"I'll meet you there." Matt replied before hanging up.

Peter groaned and leaned his head back against the cab's seat. Apparently Dopinder really was Wade's permanent driver.

"Ohh, Devil Dad and Spider Aunt teaming up to take down the Iron Dildo? That sounds epic!" Wade cheered, clapping his hands together.

"This is going to be terrible."

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"You're going to get me in that building and to Tony Stark right now!" May ordered, poking Bucky in the chest. "I tried the front desk and that obnoxious secretary told me he was unavailable to talk to the public."

"You couldn't possibly have thought that would work." Bucky raised an eyebrow.

"It was worth a shot. Bastard probably saw me walk in on some security camera and said not to let me past the front desk."

Bucky sighed and led her towards the back of the building.

"Come on. We'll use the private entrance."

"Well now Mr. Barnes," May grinned. "You're quickly worming your way into my favorites list."

"I'm honored."

"You should be."

Bucky shook his head with a smile as he led May into the tower.

"Come on, the elevator is this way. Hey FRIDAY?"

"Yes Jack Frost?"

"I hate you Tony." Bucky growled. "Can you take us to the floor Tony's on?"

"Do you take responsibility for your guest?"

"Yeah, she's got reason to be here."

"Very well. Please enter the elevator and I will take you to Boss's floor."

"Who is that?" May asked, following Bucky into the lift.

"That's FRIDAY. She's Tony's AI."

"Peter should make one. I know he could." May stated, a proud smile on her face.

*"Arriving at the Penthouse. Boss is in the living area with Captain, Ms. Potts and Mr. Keener."*

"Thanks FRIDAY." Bucky said, stepping out into the Penthouse foyer and taking a deep breath before being shoved aside as May stormed off further into the home.

"Anthony Edward Stark!" she fumed, stomping into clear view of the room's surprised occupants.  
"You better start talking or my fists are gonna do some walking."

Steve spit out the water he had just taken a sip of as Tony back up, holding his hands up in front of him.

"Now May, let's talk about this rationally. There's a reason for what I did."

"Oh really now? I'd *love* to hear it. I bet it's a doozy."

Harley stared wide-eyed at the furious woman before her. Had Tony called her May, as in May Parker? Why was she talking like she knew Tony personally?

"It was with the best intentions to announce Spider-Man joining the team. Norman's not stupid, he would have caught on to us tailing you and the mini Osborns. My goal was to draw him out. Force his hand."

"You mean make him go after Pe-"

"Make him slip up!" Tony cut her off, looking at Harley out the corner of his eye.

May noticed where his eyes flickered and reassessed her words.

"You're just making Spider-Man a bigger target." she growled.

"Ma'am," Steve jumped in. "I can assure you, we're all going to be watching Spider-Man's back. He's our teammate now and we take care of our own."

May stared, sizing up *the* Captain America before judging him against Bucky.

"If I can take him," she threw her thumb in the former assassin's direction. "I can take you too Mr. America. However, this is between me and that idiot."

"May!"

Everyone turned as Peter ran into the room.

"It's fine Peter. Just having a little chat about Spider-Man."

"She's threatening me!" Tony cried.

"You deserve it!" May shouted back.

"What I wouldn't do for some popcorn right now." Wade's smile stretching his mask as he strolled in to the room.

"What's *he* doing here?" Harley growled.

"Well, I heard my Spidey had an interesting announcement made about him today."

"Then why don't you go and find him."

"And leave Petey-Pie here? Spidey would never forgive me!" Wade grinned, rolling his mask up over his nose.

Harley winced at the scars littering the man's chin.

May looked over at the red and black clad mercenary.

"Hmm, you're Wade then?" she asked, studying him closely.

"The one and only!"

May nodded in acceptance before turning back to the billionaire.

"I just can't even think straight I'm so mad!"

"Let's take a deep breath, May." a calm voice spoke.

"FRIDAY! What happened to security measures?" Tony growled, eyeing the devil themed vigilante.

"I believe you and I already had a little talk about Spider-Man. I made myself very clear how I felt." the corner's of Matt's mouth were pulled down.

"And I made a strategic move!" Tony defended. "Norman *has* to make a move now. He knows we're involved. He'll want to try and keep things in his corner and when he moves, we'll be ready!"

"You can't know that Tony." Peter replied, voice even and serious. "You can't know that Norman won't fly out of his hole and terrorize the city as the Green Goblin."

"That's what I'm trying to tell you. The last time Spider-Man fought Green and Ugly, he was solo. He has the *entire* Avengers team behind him, as well as his little vigilante crew." Tony threw in the last part begrudgingly. "Look, as soon as Norman appears, we'll nail him. With that many people on watch, he's not getting anywhere fast or far."

Peter sighed, rubbing the back of his neck.

"This can't backfire Tony. I can't afford for it to."

"Don't worry kid," Tony smiled. "I don't plan for it to."

Harley stood silently next to Pepper, watching everything play out before him. For once, he actually felt for Spider-Man. Maybe Tony *had* went to far by purposefully antagonizing Norman Osborn. Still, it seemed obvious everyone in the room knew something he didn't. Looking at everyone's faces, he stopped at Steve's. Well, at least one other person seemed to be missing something. He obviously knew more than Harley, but there was at least one thing he didn't.

Turning back to Tony, Harley's eyes drifted between him and Peter. He narrowed his eyes as he watched them. Tony's first meeting with Peter had definitely *not* been when Harley had brought him to SI after the Oscorp break-in. No, they were acting way to familiar for that. The only answer was that Tony and Peter had met through Spider-Man.

"Wait," Harley frowned. "Who's watching Harry and his fiancé if the red menace is here?"

"Oh, my good buddy Clint and his red-headed bombshell of a partner." Wade replied cheerfully. "I had to bring Peter Precious to the tower to defend Spidey's honor!"

A sly smirk spread across the merc's face as he slid up behind Peter and pressed his chest to the man's back, draping his arms over his shoulders.

Tony and Harley glared, while Steve looked mildly confused *and* amused.

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Norman frowned as he turned off the TV. He hadn't figured Peter would ever approach the Avengers for help. It didn't take a genius to piece together that Spider-Man didn't have the best relationship with the hero team. Still, Stark's press conference hadn't been an announcement so much as it was a challenge. He was calling Norman out. He was using Peter as bait.

Norman sneered.

No wonder Peter didn't want anything to do with Stark. Who would want to deal with someone so willing to put them in danger?

Standing up, Norman made his way over to his old glider. It hadn't been easy having it acquired from the evidence locker it had been hidden in. It had taken some work, but here it was. He ran his fingers over the cool surface. A few minor repairs and she would be ready for flight.

Norman stopped.

No. Jumping back into the suit was exactly what Stark wanted him to do. That had been the whole point of his little show. He was prepared for a public appearance by the Green Goblin. No. Getting to Peter would require more stealth than his counterpart could offer. No, he would have to be far more clever than before.

Chapter End Notes

I feel like we're heading towards the end here.

Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Things get frustrating for Peter and The Avengers.

Peter digs a hole for himself.

Felicia and Jessica make a discovery.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Peter glared at the back of the Goblin's head as he chased after him. If it really even was him. In the past month, the entire team had hunted down nine different Goblins. It was becoming so common, the people of New York didn't even bat an eye. The shared thought was that it was training for Iron Lad. A shared thought that annoyed the young hero vastly since he spent a good while complaining about how no one included Spider-Man's name.

"Spider-Man!" Steve's voice crackled over the com. "Fall back! You're the main target. We can't risk having you captured!"

"I appreciate your concern Cap," Peter replied, dodging a pumpkin bomb. "But given recent events, we don't even know who's under the mask."

"Still, we should always act as though it is."

As much as he wanted to, Peter didn't argue. He couldn't deny Steve's words. Letting thier guard down would most definitely open them up for Norman to emerge for real. It gave him an uneasy feeling. Shaking his head, Peter threw a web, catching the glider.

"This...this may had been a bad idea!" Peter shouted as the Goblin went into a barrel roll, slinging him all over. It never failed to impress Peter how Norman was able to make such moves and remain on the glider.

Gritting his teeth, Peter strained his muscles as he pulled himself up his web.

"You heard Cap, fall back Spider-Man!"

Peter looked over his shoulder as Iron Lad closed in on him and Goblin, raising his hand and firing up his repulsor.

"No! *You* fall back!" Peter growled, continuing his climb towards the Goblin.

Choosing to ignore him, Harley fired. His blast clipped the corner of the Goblin's glider, sending it spiraling out of control and taking Peter with it.

Unable to keep his hold, Peter was violently flung into the air after the glider took a sharp dive. Iron Lad shot off after it, ignoring the reproachful calls over the coms.

"Gotcha, kid."

Peter looked as red and gold arms closed around him.

"You need to get your protege under control." Peter ground out after swapping to a private channel.

Tony sighed, following after the Iron Lad suit with Peter in his arms.

"I'm serious Tony. If he shoots one of these guys down and it's Norman, that's on him and, by extension, you if he dies."

"Just, just let me handle him. He's just eager to please. I seem to recall a time that *you* made rash choices for the same reason."

"Are we seriously going to do this right now? *He* isn't alone!"

Tony didn't respond as he landed, letting Peter go.

"Gentlemen," Came Natasha smooth voice. "Looks like another dead end."

Tossing a look at each other, Tony and Peter rushed over the where the Avengers had gathered.

Before them was the unmasked face of another Goblin that wasn't Norman Osborn.

"Our battles are proving fruitless." Thor frowned, looking at his teammates.

Ignoring the surprised looks of the Avengers, Peter lifted the imposter by his costume and slammed him into the hood of a nearby car.

"Tell me where he is!"

"Woah!" Steve shouted, moving to get Peter off the man.

"Stay out of this *Captain America*." Peter seethed, shoving Steve back and returning to the fake. "He's making you all take it, isn't he?"

"Take what?" Clint asked.

"The Goblin formula."

"Spider-Man, are you sure?" Tony asked, sliding his faceplate up.

"His eyes. They have that same manic look and that slight green coloring that Norman had. It's not as noticeable, so he didn't get a full dose. Just enough."

"Maybe you should stand down, *Spider-Man*." Harley sneered.

"You know what, why don't *you* 'stand down', *Iron Lad*."

Peter turned, he was growing tired of Harley's constant cut downs and passive aggressive remarks. Nine Goblins in one month. Two attempts at May, thank God for Bucky. One attempt on Harry and MJ, bless Wade. With no sign of Norman, Harley was walking the thin line of Peter's patience.

"You want to do this here, or somewhere else because I'm getting real tired of listening to your mouth."

"My mouth? What about yours? All you seem to want to do is lord yourself over everyone. You

came to *us*, Spider-Man. You came looking for our help and all you've done is act like a complete asshole. We shouldn't be offering you *any* help. For someone who's supposed to be so 'friendly', you're the only one I see beating up on some random guy!" Harley glared as he stepped towards Peter.

"Real nice words from the chump that *shot him down!*"

"Ok kids, let's break it up!"

"Oh knock it off Stark." Spider-Man threw over his shoulder. "This is all *your* fault anyway. You're the one who threw out that challenge and *this* is how Norman responded!"

The imposter Goblin groaned and raised a hand to his head. His eyes widened as he leaned up on his elbows, taking in the sight of the Avengers before him.

"I-I, what hap..."

"You're ok, man." Sam said, moving with Rhodey to help the man off the hood.

"Tones, we're gonna take our friend here back to the tower. Get Bruce to give him a look over." Rhodey nodded, lifting the man bridal style and flying off, Sam following behind.

"This is your fault." Peter glared at Tony through the mask.

"Tony did you a favor!" Harley yelled.

"No! He just led Norman to create a possible army of Goblins to distract us! We have to go after each one because we never know if it's him or not!"

"No, *we'll* have to go after them. *You* should have listened to Steve and hung back! That nut job is after you anyway! He gets you and he wins. You're putting all our lives *and* hard work at risk because why? Why can't you do what you're told?"

Before anyone could react, Peter's fist slammed into Harley's now bare face.

"You want to fight tough guy? Let's fight!"

"Hey!"

The two men stopped as Tony jumped in between them.

"We have a serious issue to handle. We can't waste time fighting amongst each other!"

"Did you not hear me when I said this was *your* fault?" Peter ground out.

"Did you not hear me when I said Tony did you a favor?" Harley slurred over Tony's shoulder, blood pouring out his nose and his busted lip.

"Just stop kid." Tony warned, walking up to Harley. "If he wanted to, he could have killed you. That punch, as bad as I know it hurts, wasn't even a drop in the bucket of what he could do if he wanted to."

Harley looked up at Tony's tired, concerned face.

"But..."

"Don't, Harls. Just, let me handle Spider-Man."

"Why are you always defending him?"

Silence fell around the group, all curious to see if Tony would reveal the long awaited answer.

"This isn't the time or the place, Harley." Tony frowned. "We need to get back to the tower. We'll let Helen take a look at your nose and lip."

"I'm *not* going back to the tower with him." Harley said, glaring at Spider-Man over Tony's shoulder. "If I'm at the tower, he can't be there."

No one spoke as Harley's angry gaze lingered on Spider-Man.

Peter looked at Harley's face through his mask. He had all but given Tony a flat out ultimatum to choose between Spider-Man and Iron Lad. Peter looked the back of the Iron Man suit. At one time he thought he might know who Tony would choose, but now he wasn't so sure. It left a curious feeling in his gut. Not hurt, not jealousy, not anger, just....curious.

Tony sighed and looked Harley in the eyes.

"Look Harley. We can't leave Spider-Man out here. He's an Avenger now, and we protect our own. If we leave him, and Norman grabs him, then that's on us."

A vast array of emotions flickered across Harley's face. He knew Tony had a point, but it didn't make the fact that Tony wouldn't flat out choose him over Spider-Man any better.

"Just tell him to stay away from me." Harley ground out, mask sliding back into place and shooting off towards the Tower.

Tony stood, watching him go in silence. For the first time since he left Tony behind, Peter felt a stirring of something other than anger for the man he had once considered his mentor. He didn't know if he cared for it.

"Tony?" Steve asked, walking up and placing a hand on the armored shoulder. "Let's get back to the tower. We need to question the new imposter."

Without looking, Tony nodded and left to return to the tower.

As everyone began to spread out and make their own way back, Steve turned and regarded the vigilante.

"Spider-Man, mind if we talk?"

Peter turned and looked at Steve's uncertain face.

"Sure, Captain."

"Look, I'm not even going to pretend I know much about what went on between you and Tony. It was a while back and the Avengers weren't even together. Since getting back together, the team has been trying to be better about hashing things out instead of bottling them up."

"Look, Captain," Peter held up his hand. "I get it. Everyone wants to know what happened between me and Tony--"

"Of course we do, but that's not what I want to talk about. Whatever happened between you and

Tony *is* your business, but I'm worried about my team. Harley looks up to Tony and is constantly seeking his approval."

"Are you sure you should be saying things like that, Cap? It sounds awful close to criticism of Harley and Tony."

"It is." Steve nodded. "Tony is wrapped up in helping you and not paying attention to Harley. Harley is wrapped up in being jealous of you to pay attention to what he's doing. He could have killed that man today."

Peter stared as Steve removed his cowl and ran a hand through his hair. He looked tired.

"I don't know what to do, and I hate saying that. You need help. Norman's recent activities with all the fakes proves you need the back-up. Even with your other team, it would still be difficult. More so since they all have actual jobs and lives outside their vigilante personas. However, Tony and Harley are actually on the team-no, don't argue me on that. Tony may be in denial Spider-Man, but the rest of us are well aware we won't be seeing you at the tower anymore after Norman is gone. With that said, I have to think about them. They're the ones who will be here after this is over."

"I get it, Steve." Peter said, holding his hands up. "I can always ask The Defenders if they can skirt some hours at work...well, all but Jessica. She's kind of already working an angle."

"Are there really any that can?"

Peter paused. As far as he knew, Tony was the only one who knew Matt was Daredevil, and asking him was out of the question anyway since he had to appear in court in the next two days. Danny.....Danny ran his company. He couldn't exactly bail at any time. Angelica and Bobby had been unavailable the last few times he had called them, so they were out. Luke, well Luke was an option. So was Frank...if Peter was willing to risk it. Frank wasn't always good about keeping his promise not to kill anyone when they fought together.

Maybe holding off on Frank would be a good idea for now.

Regardless, that only left him with Luke.

"Holy shit."

"Spider-Man?"

"The bar! Luke's bar! All kinds of people filter in and out of there! I'll tell him to keep an ear open, maybe we can get a lead on where Norman's getting his new Goblins from."

Steve regarded him for a moment before nodding.

"Alright. We'll see what he comes up with. In the meantime, we'll keep up the hunt on our end." Steve sighed and ran a hand down his face. "I wish Tony hadn't done the press conference. You came to us before that. We promised to protect you, and your friends. I don't know if you know, but your friend Peter and his aunt paid us a visit at the tower. Neither were too happy with Tony."

"Peter told me. We had a rather long conversation."

"I don't usually do this sort of thing," Steve hesitated, an embarrassed expression on his face. "But can I ask what your relationship with Peter is? He seemed rather.....over protective of you."

Peter blinked under his mask. He wasn't quite sure how to answer that. Answer the wrong way and

he'd blow his cover.

"Why Captain America, are you giving in to gossiping?"

Deflection, yes. Deflection was good.

"It's more so to get a better idea of things."

"Is this about Peter's protection? I know you guys have been doing a great job protecting Harry, MJ and May. I promise you though, Peter is perfectly safe."

"Maybe I should have let Nat handle this." Steve muttered. "Just, be honest. It's important that it be known."

Peter frowned. Why was Spider-Man's relationship with Peter Parker such a big deal? Would they retract their protection of his friends and May if he was?

"I'm not saying anything without knowing if May, Harry and MJ would still be guarded."

"Oh no! Our job is to protect the people! We would never leave known targets unprotected."

Then what was the big deal? However, maybe if he *did* say he was dating....Peter....then they might be more willing to leave his civilian identity alone. Harley had been increasingly vocal about his protection.

Well, here goes nothing.

"Yes. Yes I *am* dating Peter Parker. We just keep it very private."

Oh God, he was now dating himself. When had his life become a fanfiction? Wade would love this.

"I kind of thought so." Steve said, looking off to the side. "Just, please keep it professional around the team. We know Peter is still working at Oscorp, and Harley checks in on him some. I wouldn't want him to.....interrupt anything."

Jesus! Now he's *sleeping* with himself!

Peter wanted to scream.

"I can promise you one thing Cap, Harley will never be interrupting anything. With that said however, you can assure him Peter's well taken care of and he can lay off the check-ins."

"Alright." Steve took a breath, debating on his next question. "Can...can I ask about Deadpool?"

"What about him?"

"He also showed up with Peter and seemed rather....close."

"Are you asking if I'm in a relationship with both Peter *and* Deadpool?"

Steve didn't respond. Instead, he shuffled from one foot to the other.

Why not? In for a penny, in for a pound right?

"Yes. We are."

Steve nodded.

"Why Captain!" Peter started slyly. "Are you perhaps interested in joining us?"

Steve's face lit up as he choked on air.

"I mean, I know you're with Iron Man, but who would say no to *Captain America*?"

"N-no thank you. I'm glad you all have each other."

"The offer stands Captain." Peter grinned, saluting Steve before shooting a web and swinging off toward the tower.

Face still aflame, Steve made his way off to where Natasha and Thor waited.

~~~~~

"Nothing. No memory of anything. Same as all the others." Rhodey sighed as he and Sam, and Wanda entered the briefing room. "Bruce is finishing his check-up now."

"Their minds are strange during the time before becoming the Goblin and during. It's like white noise." Wanda frowned.

The team rarely ever asked Wanda to use her powers to probe someone's mind, but there was no other way to proceed. The men themselves continued to claim no recollection of anything.

"The only thing that seems the same is the mark on thier neck. Mostly likely where their being injected if Spider-Man is right about the formula."

Peter looked up from where he had been checking his phone for routine texts from Wade and Bucky.

"It's the Goblin formula. I know how Norman looked."

Wanda let out a breath as she fell into the seat beside Peter. Reading minds took a lot of focus, and she had been doing it frequently.

"I hope we get a break soon." she placed her head on the table.

"I'm reaching out to someone who may be able to give us an idea of where these guys are coming from." Peter looked at her with sympathy. "There's no guarantee he'll hear anything, but we can try it."

"I'll be glad for anything." she smiled at him.

Peter really liked Wanda. Her reputation was greatly exaggerated. Truth was, she was a very nice woman who had just been dealt a shitty hand.

He looked down as his phone buzzed. Another message from Wade.

/You know I'll do anything for you Petey, but I'm mighty bored. I hear there's interesting things in the parking garage though./

/The parking garage is compromised./

/I have a kink for semi public sex and voyeurism Petey-Pie./

/I don't want anyone, especially my friend, watching me have sex./

/I noticed you didn't deny the semi public sex kink./

Peter put his phone aside. He wasn't about to engage in a kink war while surrounded by Avengers. He internally groaned as his phone buzzed, but was surprised to see May's name.

/James and I are going grocery shopping. We're going to make lasagna tonight! Larb you!/  
/

James. May "I'm calling you James because I'm special and refuse to call you something other do" Parker had become quite attached to Bucky. It was amusing to see the two of them cooking together, watching TV, or even running errands. For all the hesitance she had had when he moved in, she had pretty much adopted him at this point.

*"He's my protection Peter, of course he needs to walk me to Ann's for my book club."*

Right Aunt May. Protection. I'm sure it had nothing to do with you parading a handsome man around in front of your friends. Funnier though was the fact that he had seen Bucky reading the club's new book yesterday.

"Spider-Man?"

Peter looked up to see that, at some point, Steve and Tony had entered the room. Harley was nowhere to be seen.

"Repeat that? I was receiving updates."

"I think you can return to Oscorp."

"Right. I actually have something I've been meaning to check out. Just been waiting for the right time.

Like Harley *not* being around.

"Alright. We're going to keep our friend here until we're sure he's well, then send him to detainment until we find Norman."

Peter nodded, standing up as everyone filed out the room to go do their own thing.

"Mind if we have a word?"

Peter looked as Tony stared at him, a hopeful look on his face.

"Ok."

Steve gave the slightest of smiles as he left the doorway he had been hesitating in. Once he was gone, Tony shut the door and Peter removed his mask.

"I hear Spider-Man is dating Peter Parker."

"I hear it was important information."

"When you go in, you go in all the way kid." Tony smiled softly.

"I didn't realize there was any other way."

"In this case, I honestly couldn't tell you."

"Care to enlighten me on why?"

Tony stood, a look of bafflement on his face.

"Seriously, kid?"

"I told everyone Spider-Man was covering Peter Parker, what does it matter if they're in a relationship?"

"I swear. This is the most convoluted shit I've ever encountered. Pete, you *have* to know why it's a big deal."

"No. I don't." Peter huffed, crossing his arms in frustration.

Tony's eyes darted away in an unusual display of discomfort for him.

"Don't...don't worry about it. We'll handle it."

Peter raised an eyebrow, debating on pushing further.

"Did you hear anything else?"

"That you're really dating Deadpool." Tony's jaw clenched.

"Is there a problem?"

Tony's jaw clenched and unclenched. The struggle not to say anything evident in his tense body language.

"I did extend the offer to join to Steve, but he turned me down. At least you know he's loyal."

Tony stumbled in surprise.

"You did *what*?"

"I offered for Steve to join in." Peter shrugged. "Like I told him, he *is* Captain America. Wade surely wouldn't object. Hell, he's be thrilled. Maybe throw in Thor and Natasha too."

"Are you *trying* to start an argument?"

"I thought this conversation was going rather well." Peter frowned. "Neither one of us is yelling."

Tony sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. There were so many things he wanted to say. So many things that wouldn't come across right if they were arguing. Maybe this was his moment. Peter was right, neither one of them were fighting.

"Peter-"

"Leave it Tony. I have a lot on my plate right now and I'm not adding your issues to it."

"We need to talk. For real. Talk without fighting."

"I don't have time. I already told you I haven something at Oscorp to look in to. I need to go. FRIDAY, window please."

"Yes Spider-Man."

Peter pulled his mask down over his face before leaping out and swinging off.

"Where's *he* off to?" Harley glared, walking in just in time to see Spider-Man leap out the window.

"Oscorp."

"Of course he is."

"Harley, look, about earlier-"

"It's ok, Tony." Harley said, giving him a small smile. "I get it. As an Avenger I need to put aside my issues with Spider-Man and focus on the real problem, which is Norman Osborn."

"Spoken like a true hero kid." Tony smiled proudly.

Harley beamed at the praise.

~~~~~

"Thank you, James." May smiled, pulling out groceries from the bags Bucky sat on the table.

"Peter loves my lasagna. Figure he could use the pick-me-up."

"I don't know how much longer the team and do this. It's getting out of control with all these fake Goblins. Peter said his friends Jessica and Felicia are snooping around. Daredevil and Iron Fist have been seen out more than ever. If the Four were in town, I'm sure they'd be out too."

"Oh definitely that Johnny Storm." May smirked. "Only seen the lower half of Peter's face and instantly enamored."

"Really? Just from half his face?"

"The young ones are easy to impress. I'm sure my nephews skin tight suit didn't hurt things either." May snickered. "But I think he's moved on. Saw him out with a young woman before they left."

Bucky nodded, putting the milk in the fridge.

"How are you liking the book? I saw you reading it last night."

Bucky rubbed the back of his neck as a pink hue brushed across his cheeks.

"Yeah...I saw your copy and figured I'd take a look."

"Well, is Christian Grey doing it for you?"

"I can't say he is."

"Thank God! Me either. What a creep. If it was about a healthy relationship, it would be one hell of a read though. Keep the healthy part in mind, James. Felicia is a beautiful girl but she's also a liberated woman who knows what she wants and isn't afraid to go after it. So, keep her on her toes and remember that communication and respect are key aspects in a relationship. I mean, obviously physical attraction is important, but definitely need that communication and respect."

"May! I can assure you I'm *not* trying to date Felicia."

"Oh please. I've seen you two. Listen to me, James. Peter is one of the most hesitant people I've ever met when it comes to relationships. Despite that, that girl not only managed to get past that barrier, but she kept him. They aren't even dating and they're still just as close. She sleeps over here in his bed more than she sleeps in her own. Don't tell Wade, who I've still yet to properly meet because of this Norman mess, that I said that." May winked. " Now, how about we bake some cookies before we have to start on the lasagna?"

~~~~~

Peter grumbled as he pulled up his pants. He had climbed in through Harry's office window, pretending not to realize Wade still had a perfect view of the office from where he was positioned.

/Impromptu strip show for me Baby Boy? Daddy likes!/  
Peter chuckled as zipped up his fly. He was reaching for his shirt when the door to Harry's office opened.

"Harry I-"

Peter froze as Harley Keener stared at him from the doorway. Well, so much for not walking in on anything.

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Harley froze as he took in the sight of a half naked Peter Parker. He had had no idea Peter was so.....fit. His frame was lean but filled with muscles and hard abs and pecks. He knew he shouldn't stare, so he tore his gaze away, face on fire.

"S-sorry!"

He heard the rustle of fabric as Peter quickly threw on his shirt, buttoning it up as quickly as possible. As he avoided looking at Peter while he finished dressing, his eyes narrowed as he noticed the slightly open window and was that.....*Spider-Man's glove?*

Harley picked up the offending piece of material just as Peter turned around.

"Um, I'll just....I'll take that." Peter chuckled nervously as he took the glove out of Harley's hand.
"Is there...is there something you need?"

"I just wanted to check in on you since we had another Goblin sighting today."

"Yeah, Spider-Man told me."

"I bet he did." Harley mumbled.

The buzzing of a phone echoed through the quiet office before a loud smack hit the window. Harley and Peter jumped as Deadpool clawed at the glass.

"Jesus!" Peter yelled, throwing the window open and pulling the masked man inside. "Are you crazy?"

"It's been discussed." Wade grinned, straightening up to full height and moving close to Peter.

Harley narrowed his eyes at the mercenary when Peter turned away, shoving Spider-Man's glove into his bag. The eyes on Wade's mask narrowed in return.

"So, Mini-Stark. What brings you here?" Wade asked, false innocence lacing his voice.

"I already told *Peter*. Why are *you* here? Shouldn't you be positioned somewhere for maximum view?"

"Oh, believe me, I just had some *maximum view*."

"As lovely as whatever this is, I have some things I need to look in to so, I'm gonna go." Peter said, moving towards the door.

"I'll come with you." Harley jumped. "I'm sure Deadpool needs to get back to his post anyway."

"I'm sure *you* need to be out looking for the Goblin and not hanging around Oscorp." Wade replied.

"Why don't you *both* go back to your posts. I have a headache and this isn't helping."

Peter rubbed his temples and walked out the door, leaving the two bickering men behind him.

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"Dad always was full of surprises." Harry said, looking up at the open hatch in his father's old lab.  
"How'd you even find that?"

"I didn't. Harley did by randomly leaning his hand down on the table."

"Wow."

"It's spacious up here." MJ noted, looking around the tunnel as Peter held her up. "I'm surprised you haven't already explored it."

"I haven't had time." Peter said, catching MJ as she let herself fall. "I tried to when we found it, but *Iron Lad* got all weird about it."

Harry and MJ shared a look as Peter jumped up, catching the side of the hatch and crawling in.

"So, which one of you is gonna stay here and play lookout?" he asked, peeking his head out.

"Me!" MJ waved excitedly. "I've always wanted in on a super hero mission."

"Maybe I should-"

"Shut it Osborn, this is *my* time." the red head said, shoving Harry towards the lab door.

"Go make sure the merc and boy wonder haven't destroyed anything."

Harry sighed, throwing his hands up and leaving.

"Alright Spider-Man, Spider-Woman's got your back."

"Spider-Woman?"

"Challenge me on it."

"Spider-Woman it is."

Peter smirked down at her before disappearing.

Looking around, Mary Jane grabbed a chair and drug it under the hatch, standing in the seat. Jumping, she could barely see inside.

"I should have just went with you." she called.

"If I find something it'll be better if I don't have to worry about you." Peter yelled, his voice distant.

"If you find something we're all in trouble anyway!"

Peter didn't reply.

After a few minutes of silence, MJ started wandering around the lab. She had never been interested in science, but she couldn't deny her curiosity.

"Hey, Spider-Woman."

MJ jumped, whirling around to see Peter's head hanging out the hatch and grinning at her.

"Wanna be a sidekick?"

"Get me up there Parker."

Lowering his arms, Mary Jane grabbed his hands and widened her eyes as Peter easily lifted her into the shaft.

"Well, I definitely see why some women have a thing for strong men."

"I'm taken Ms. Watson."

Mary Jane smirked, motioning for Peter to lead the way. She followed him as they crawled down the pathway.

"So, what does Spider-Man need?"

"I want another set of eyes."

"I thought spiders had plenty of those."

"Your humor leaves me breathless."

Peter stopped suddenly, leaning back and letting MJ slip around him.

"Look through there and tell me what you see."

Raising an eyebrow, she regarded Peter moment before peering through the grate. On the other side was a small, circular room with various hallways branching off.

"I think it's pretty obvious what I see, Tiger." Mary Jane said, looking back at him. "Where do you think these tunnels go?"

"No idea, but searching them needs to be handled carefully. We don't want to set ourselves up for an ambush."

Mary Jane nodded, taking one last look at the strange room.

"How'd Norman even get this made? I know he didn't do it himself, but how did he keep it quiet?"

"I could take a guess, but I'd rather not. If nothing else, we know how he got everything out."

"Well then, let's go find Harry. Hopefully your boyfriend and your admirer have parted ways." Mary Jane smirked.

Peter rolled his eyes, following Mary Jane back down to the lab.

~~~~~

Harley fumed as he stormed into Tony's lab.

"Trouble young buck?" Tony raised an eyebrow.

"I went to check on Peter. *Spider-Man* apparently paid him a visit before I got there."

"So? We know he's searching Oscorp with Peter."

"Oh he's searching Oscorp all right."

Tony watched as Harley sat at his work station, violently filtering through his things.

"Why are we allowing Spider-Man at Oscorp? Norman's after him, that's the last place he should be. He's got a target on his back."

"We've talked about this Harls. Peter can get Spider-Man around Oscorp easily."

"Yeah. Whatever."

~~~~~

"So, let me get this straight," MJ snickered, walking into Harry's office where he and Deadpool were waiting. "Peter Parker and Spider-Man are dating, and Harley walked in on you half dressed with the window open."

"What?" Harry looked up.

"Oh Petey Pie, *please* tell me you have a clone. That would be so hot." Wade sighed, making grabby hands at his boyfriend.

"Sorry Wade, still only one of me."

"I'll just add that imagine to my spank bank."

"I hope you're well rested Harry," MJ huffed. "I'm gonna have to erase that imagine in my mind somehow."

"Everyone's getting lucky but me!" Wade whined, pulling Peter to him. "This Goblin business is such a cockblock."

"Speaking of, we found how Norman got Oscorp goods out." Peter said, looking at Harry.

"Really?"

"Quite the sight to." MJ nodded.

"Does everyone but me get to search this building with you?"

"Like anything would get done if you were with him."

MJ winked at the two.

Peter's face flushed as Wade grinned.

"You're definitely right oh wise one."

"I guess I should swing over to the tower. Let everyone know what we found."

~~~~~

"Well, hello there." Felicia smirked as she moved on of the boxes.

"I told you not to move anything." Jessica huffed, making her way over.

"I think you'll be happy I did."

Jessica grumbled as she stepped over various beer bottles and trash. There had been an increase in activity around the old warehouse since the false Goblins had started appearing.

Well now. "She grinned, looking at the small opening that had been hastily covered. "Care to take a little trip down the rabbit hole, Alice?"

"To Wonderland we go."

Slowly the two climbed inside the tunnel, Felicia recovering the opening behind them.

"It's a lot roomer than it looks. It's also been carefully constructed." Felicia observed, the lights overhead illuminating the concrete walls.

"It's also angling down. Watch yourself." Jessica said.

The two made thier way down the incline until the tunnel leveled off again. It continued further down, slight curves along the way.

"How far does this thing go?"

"No idea. I'm more concerned about where it comes out." Jessica said, sharp eyes scanning everywhere.

The two kept walking, both growing more paranoid the longer the tunnel went without a seeming end. After a while, they debated on turning around when Felicia grinned excitedly.

"Looks brighter up ahead! Maybe we've found the end."

Jessica paused, stopping Felicia from moving forward.

"You're hearing is better than mine, take a listen. We don't know what's waiting for us at the end."

Nodded, Felicia closed her eyes and focused.

"I hear low voices, two of them. One sounds male and the other female."

"Let's take it slow, maybe it's just two of them and we can take them."

Creeping closer to the opening, Felicia stopped.

"That's definitely

Peter's voice."

"What?"

"It's Peter, but I don't know who's with him."

"Then let's move." Jessica said, her pace quickening.

"How'd Norman even get this made? I know he didn't do it himself, but how did he keep it quiet?"
a female's voice asked softly.

"I could take a guess, but I'd rather not. If nothing else, we know how he got everything out."
Peter's voice answered.

"Well then, let's go find Harry. Hopefully your boyfriend and your admirer have parted ways."

Jessica and Felicia exited the tunnel just in time to hear two figures shuffle away, the sound
seeming to come from overhead.

"Well, we know there's a way in here that doesn't involve one of these tunnels." Felicia said,
looking around the open room.

"Wonder where the rest of these go." Jessica said, walking around the room and looking down
each tunnel. "Regardless though, there's a passage overhead. We'll need to talk with Peter, find out
where his entry point is."

"Or," Felicia grinned. "We could find out ourselves."

Jessica smirked as she looked up at the grate above them.

"How sharp are those claws?"

"Sharp enough."

Moving over to the grate, Felicia extended the claws of her gloves a little more, swiping at the
edges. The cover fell to the ground with a clang.

"That was to easy." she pouted. "It clearly was secured well."

"Well, if someone's using these tunnels regularly, they probably don't want to have to take the time
to have to work to get it off."

"Still, this cat was hoping for a challenge."

"Tell it to Peter when we find him."

~~~~~

Peter frowned as he swung towards Avengers' Tower. He was spending way more time there than  
he had ever intended. It was really cutting into the time he spent with both May and Wade. Thank  
goodness she had Bucky to keep her company. A buzzing at his side had him stopping on a roof  
and taking out his phone.

"Hello?"

"Spider." Felicia greeted. "I think you'd be very interested to know where I and the lovely Miss Jones are."

"Hopefully somewhere with some helpful news."

"If sitting in a lab in what appears to be Oscorp, then yes."

"I'm sorry, what?"

"We just missed you and your female friend trekking back through a rather unusual tunnel."

"You're in Norman's lab? How did you get in the tunnel?" Peter asked, sitting on the edge of the roof.

"Followed a corridor from that warehouse we've been staking out. Led us right to you."

"Well, now we know where one of the tunnels lead. Take the elevator up. Wade's still around so I'll let him know to wait on you."

"Aww, you're not going to meet us?"

"I'm on my way to the tower. We need to find out where those other tunnels lead."

"Lame." Felicia pouted. "Meet at May's?"

"You just want to see Barnes."

"You know me so well. I'm dying to know what he thinks of my suit."

"I'll meet you at May's."

"Love you Spider."

He could hear Felicia smirk through the phone.

"Yeah, you too."

Hanging up, Peter shot a quick text to Wade before continuing on to the tower.

## Chapter End Notes

I love May and Bucky's growing friendship.

## Chapter 25

### Chapter Summary

Tony talks to Peter.

Plans are made.

### Chapter Notes

Ummm.....I love you guys!

Peter sighed as he landed on the balcony of Tony's penthouse. He would have preferred to speak to Steve alone, but since he couldn't just walk into the building as Spider-Man *or* Peter Parker, he wasn't left with much choice.

The door had been left open for him so he casually made his way inside."Hey kid." Tony's voice caught him off guard.

He should have known Steve would tell him he was on his way over.

"Tony."

"You can take off the mask, Pete. It's just us. Steve's in the conference room with the others talking with Fury. Apparently that caught the internal spy."

"Are you sure you shouldn't be down there?" Peter asked, raising an eyebrow.

"As much as you should honestly." Tony sighed.

"But Steve can fill us both in. Doubtful they got anything of any use out of him. I'd put money down that whoever hired him *isn't* who's pulling the string. Anyway, what's the news?"

"I figured out how Norman got the stuff from Oscorp out."

"I take it Spider-Man explored the tunnel in Osborn's lab?"

"Harley tell you about it?"

"Yeah. He was excited to help you ." Tony smiled.

"He was excited to help *Peter Parker*, not Spider-Man."

"You're the same person, Peter. Well....I guess since you're dating yourself it might be best to really push the two as sperate people." Tony smirked.

"It's a very complex relationship, Tony. Lots of things to navigate, but I'm positive we can make it work. We're perfect for each other." Peter grinned, stepping further into the room.

Eager to keep up the light atmosphere Tony gestured to the large couch.

"Alright kid, tell me what you got."

Peter followed Tony to the couch, making sure to keep a comfortable distance between them.

"I had to have a second set of eyes check it out, well, I *thought* it was just a second set. Turns out I had two more." Peter shook his head with a soft smile. "Norman's ceiling tunnel leads straight to a room full of branching off tunnels. I only know where one goes and that's because Felicia and Jess happened to find it and follow it straight to Oscorp. It comes from the warehouse down at the docks that they've been scoping out."

"I'm guessing you're talking about Jessica Jones and Felicia Hardy?"

"Yeah." Peter nodded.

"How many tunnels?"

"Besides the one Jess and Felicia used there were six others."

Tony let out a breath as he ran his hand down his face.

"Well, at least we know where one goes. Any ideas behind when and how Norman created his underground network?"

"No. Harry's pretty upset." Peter sighed.

"Norman just keeps continuing to find ways to hurt him."

Tony frowned as he studied Peter's face. He had never taken the time to even put much thought into Peter's friendship with Norman's son. It hadn't seemed important at the time. Now though, now he wished he had paid more attention to everything.

"I know it's none of my business, but how close *are* you and Harry?"

"Best friends." Peter smiled. "We....we needed each other. Harry got love and attention from me, I got protection and friendship from him. He was my first friend. Over the years I've seen people make assumptions on Harry's character, and they're always wrong. To me, Harry's not really my friend, he's my brother."

Tony smiled. He knew what Peter was talking about as he felt the same about Rhodey. Sometimes, friends were every bit as important as blood.

"I'm sorry, Pete." Tony said softly, looking away. "I should never have even considered using Oscorp as a bargaining chip."

Peter raised an eyebrow as Tony continued.

"I just wanted so bad for you to come back. I was a shit mentor to you. I'm more than aware of it. I tried to pretend I wasn't. I tried to put the blame off on you. I made out like you were more at fault than me. I was the adult. Jesus, Pete. You were 15 when I took you to Germany! 15! What *was* I thinking? So many things could have went wrong, even if it wasn't intentional. I wasn't exactly watching you every minute of the fight. You *did* get hurt! Then we come back and I barely had anything to do with you, blamed you for everything with the Vulture, took your suit away because you made a mistake that could have been avoided if I had been better, and almost got you killed!"

Then you left. You left and never came back."

Tony stopped, finally looking over at Peter's uncomfortable expression.

"You never came back and I didn't want to admit it was my fault. I convinced myself that while I had a "few flaws", *you* were the real one to blame. Who knows, you might not even be in this mess now if I had been better to you."

Peter didn't know what to say. He hadn't come here to have Tony apologize for everything that had happened, both while they were mentor and mentee and after they weren't.

"Tony, I-"

"No, Pete. I *need* to tell you this. *You* need to hear it. You're a good kid, and even better hero. You were better than me when I met you. I knew it. I could see it in everything you did and didn't do." He smiled. "Harley's a good kid. He's gonna make a great Avenger, but he's never going to be as good as you, Peter."

Peter blinked in surprise, his mouth dropping slightly.

"Tony, I don't think-"

"He's not, and it's not his fault. Harley's got an edge to him. He's like me in that way and I think that's why I can understand him. You though, even with all your time in the field, you still have that soft and caring nature. You want to help people and expect nothing in return. You do what you do because it's right. Harley can come up with plans quickly, but he's lacks the level head he needs to decide which one is really the best. Whether he likes it or not, he needs you."

Peter's brows furrowed as he took in Tony's words. This was exactly why he never wanted to spend too much time alone with Tony. He didn't want to have this conversation. There was way to much going on to add this to it.

"Tony, the tunnels." Peter said, clearing his throat.

"Yeah." The man sighed, giving a small smile. "As soon as their done with Fury, we'll get the team up here and-"

"No. I need you to handle this for me." Peter said, standing up. "I have something else I need to take care of. I talked to Steve about it. I'm going to talk to Luke about keeping an ear out at the bar, see if we can get any idea where Norman if getting his recruits from."

"You sure, Pete?" Tony hurried, following Peter towards the balcony.

"Yeah, I'm sure. The sooner I get to Luke the better. He can start tonight when the customers start getting loose lips." Peter chuckled, thinking back on Luke's complaints about hearing to much of people's love lives.

"I'm just saying, you're the one who saw it and-"

"Tony." Peter stopped, turning to the billionaire. "I don't need to be here to tell the others about some tunnels leading in to Oscorp. You can do that. Let Steve handle the rest. Just, here." Peter said, walking towards the bar and digging out a pen and paper. "I had to get a new phone. This is my number. Have Steve call me and I'll get you into Oscorp directly or I can get them in touch with Jess and Felicia and they can lead you in that way. I mean, obviously we need to find out where those other tunnels go, but you all will need to decide who goes together."

"What are you going to do?"

"First, I'm going to do what I said and go talk to Luke. After that I'm meeting Felicia and Jess back at May's. I'm gonna have Wade bring Harry and MJ with him. I need to get a plan together for them. I'm sure Norman has a backup plan in case we did find that room."

"You know, my offer for them to all stay here still stands. There's no place in the city that's safer than here."

"And how could I explain the absence of Peter Parker?"

"I think we can cover for you." Tony said, latching on to the fact Peter hadn't said no.

Peter frowned, looking down at his number.

"I don't know, Tony. Things really might go downhill from here, but I can't and won't force any of them to come here and stay."

"Just...just mention it to them." Tony pushed. "You can't tell me it wouldn't make things easier on you to know they're safe. We can keep Barnes and Wilson on guard duty during the work hours, but then they'd be free to help out once May, Harry and Mary Jane are here."

Peter looked out the window at the New York skyline. As much as it annoyed him, he knew Tony had a point. If they all came and stayed in the tower, they'd be safe and it *would* free up two more people.

"I'll.....I'll talk to them." Peter said, moving back toward the balcony. "I'll have Bucky call Steve and let him know."

"You could just call me, kid." Tony said, holding out a card with his number on it. "I know you don't have it."

Peter stared at the card before slowly taking it.

"Umm....yeah....I'll....I'll let you know." Peter nodded before leaping into the sky.

~~~~~

Tony watched Peter fall, anxiously waiting for the web line to fire and swing him off through the city. He knew Peter did his free fall all the time, but it never failed to rattle his nerves. He let out a breath of relief when Peter shot out a web and swung out of eyesight.

He smiled as he walked back to the bar, pulling out his Stark phone and entered Peter's number into it. He hadn't planned on actually having Peter's attention long enough to tell him what he had. He was still reeling from the chance. Peter had sat and listened. No arguments, no anger, no tense silence, just a very open conversation.

Well, open on Tony's end.

Peter hadn't really done anything. He had tried to stop Tony, but it hadn't been harshly. If anything, it was nervous. Peter hadn't wanted Tony to tell him those things.

While it might have been uncomfortable for Peter, it had been great for Tony.

"You seem happy." Steve smiled as he walked into the penthouse. "I take it things went well with Spider-Man?"

"Yeah." Tony smiled, wrapping his arms around Steve's waist. "However, for all the good, there's the bad. FRIDAY?"

"Yes Boss?"

"Get everyone up here. We've got some things to go over."

~~~~~

"You want me to what now?" Luke raised an eyebrow as he looked over the bar at Peter.

"I just want you to keep an ear out for missing people or weird offers people are getting to test out products. Anything that sounds off."

"Do you hear yourself, Parker." Luke huffed.

"I work in a bar. I *always* hear something off."

"I don't know what else to do." Peter sighed, running a hand through his hair. "There aren't any leads. None of the fake goblins remember anything. Wanda has tried to read their mind and it's blank. He's getting these guys from somewhere, so someone knows something."

"Maybe your looking in the wrong areas, Pete." Luke hummed, throwing the rag he was cleaning the bar with over his shoulder. "I mean, you know Osborn has someone out there he owes his release to. Maybe whoever it is will benefit from the goblin."

Peter blinked as he stared at Luke.

"You're a genius! That's it! That's what I need you to keep an ear out for! Listen out if any known crime gangs are accepting recruits, or any crime lords taking on new people. I can't *believe* I didn't think of that before!"

"I'll see what I can find." Luke shook his head. "I can't promise anything. I don't generally get anyone wasted enough to let that kind of stuff slip."

"Whatever sounds interesting. It might be something we can piece together with something else. Now, I gotta go. I'm meeting Jess and Felicia back home. Thanks."

"Later spider-kid."

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"Wade? What are you doing here?" Peter asked, eyes wide in surprise. "Where are Harry and MJ?"

"Inside with everyone else." Wade smirked, pulling Peter against him. "We haven't had any time together since the fakes started appearing, and then Stark junior walking in on you.."

"I was mostly dressed." Peter grinned.

"Not dressed enough!" Wade huffed. "Any earlier and he would have seen way more than I could handle."

"Once we get this Norman thing sorted out, I'll spend all the time with you I can."

"I want you to move in with me."

Peter jerked back to look Wade in the eyes.

"What?"

"I want you to move in with me Petey-Pie. I want to be able to see you all the time. I know things are a little tense right now, so just think about it. Give me an answer after we put Osborn back on the raft."

"Hey!"

Peter jumped and Wade grunted as they looked over at the open door where Felicia smirked at them.

"If I'm not getting any, neither are you. Now get in here."

"This shit can't get wrapped up fast enough."

"Come on big guy." Peter smiled, grabbing Wade's hand and walking towards the door. "Today was a big break for us. We could be closing in on finishing this up."

"Yeah, yeah." Felicia rolled her eyes. "You two make me sick."

"You're just jealous because you haven't landed Winter Wonder yet." Wade grinned.

"Shut-up or I'm taking back the spider."

"Come on you two." Peter sighed in exasperation. "Let's get started."

Felicia and Wade bickered good naturedly as they made thier way inside.

"Hey, Pete." Harry smiled, smoothing out some papers on the kitchen table. "Got some useful paperwork here."

"Let's see it." Peter grinned, sliding up next to his friend.

"I found these-"

"Excuse you!" Mary Jane scoffed.

"Sorry. *Spider-Woman* over there found these in a literal freaking secret compartment in Dad's desk. In his desk, Pete!"

"Who even does that?" Peter finished for him.

The two just stared at each other before looking back at the papers, completely missing the amused looks from everyone else.

In front of them were several schematics. A few of them were normal layouts of various Oscorp facilities, but that wasn't what they were there for. Pulling some pages from the bottom of the pile, Harry laid out a detailed schematic for the secret tunnel room Norman had added to the building.

"He had been building this for a year and a half, Pete." Harry sighed. "From what we gathered, he kept bringing new people in-"

"And killing the old ones." Jessica said, leaning against the kitchen cabinet. "There are a few notes of names, all matching up with 'missing' contractors."

Peter looked from Jessica to Harry. He had seen Harry in many stages of emotions, but none had ever broken his heart like the one he saw now. Looking over at May and Mary Jane, they nodded to each other.

"Come on Har." Peter said, taking Harry's hand and pulling him away from the table and up to his room.

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"A year and a half." Harry said, dropping down on Peter's bed. "How, how does that happen, Pete?"

Peter frowned as Harry looked up at him, eyes misty but so lost. Taking a breath, Peter sat down next to Harry and placed his arm around his shoulders. The two sat in silence for a while before falling back and looking up at the ceiling.

"This is familiar." Harry said, a pained smile on his face. "Me, having a breakdown over my dad while we lay on your bed and stare at the ceiling."

"At least I'm not bleeding this time." Peter chuckled.

"I never realized my breakdowns usually coincided with you getting your ass kicked."

"Well, a busted lip or black eye was small potatoes to the beatings you would give my bullies." Peter grinned, looking over at Harry.

"Someone had to protect you, you scrawny brat." Harry chuckled, looking back at him.

The two smiled at each other as a comforting feeling filled them.

"One day, Pete. One day you're not going to have to save me from my dad."

"I know, but until then, I'm going to. It's what brother's do."

Harry smiled, lacing his fingers with Peter's and looking back at the ceiling.

"I love you, Pete."

"I love you too."

They were silent for a moment before Harry's hesitant voice filled the room.

"Umm....Pete?"

"Yeah?"

"Your comforter is clean, right?"

"Yeah, I-dude!" Peter huffed, sitting up and ignoring Harry's laugh.

"I'm just making sure!"

"This is *May's house!* I'm not getting freaky in the sheets here!"

Harry took a breath through his laughter and wiped his eyes.

"I take it back." Peter pouted. "I don't love you. I hate you."

"To late, Pete. No take backs on family love."

Peter rolled his eyes and stood up.

"Come on." Peter smiled, holding out his hand.

"Me, May and Mary Jane are here for you. You've got us and now you have Felicia, Wade, Bucky and..." Peter paused. "Matt's here."

Harry smiled, taking Peter's hand and letting himself be pulled up. Once on his feet, he pulled Peter in for a tight hug.

"We got you." Peter said softly, giving Harry's a gentle squeeze. "We're a family, and we look out for our own."

"If Wade ever hurts you," Harry grumbled. "I'll tear him apart with my bare hands."

"Are you prepping for a shovel talk now?"

Peter chuckled.

"When it comes to you, Peter Parker, no one is ever going to be good enough."

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No one looked up at Peter and Harry entered the kitchen. The two moved back to their places as though they had never left. Matt laid a hand on Peter's shoulder and gave it a gentle squeeze before moving to stand by Jessica. The two started talking quietly, Jessica filling Matt in on what she knew.

Mary Jane and May moved over to stand by Harry, thier silent support a welcome thing.

Wade came up, wrapping his arms and Peter's waist and leaning down to whisper in his ear.

"Take a subtle look to your left, Baby Boy"

Raising an eyebrow, Peter barely turned his head to look where Wade suggested. Nestled towards the far corner of the kitchen, Felicia had the Winter Soldier backed against a cabinet as she ran a finger up his metal arm.

"Poor guy." Wade grinned. "He's not sure if he should be aroused or concerned."

"It's Felicia." Peter smirked. "He's both."

"I swear, if the cat gets any action before me-"

The sound of the doorbell had everyone turning. They stood, all on edge.

Peter closed his eyes, focusing and noting the complete silence from his Spider-Sense. He pulled out of Wade's hold, nodding at everyone in the room and headed towards the front door. Wade and Bucky fell into step slightly behind him, both ready just in case. Opening the door, Peter's eyes blew wide.

Standing on the doorstep was Tony Stark and Steve Rogers.

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There was an awkward silence before Steve rolled his eyes and stepped forward.

"Tony told me about what was found at Oscorp. I'm here to talk to Buck, and since you're here, you too Wade. We need to figure out our next move since it could very well be the last thing we do before things get really serious. Is Spider-Man here or coming?"

"Not sure. He had some things to check on so I guess we'll see, but we already know what you're here to talk about. Come in." Peter said, stepping aside so Steve and Tony could enter.

Bucky and Wade easily accepted Steve into the fold with smiles, both ignoring the other man hesitating at the door. Looking between the three men and Tony, Peter sighed and stepped back out the door, pulling Tony with him. He ignored the looks from Wade and Bucky as he shut the door behind them.

"I told you to have Steve call."

"This isn't on me, kid." Tony said, holding up his hands. "Steve wanted to come and talk directly to Barnes. He was also hoping to catch Spider-Man."

"Well, he'll have to settle for Peter Parker right now. I didn't have time to change." Peter said, looking back at the closed door. He wondered how everyone inside was handling the new arrivals.

"Well, I was told earlier that Peter Parker and Spider-Man are *extremely* close these days. I'm sure he'll be able to fill the web-head in." Tony smirked.

Peter looked over at the man with a raised eyebrow before a surprised laugh burst out of him.

"Yeah, I guess he can."

The two stood in silence, neither sure how to proceed.

On the inside, Tony was thrilled. This was what he wanted with Peter. The bantering, the laughs. This is how it would have been if he had just paid more attention to the kid in the first place.

Peter felt anxious. He wasn't supposed to be ok in Tony's company, yet, something in the penthouse had changed between them. It wasn't something he was comfortable admitting either. Things weren't supposed to change with Tony. He wasn't supposed to feel ok around the man. It was supposed to be a simple thing of protection for May, Harry and MJ until Norman could be caught. Now, now it was turning into a fucking jumbled mess of dealing with events and feelings he never wanted to address.

"Pete?"

The two turned to the door as Matt stepped outside.

"You ok?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm good." Peter said, smiling at the comforting presence.

"Good. Come on kid. We got a lot of ground to cover and everyone's wondering what's taking you so long."

"Right. Um...are you coming in or just dropping off Steve?" Peter asked, looking at Tony.

"I'm here to discuss the plan. It's all hands on deck with this kid."

"Alright. Um...come in."

Peter motioned for Tony to step in first.

"Look, I'm gonna say this once." Matt said as Tony entered the house. "May is *not* happy you're here. Wade, well, I think you should be well aware of how he feels considering he's dating Peter. Something possibly unknown to you is the fact that Barnes isn't happy you're here either."

Tony raised an eyebrow.

"What's his deal?"

"His '*deal*' is that he knows all about Peter."

Tony froze, looking between Matt and Peter.

"I told him." Matt huffed. "Peter wasn't there. I told him the night you gave Peter that new suit."

"Well then, this should go swimmingly." Tony sighed.

"Listen Stark. I've already told you how I feel, but hopefully this whole thing is about to wrap up and I want my kid safe. So, stay in your lane and I'll offer whatever support is needed."

Tony starred at the lawyer, not missing the fact he had called Peter his kid.

"Noted."

"Let's just...let's just get this over with without blood shed, ok?" Peter sighed, stepping between the two men and heading for the kitchen.

There was a momentary pause in conversation when Tony entered the room, all eyes landing on him. For the first time in his life, Tony Stark felt out of place.

"So, let's get back to the plans." Peter said, drawing everyone's attention back to the schematics on the table.

"Well, We figured Ms. Jones and Ms. Hardy woul-

"Let me cut you off right there stars and stripes." Jessica interrupted. "My names Jessica and that's Felicia. My crew doesn't do last names unless is sarcasm."

"Right." Steve chuckled nervously. "Anyway, the team and I thought that you and Felicia would like to keep your stakeout of the warehouse at the dock-"

"No." Felicia grumbled. "I'm sick of the docks. We been stalking that place for weeks. I need a change of scenery."

"Ok, I'll assign another team there." Steve nodded.

"In fact," Felicia smirked, side-eyeing Bucky and latching on to his arm. "We've gotten pretty well acquainted. I think we'd make a *great* team."

"Ok. I'll put you two together." Steve said, completely oblivious to what was actually happening.

May snorted and turned her back to the room, her shoulders shaking.

"I couldn't agree more, Cap. They'll work great together since they know each other well enough." Peter agreed, struggling to contain his own laughter.

Bucky shot him a glare as Felicia smiled innocently.

"We figured we'd send pairs into the separate tunnels. Peter, we'd prefer if you, May, Harry and Mary Jane would go and stay at the tower. The security there is high enough that we could have all hands on deck incase things get bad." Steve said, looking up from the layouts of Oscorp. "We need you to let Spider-Man know."

Peter shot a quick look at May, who sighed and gave a small nod.

"Ok, I'll tell him."

"Good. Do you know if Spider-Man talked to his friend Luke? He said he was going to get him to listen out for anything."

"He did. Luke is onboard."

"Alright. I've been considering asking Spider-Man if we can borrow his friends every now and then." Cap chuckled, looking over at Jessica.

"I don't know if you can afford me." Jessica smirked.

Steve smiled before looking at Harry.

"Can we get in the building after hours?"

"Yeah. Spider-Man can get you in the back entrance."

As Steve and Harry discussed the building, Peter looked over at Matt. The man's jaw had been tight since Tony had shown up with Steve.

Bless Steve Rogers.

His planning and questions had been keeping everyone's attention enough to ignore the billionaire among them. A thing that, for the first time in his life, Tony was probably grateful for.

Everyone moved closer to the table as Steve talked with Bucky and Wade, asking for any other suggestions as well.

"Not gonna join in?" Peter asked, glancing at Tony.

"Strategy isn't my strong suit, kid." Tony sighed. "I'm not sure why I'm here."

"Steve needed to know where to come."

"I didn't have to bring him. He could have come with Natasha."

"You're not fooling anyone, Stark."

The two men looked up as May moved next to them.

"You're here because it's where Peter is. I know you're well aware of my stance on you *but*, my concern for Peter is far greater. Iron Man better do his job and protect my nephew."

Tony looked at May, I serious expression on his face.

"I promise you, nothing is going to happen to Peter if I can help it."

There was a silence between the three as they studied each other. It was strange. The three of them together. Despite Peter's long term time with Matt, this whole thing had started with Tony, Peter and May.

Despite not looking over at them, Peter could tell Matt was listening to them over Steve and the others.

Peter swallowed. What was there to say at this point? While Tony had addressed many of the issues in the penthouse earlier, there was still so much to be said. The problem was saying it all now on the cusp of a dangerous situation for Peter.

"I think we should move tomorrow night."

Steve voice cut through their moment, causing them all to turn back to the group.

"Alright. MJ-"

"Excuse you."

"*Spider-Woman*," Harry sighed. "Will make sure any cameras in that area are disabled."

Tony raised an eyebrow at Peter who shrugged with a grin.

"I was unaware Ms. Watson had any abilities." Steve said, a confused expression on his face.

"She doesn't." Harry chuckled.

"You can't team up with Spider-Man without an alter ego." Mary Jane grinned with an eye roll.  
"So while on the job, I refuse to be called anything else."

Felicia snorted in amusement.

"You got it, Spider-Woman."

"Alright." Steve smiled and shook his head. "Wade. Let Spider-Man know we'll meet him at Oscorp after dark."

"Always glad to assist, Captain!" Wade winked.

Peter rolled his eyes.

"Ok. Harry, I hope to not have to bother you with sneaking in again. Once we figure out where the rest of the tunnels go, we can just stick to those places."

"I'm not stupid." Harry sighed. "My father can't be allowed to continued to run around. For his sake and everyone else's, he needs to be back under lock down. I'll offer whatever I can."

Steve nodded, immensely proud of the young Osborn.

"We can't forget that someone else is working with Norman." Matt finally spoke. "Peter and the others are in danger from more than Norman."

“That’s why the tower is the best place for them.” Steve agreed. “However, since we don’t know who his backer is, we’ll just have to settle for Osborn first.”

“I get what your saying.” Jessica frowned. “Luke’s already keeping an ear out for anything that may be important. So since the dock mystery is solved, I’m gonna do my own digging into old crimes. Someone has to have some connection somewhere. Either it be that warehouse, Norman, Oscorp, or Spider-Man.”

“Alright. Buck. Wade. I’ll see you both tomorrow.”

“This is so exciting!” Wade smiled, clapping his hands together.

Matt groaned softly, running a hand down his face.

“Peter?” He said, sliding over to the group of three. “Make sure he’s with you. I’m not sure anyone else will tolerate him.”

Peter chuckled softly.

“I don’t know how good an idea that might be.”

“Peter Benjamin Parker!” May gasped. “I am *right here!*”

“May.” Peter looked at her. “Felicia has slept over here, in my bed, more times than I can count.”

“I don’t mean that! I mean you allowing anything like that while on the job! Especially this one!”

“I can assure you May,” Peter raised his hands in defense. “That will not be happening.”

“It better not young man. You get this whole Norman thing taken care of first.” May huffed. “Also, we’ll be having a proper sit down once everyone is gone. I want to officially meet Wade. Been in the same room with the man twice and still haven’t been introduced properly.”

“Sorry, May.” Peter shuffled.

“I just want to know he plans to be good to you.” May smiled softly. “Despite breaking up, you and Felicia have such a good relationship. I want to know it could be that way with Wade as well. You’re all I have left Peter. You’re my baby no matter how old you are.”

Peter pulled May into a hug. God, did he love her so much.

Tony cleared his throat, earning back their attention.

“Actually, Pete, I’d like to be with you on this. It would make me feel better. Seeing as how you’re the main target, you need more than Wilson with you. Let me and Harley join you.”

Peter exchanged a look with May, who bit her lip. She wasn’t too keen on Tony being with Peter, but she also wanted him to have as much protection as possible.

“As long as I’m with you as well.” Matt jumped in.

Tony frowned. He had hoped he could work alone with Peter. Maybe prove how much he trusted him and earn Peter’s trust in return. However, if that was what it took to work with Peter, Tony could make himself work with Daredevil.

“Fine. Pete?”

“Yeah....” Peter hesitated, looking at May once more.

May just nodded her head.

“That...that’ll work.”

Tony beamed.

“Great. I’ll let Harley know we’ll be teaming with Spider-Man.”

“I’m sure he’ll love that.” Peter rolled his eyes.

“He’ll be fine.” Tony assured.

“I’ll believe it when I see it. He hates Spider-Man.”

“I’ll take care of it.” Tony promised. “He’ll be fine tomorrow.”

“I’ll hold you to that. This could be it. I can’t afford to have a teammate not want to work with me.”

“Don’t worry about it.”

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Norman watched as his next goblin passed out from his dose of the formula. When he woke, he’d be sent out to fight with the Avengers.

He knew they were all growing tired of the chances, Peter above all.

He couldn’t deny the how the sight of Spider-Man basically attacking the last goblin had affected him. It was going to be so easy to lure him in.

He was well aware of the fact the tunnel from the docks had been uncovered and that it wouldn’t be long before the other were explored.

All he had to do was find out which one Spider-Man would take. There was no way he would let himself be excluded.

The surveillance system in the tunnels was extensive. It would be easy to monitor their progress and prepare. It would be easy to catch Spider-Man off guard.

“Osborn.”

Norman turned, looking at the man that entered the room.

“I’m beginning to think I made a mistake in releasing you. Incase you’ve forgotten, you were released with a specific job in mind. Your little acquisition of Spider-Man was just a reward for doing your job.”

“Trust me. Spider-Man is the key to getting what you and I both want.”

“You better be right. My patience is running out. Fulfill your end of the bargain, or you’ll rot away in a cell for the rest of your life.”

Norman glared at the back of the retreating man. He wasn’t very fond of being threatened, but he wasn’t exactly in a position to argue either.

Turning back to his monitors, he drew his eyes together. There was no option. He would have to get Peter soon.

Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

Wade and May officially meet.

Tony had news for Harley.

Bucky is stressed.

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry this chapter is so short. It's more like a filler chapter. I mean, there's a few important things, but there's a lot of just fun in it.

/Felicia/

\Peter\

{Bucky}

Wade shifted on the couch as May studied him. He had been surprised at how easily she brushed off his appearance. She had rolled her eyes when he stumbled through trying to explain his scars before being told she didn't care how he got them. He didn't owe it to her or anyone else to explain his appearance unless he wanted to. If he was going to be dating Peter, that meant he was family as long as they were together and she wouldn't tolerate him feeling uncomfortable in her home or around her. Wade suddenly knew where Peter got his heart from. He had pulled May into a tight hug and ignored the two tears that slipped down his face.

"So. Wade. How is it you met my nephew exactly?"

"Well, I was out, doing good deeds mind you-

Peter snorted into his cup of tea.

"Good deeds." Wade repeated. "When all of a sudden, this extremely fine man with a round little-"

"We met during a patrol." Peter interrupted abruptly.

"It was more than that!" Wade gasped. "Our meeting was *fate* Baby Boy! As soon as I saw you flipping through the air, I knew I had to follow you. Then I saw you fighting those guys in that alley and I was sold! Again, that tight little as-"

"So there you go Aunt May! We basically met on the job."

"Hmmmm." May hummed, watching them over the rim of her cup.

Peter had never been so grateful, and yet so frustrated, that all his friends had left him. At least they couldn't use anything said here against him. *Especially* Felicia, who had somehow managed to wrangle Bucky out of the house under the assurance May was safe with Peter and Wade. She had thrown a saucy wink over her shoulder as they walked out the door, the outfit she had changed into being just as form fitting as her suit. A suit he had found out Bucky *hadn't* been able to overlook.

"Peter?"

May's voice cut through his thoughts, startling him.

"What?"

"I asked if you were as attracted to Wade's rear end as he is to yours."

"*May!*"

"Don't '*May*' me young man. I'm meeting my potential future son-in-law. Pay attention."

Peter felt his face heat up as grinned widely.

"You hear that Petey-Pie? I think we're being given her blessing!"

"Not so fast. I said 'potential'. My nephew is *very* important to me. I expect nothing less than respect to his feelings. However," she paused. "I consider myself a pretty good judge of character. I knew as soon as I met Felicia that regardless of what happened between her and Peter, she would never leave our little family. As you can see, she's still here."

"And sleeping in *my* Baby Boy's bed." Wade huffed under his breath.

"Don't expect her to stop." May smirked. "She's been sleeping here most of the time since her and Peter got together. It's just as much her bedroom as it is his at this point."

"Can we move on from Felicia please." Peter pleaded.

"Fair enough. This is about me getting to know Wade anyway. So, what do you do for a living?"

"I take odd jobs." Wade said carefully. "Mostly I do recons and recoveries. I've done a few rescue missions."

"And this pays well?"

"Very. I'm....well worth the money."

"I see." May said, taking another drink. "Peter's not the best at taking care of himself. Any time I go out of town I'm pretty sure he nearly dies of starvation and lack of sleep. Imagine, Spider-Man being done in by his own hands."

"*May!*" Peter groaned, dropping his head in his hands.

"Honey, I don't know what I'd do with you without Matt and Felicia keeping an extra set of eyes on you."

"Well don't worry about that!" Wade laughed. "I'm the perfect care giver! I'll make sure he's well fed and well rested."

May raised as eyebrow as she noted how Wade's hand had dropped to Peter's inner thigh.

"Well rested huh?" May said. "I see."

Peter's face warmed up again as he moved Wade's hand off his leg.

"Well then, what exactly are your intentions with my nephew?"

"Only the best of intentions! It took way to long to get Petey to admit his feelings for me, so I gotta earn my keep." he smirked, winking at May.

"Indeed." May nodded, setting her cup down on the coffee table. "One thing. What do you think about having to make time to visit with me?"

"You're important to my Baby Boy, so you're important to me."

"Good answer." May smiled. "Peter. I fully approve."

"Yes!" Wade cheered, cupping Peter's cheeks and pulling him in for a sloppy kiss.

"Simmer down in my presence." May chuckled.

"I'm just super excited to be given the May Parker seal of approval! Matt just pretends to ignore me when he can."

"Well, Matt can be that way when it comes to Peter. Sometimes I think he's more protective than me."

"You're my most favorite of Petey's parents." Wade nodded.

May laughed hard as Wade wrapped an arm around Peter's shoulders.

"All I've ever wanted is for Peter to be happy. You deliver on that and you don't have anything to worry about."

"I promise!"

"Good. Now, let me tell you all the ways to hype up Matt in front of Tony because it'll *really* earn you some brownie points."

~~~~~

"Well, I thought that went well." Steve said, driving off from the Parker's. "I wish Spider-Man had been there though. I would have liked his input."

Tony hesitated, the thought of telling Steve just who Spider-Man weighing on his mind. Peter wouldn't appreciate it, but honestly, given the circumstances, there wouldn't be anyone better to tell. Steve could keep a secret, and it wouldn't hurt to have someone else on the team know who Spider-Man was. Still, things were on a good note between him and Peter and he was hesitant to risk it.

"I'm sure they'll fill him in. Besides, I need to talk to Harley and get some guest rooms set up."

"What's your plan for that? Harley isn't to big on Spider-Man."

"I don't think it's going to be a problem. I'm going out on a limb with this plan, but it'll work."

"Alright." Steve said. "I'll leave that to you. I'll meet with everyone else and let them know the

plan."

Tony nodded, praying his confidence wasn't going to bite him in his ass.....again.

~~~~~

/What would you say if I *didn't* bring the Winter Soldier back tonight?/

\Considering he's *May's bodyguard*, I think you should.\

/I don't want to. I have this big bed in my apartment and it's so lonely./

\Then come sleep in mine.\

/I am *not* sharing a room with you and your boyfriend!/\

\Wade's not staying. Something about 'getting some things ready'\

/I bet its cleaning his apartment./

\You knew he was going to ask me to move in with him, didn't you?\

/Not important. Focus! Winter Soldier. My big, lonely bed. Let me keep him!/\

\Get back here. You're about to be with him on a mission!\

/There is literally no time to have *fun* on a mission Parker./

\Bring him back.\

/Fine! Have me some clothes ready. Also, you're going to pamper me some asshole./

\See you in a bit! 😊\

~~~~~

{Peter?}

\Yeah Bucky?\

{Thank you}

\Any time man.\

{She's.....}

\Terrifying?\

{Intense}

\Terrifyingly intense.\

{Is she staying the night?}

\I'll keep her trapped in my room. I promise.\

{I need to think about some things.}

\It's cool man. Just take your time. Felicia's important to me though.\

{Is this a 'shovel talk'?}

\More like just letting you know.\

{Got it.}

{No offense but I *thought* May's driving was gonna kill me. I severely underestimated how much worse it could get.}

\Felicia takes no prisoners on the road. Grab that oh shit handle and hang on. See you in a bit!\

{Peter}

{Peter?}

{PETER!}

~~~~~

Peter looked up from where he sat on the couch watching TV with May. Wade had only left a few minutes ago. He smirked as Felicia sauntered in, greeting May sweetly before heading up to Peter's room to change.

"You alright there?" Peter asked as Bucky fell into a chair.

"You look a little frazzled dear." May grinned.

"I don't like either of you." Bucky huffed, crossing his arms.

"Peter," May said. "Correct me if I'm wrong, but am I seeing an *Avenger* pouting?"

"No, Aunt May. It *definitely* looks like a pouting Avenger is in our living room."

"I'm going to bed!" Bucky declared, jumping up from the chair and moving towards the stairs.

"The last door on the right is Peter's bedroom! I just don't want you going to the wrong one by mistake." May smiled innocently.

Bucky didn't reply, hurrying up the steps to hide his pink tinted cheeks.

"How long?"

"Well, considering you'll all be busy tomorrow night and maybe the next, I'd give it about four days." May stated, turning back to the tv with a grin.

"That's pretty confident May. I mean, the guy was frozen in ice for years."

"Exactly. Lord, Peter. I couldn't believe *you* held on that long. I was worried you'd be a virgin forever."

"May!"

"I want you to have children before I die, Peter." May rolled her eyes.

"But-"

"Adopt."

"I don't get a say in this?"

"I guess I could hear your arguments." May huffed.

Peter shook his head with a chuckle. May really was amazing.

"I larb you, Aunt May."

"I larb you too, Sweetheart."

"Parker! I'm ready for some pampering!" Felicia yelled down the steps, causing May to giggle as Peter groaned.

"Pampering?"

"My penance for demanding she bring Bucky back here."

"Well then, you better get to it." May laughed, patting Peter on the shoulder and turning back to the tv. "I'm just gonna let everyone get settled down before I brave the top of the stairs."

"Night, May."

"Night, Love."

~~~~~

"God. You and your aunt are to cute for words." Felicia said, falling back on the bed. "Now, my feet and legs are sore, so give them a proper massage."

"Yes, your Majesty." Peter sighed, climbing onto the bed.

"Atta boy." Felicia smirked, propping her feet up on Peter's lap. "So, talk to me."

"About what?"

"Everything. Wade's been bitching about not being able to spend time with you. I mean, I know what's got your attention, but why aren't you *trying* to make time for Wade?"

"I'd love to make time for him." Peter sighed. "I just....I couldn't concentrate around him. I need a clear head and Wade is....."

"A bit overwhelming?"

"Distracting."

"You horn dog." Felicia grinned.

"I'm in my prime. I should be spending a lot of time in bed." Peter pouted.

"So am I, but you don't see me in bed with anyone." Felicia scoffed.

"You're in bed with me." Peter said, wiggling his eyebrows.

"You don't count." Felicia giggled. "You're my best friend. Besties don't count."

"Some would beg to differ."

"Wade doesn't count because he's got that whole 'jealous and greedy boyfriend' thing going on right now."

"Right now?"

"I'll train him soon enough." Felicia brushed him off. "Pretty soon I'll be able to sleep in your bed completely naked and he'll be fine."

"You're practically naked most of the time you sleep with me now."

"You should be grateful to have *this body* grace your presence in bed, Parker."

"Excuse me, you're absolutely right." Peter grinned, rubbing arch of her foot.

"That feels so nice." Felicia sighed.

"I'm worried."

"I know."

"What if this all blows up in our faces tomorrow?"

Felicia frowned, pulling her legs off Peter's lap and tucking them underneath her as she cupped his face.

"There's a chance every time we slip on our suits that things could go wrong. We know the risks, and so does everyone else."

"You got hurt because of me."

"I lived and I'm fine. You're very important to me, Spider. I love you very much, and I won't let some creep take you away. We're gonna get this taken care of. Then you can move in with Wade and I can bang Barnes." Felicia finished with a grin.

"Priorities, huh?" Peter chuckled.

"Girl's gotta have a plan."

"Thanks, Kitten." Peter smiled softly. "I love you too."

Felicia smiled, giving him a light peck on the lips before pulling back.

"Come on." she smiled, pulling back the covers and crawling under. "Let's get some rest. We have to be ready for tomorrow."

Peter nodded, sliding under the covers with her. She snuggled into his chest and let out a breath.

"Whatever happens tomorrow, just know I've always got your back."

Peter smiled and kissed the top of her head before shutting his eyes and falling asleep.

~~~~~

Bucky frowned as he stared at the ceiling of his room.

Felicia Hardy.

One thing was for sure, she had absolutely *no* problem making her interest known. However, given his time on ice and as the soldier, he wasn't quite sure what to do with her.

Peter and May were no help whatsoever.

Peter seemed to enjoy someone else experiencing that which was Felicia Hardy's determination, while May seemed impatient with the whole thing. Every time he walked in the room, she would raise an eyebrow, study him, then hump and return to what she was doing. He had originally thought he had done something to offend her until one morning, after Peter had left, she had turned to him with a frown.

"When are you going to date my Felicia?"

Bucky spit out his coffee.

"What?"

"You don't fool me, James. I see you two. The looks are getting as bad as they were when she went after Peter. So, when are you going to ask her out?"

"I don't think now-"

"Obviously not right now. I'm talking about after all this is over." May said, rolling her eyes.

"Umm...."

"Oh sweetheart." May smiled, placing her hand over his. "You're adorable."

Bucky blinked. He had definitely never been referred to as 'adorable' before.

"It's ok. I know how Felicia is, and how she can come across as a little overwhelming to someone not used to her. Seriously though, give her some thought. She really is a good girl and I love her very much. Still, it's your decision. I should warn you though, she's not going down without a fight."

He let out a heavy sigh. Right across the hall, in Peter's room, was the most confident woman he had ever met. Sure, Natasha was confident, but she had been trained to be. She had had that attitude driven into her from a very young age. Felicia on the other hand, had been a normal girl up till she was given powers and became Black Cat. Also, Natasha had never wanted him for a relationship.

Before the war, he had always been the pursuer of pretty women. Now though, the roles were reversed, and *he* was the one being pursued.

Letting out a groan, he threw his hand over his face and tried to calm his mind. He needed rest. Not only was tomorrow important, but he needed to be on top of his game in order to best Felicia Hardy.

~~~~~

"Harls, can I talk to you for a minute?" Tony asked, walking up to where Harley was bent over his work station, looking over suit upgrades.

"Yeah?"

"About tomorrow-

"I'm *not* working with Spider-Man." Harley growled, refusing to look up.

"I really think you should reconsider kid." Tony sighed.

"Why should I? What makes him so great that everyone just flocks to him? He's nothing but trouble! He's trouble yet he gets *everything*!"

"Wanna tell me what's really going on in that head of yours? Cause, you need to know kid, no one is *giving* Spider-Man anything. Us helping him with the Goblin is because it affects everyone. We need to get this taken care of before it really gets out of control."

"But *nothing's happened!* All we have is a few fakes and Spider-Man's word that this guy is even out there!"

"I can assure you, Green Goblin isn't something Spider-Man would lie about. We all have that one villain that hits us on an emotional level. One day, you're gonna have one too. The Goblin, that's Spider-Man's."

"Then what's *your* deal with him?" Harley glared, turning to look Tony in the face. "Sometimes I feel like I'm nothing more than a fill-in for him."

Tony blinked in surprise. He had never meant for that to be the case with Harley. Harley was a good kid who could do a lot of good with the right training. Still though, he knew his attention to Peter couldn't look good in Harley's eyes.

"I'm sorry if I made you feel that way kid. It was never my intention. I just never planned on any of this Goblin stuff happening in time with your arrival. You're not a fill-in kid."

"I'm still not working with him."

Tony took a breath, he was about to dig a grave, but he needed Harley on this one. Also, what he was about to say wasn't really untrue.

"Spider-Man needs the backup kid. He's the target here. Most likely wherever he goes is going to be where Norman shows. He needs the most people with him."

"So? There are plenty of other Avengers that can go with him."

"I'm going with him."

Harley's head shot up to look at him.

"I'm going because of Peter. I'm doing it for him."

"Peter?"

"Yeah kid. I told you I had offered Peter a job here. I like the kid and it would mean a lot to him for Spider-Man to have the backup."

Tony knew he was pushing it. He seriously doubted Peter felt that way. He hated to use Harley's feelings against him, but he couldn't imagine how the kid would feel if Spider-Man got caught and his identity revealed. Finding out Peter was Spider-Man *after* he was caught couldn't end well. Then there was the question of how Harley would feel to find out the guy he was crushing on was also the guy he had grown to despise. Still, maybe he would understand better the weight of the

situation. He would realize just how much was going on behind the scenes. Peter's friendship with Harry, the fact he knew Norman before his fall into the Goblin, his guilt for putting the man away. Harley was a smart kid, maybe it would be ok if he found out.

"I bet it would mean a lot to him." Harley scowled. "What does he even see in that guy? How did they even meet?"

"Funny enough, Peter used to take pictures of him for *The Bugle*."

"That paper that trashes Spider-Man all the time? Why would he do that?"

"Because prior to his job at Oscorp, he and his aunt didn't have a lot of money. Sometimes we gotta pay the bills."

Harley nodded. He could understand that. Still, it annoyed him to know just how long Spider-Man had known Peter. How long had they been around each other before things had progressed. Taking a breath, he looked at Tony.

"Fine. I'll go with you but I don't like it."

"That's fine kid." Tony nodded. "We're meeting Spider-Man at Oscorp tomorrow night. Peter, May, Harry and Mary Jane are moving into the tower tomorrow since we need everyone free."

"They're moving in here? For...for how long?"

"Well, since we got a pretty good lead on things, most likely until we catch Norman. They're all taking off of work for a few days. May called in sick. Harry is doing "some work at home", he's telling everyone he's found some things in his dad's office he needs to sort through for the company. Mary Jane's show is on break for two weeks. We still have to figure out what we're gonna do about Peter. We can't justify him being out with Harry. That's not his job." Tony frowned.

They had been trying to find a way to get Peter out of work without raising suspicion.

"Me!" Harley shouted, wincing at the volume. "Me. We can say he's going over things with the partnership with me." Harley smiled, proud of himself for his quick thinking.

"Wow. That would work." Tony smiled proudly. "Nice job kid. I'll go ahold of Peter and Harry and let them know."

Harley nodded, a sudden wave of nerves hitting him. Peter was going to be at the tower until Norman Osborn was caught. Unfortunately, that meant that *Spider-Man* would probably be around as well. Still, maybe this could be his chance to really get to know Peter, spend some time with him without the worry of *Spider-Man* popping up unannounced.

"Harls?"

"Huh?" Harley asked, coming out of his thoughts.

"Just making sure you're good there kid. You spaced out on me."

"No, I'm good."

"Ok. I'll let you get back to what you were working on. Don't spend too long though, he got a long day tomorrow."

"For once, I'll agree to leave the lab in an appropriate time." Harley smirked.

"Alright brat. See you in the morning."

"Sure thing old man."

Tony smiled until he left Harley's sight. He really did feel terrible about using Peter the way he did, but at least Harley was willing to work with Spider-Man. That took a weight off Tony's shoulders. He needed Harley to be in the field, but he also needed Harley to focus. Regardless of how Peter felt, he knew the kid could get along with Harley as long as Harley was focused.

"Please," Tony sighed. "Just let this one thing not blow up in my face."

~~~~~

Wade grinned as packed the last of his things. He was pretty confident of what Peter's answer would be when he had obtained his newer, better apartment.

Only the best for his Baby Boy.

Pushing the box over to the door with the others. First thing in the morning, he'd take everything over to the new place and get it set up. It had to ready for when Norman was off the streets.

Plopping down on the couch, Wade smiled as he drifted off to sleep with happy thoughts of his future with Peter.

~~~~~

Matt rubbed his eyes as he sat at a table in the back of Luke's bar. Jessica and Danny sat with him while they waited for Luke to close up.

"Shouldn't you be asleep?" Jessica asked, throwing back another shot. "You gotta protect our spider baby tomorrow."

"Still trying to figure out why we weren't invited. I mean, I'm already listening out for anything that might relate to the Goblin for the kid." Luke huffed, shutting the door to the backroom.

"Because you're the backup. If things get bad, I need someone who's on the outside." Matt replied.

"And if nothing happens?" I mean, if it weren't for me and Felicia, they wouldn't even know about the tunnel to the docks." Jessica rolled her eyes.

"I get it." Danny nodded. "Doesn't mean I like it. Pete's ours, Matt. He's a vigilante, not an Avenger. They can call him that all they want, but his hearts with us."

"That's why I need you all at the ready. I don't care about anyone else in those tunnels except Peter and Felicia. No matter what, we make sure they get out."

"Not even Wilson?" Jessica smirked.

"He can take care of himself." Matt grunted. "Peter and Felicia. They *have* to make it out. There is no other option."

"We'll make sure they get out." Danny nodded.

"Here." Matt said, sliding three cases across the table.

"What's this?" Luke asked, opening up the case and pulling out a small ear bud.

"Had Pete bring these from Oscorp. He'll have one, I'll have one and he's gonna get one to Felicia. This is how you'll know where we are. Their communication capabilities reach far, but even if the comms cut out, there's a GPS tracker in them. This will help you locate us."

Danny picked up the small, box like device Matt placed on the table.

"Be out on the streets. Jess, I'll let you take the lead on whether or not to watch the docks."

"I'm gonna check them out tomorrow. I'll let you know if it's worth anything."

"Ok. I'll let Peter know."

There was a moment of silence around the table before Danny spoke.

"We're worried too, Matt. I know I said I get it, but it's hard for us to sit back and let Pete go down one of those tunnels and not know what you may find."

"I know." Matt sighed. "But you're the only people I really trust to come after us."

"Fine. Whatever." Jessica said, rolling her eyes. "Shouldn't you get a move on? You need to rest up."

"Yeah. I dread this. I don't like the idea of working with Stark." Matt grumbled, standing from his chair.

"As long as he stays in his lane, I guess I can be persuaded not to have a 'talk' with him." Luke said, cracking his knuckles.

Matt smirked as he headed to the window. Daredevil wouldn't be making much of an appearance tonight.

"I'll let you know when we get to Oscorp. Be on alert."

The three nodded as Matt dove out the window. They waited until they were sure he was far enough away not to hear anything said.

"There were some *very* loose lips tonight." Luke said, leaning forward conspiratorially. "I know where we need to go, and neither of you are going to like it."

Sharing a look, Jessica and Danny leaned in closer.

## Chapter 27

### Chapter Summary

Peter, May, Harry and Mary Jane move into the tower.

May and Tony chat.

Harley and Peter chat.

Peter and Wade.....well.....they're Peter and Wade.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

May sighed as she looked out the floor to ceiling window of Avengers Tower. She had never thought for one moment she would end up here. Not only in the tower, but to stay for an indeterminate amount of time.

Turning back to her suitcase, she began taking out clothes and sorting them into piles on the bed.

"I hope you don't have to be here long enough to use all of those."

May turned to see Peter shuffling with guilt in the doorway.

"Oh honey." May smiled softly as she moved forward and cupped Peter's face in her hands. "It's not your fault."

"It kind of is though. This is only happening because of Spider-Man."

May frowned as Peter averted his gaze.

"Peter Benjamin Parker, listen to me and listen well." May demanded. "I will not listen to you blame yourself for this. Every hero, has a villain, yours just happens to be a little more insane than some."

Peter gave a breathy chuckle.

"My point is, it's fine. Sometimes things are going to be hard, but we're Parkers. We'll get through it."

"Have I ever told you how amazing you are and how much I love you, Aunt May?" Peter smiled.

"You've mentioned it before, but I think I'm worth being told again."

"I love you, Aunt May."

"I love you too, sweetheart." May smiled, pulling her nephew into a tight hug.

~~~~~

After Peter left to check on Harry and Mary Jane, May slipped out her room.

"Oh, what was your name again?" May hushed. "A day of the week....Sat-no.....FRIDAY!"

"Yes, Mrs. Parker?"

"I need to speak with Tony Stark."

"Boss is in the penthouse with Steve Rogers and Harley Keener. I can take you there if you'll just enter the elevator. Please follow the lights."

Harley Keener. May frowned as she followed the lights as instructed. Harley Keener was the young man Tony had brought on to become a new Avenger. Iron Lad. She briefly wondered if the poor boy was just meant to be a replacement for her Peter, but she threw off that idea. According to Peter, Harley was pretty involved in everything, so his being here wasn't to *fully* act as a replacement. She didn't know anything about the connection Tony had to Harley and Peter either didn't know or didn't care.

Reaching the elevator, May stepped inside, the smallest hint of anxiety creeping up on her. She wasn't at all afraid to face down Tony Stark. She had already done it actually. No. *This* anxiety was due to the fact she was having to trust Peter's safety to the very man who had left him practically defenseless once before. Peter was capable of protecting himself fine, but there was no denying the suit Tony had made him would have been extremely helpful during Peter's fight with Adrian Toomes. It had been far more durable than the one Peter had been in.

Shaking off the memories of Peter's battered body, May squared her shoulders and prepared herself for war. She wasn't going to be some weak link in Peter's armor. She was going to be strong, despite her fears for Peter's safety. She was going to be strong, and she was going to make damn sure that Tony Stark understood the fury she would unleash should he fail Peter again.

Taking a deep breath, May slipped on her game face and exited the now open elevator.

"May?" Tony asked, looking up from where he, Steve and Harley were bent over a map of the city and Peter's layout of the tunnel room.

"Tony." She answered coolly. "I wonder if I could have a moment of your time?"

"Usually I'd say yes, but we kind of need to go over this-"

"I wasn't really asking." May replied, leveling her eyes at the billionaire.

With a slight sigh, Tony nodded to Steve and Harley before leading May out on the balcony and shutting the sliding glass door behind him.

"I'm guessing this is ab-"

"Shut it." May narrowed her eyes. "I'm going to do the talking. I know listening isn't your strong suit, but I suggest you follow along closely. I'm well aware of the fact you will be with Peter tonight. I'm also aware of the fact that Matt and Wade will be with him as well. So, let me make this clear, you will defer to Matt when it comes to Peter. If you have a plan, it goes through Matt first. You wanna try something, it goes through Matt first. You wanna walk next to Peter, you make sure Matt and Wade don't want to do it first. Peter is the last bit of family I have Tony." May said, eyes shinning at the thought of her nephew. "If something happens to him, I don't know if I can take it. It's been hard on both of us at holidays and the anniversaries of Ben and his parent's deaths. I can't handle it if I have to add Peter to that list."

"May, I promise that I'm going to do whatever it takes to keep Peter safe. I *know* I messed up all those years ago. I *know* I've continued to mess up since then, but not anymore. We're going to catch Norman and put him back where he belongs. I promise Peter's going to come back to you." Tony said, his face set in determination.

"It's not just me though." May said, a soft smile on her face at the thought of the important people in Peter's life. "There's Jessica, Luke and Danny. Mary Jane and Harry. Heaven knows Felicia needs him. Then there's Wade. He's so happy with Peter, and I see the happiness in Peter as well." May chuckled, then looked straight at Tony. "But even above all of them, is Matt. However you think of Peter, I can promise you it won't top Matt. Matt views Peter as his son. Ever since Peter went to him for training, they've been so attached. They needed each other, in ways neither knew." she paused, biting her lip before continuing. "I never told Peter, but after the first year they worked together, I went to Matt's office and drew up a will. Peter was only 16 then. After a long talk, I left Peter's guardianship to Matt in the event something happened to me before he was of age to be on his own."

Tony froze. It felt like someone had dropped ice water over him.

May trusted Daredevil so much that she wanted him to finish raising Peter if she couldn't. They really would have been father and son.

"Matt skirts calling Peter his son sometimes, but it's an act. Sometimes I think he's leery for it to be heard. Yeah, Peter's Spider-Man, but it doesn't mean Matt wants to share a rouge gallery with him."

~~~~~

Harley paced the floor anxiously. He and Steve had decided to take a break when Tony left with May Parker. Asking FRIDAY where Peter was, Harley headed down to the floor he was on, and waited for him to emerge from his friends' room.

"Waiting on someone?"

Harley jumped as he turned to see a smirking Natasha.

"N-no."

"Mmmhmm. So, you're just pacing this part of the floor for fun?"

"I-I'm just thinking!" Harley defended, frustrated she had shown up.

"I don't suppose it's about a certain brunette that's moved into the tower?" She grinned.

Harley's face reddened. Why did she have to be so nosey?

"I'm going to be serious with you Harley." Natasha said, her voice losing its teasing tone. "Peter seems like a very nice guy, but he's in a relationship with Spider-Man and you two don't get along. Getting close to Peter is something you need to really think about. I don't want to see you get hurt."

Harley frowned as he turned his head to the side. He had already run through various scenarios in his mind as to how this could go. All of them ended in confrontation between him and Spider-Man.

"I-"

The two looked as Peter wandered out the hall to see them.

"Umm....am I interrupting something?" he asked, tilting his head slightly.

"Have you talked to Spider-Man?" Natasha asked, moving the conversation along.

"Yeah," Peter nodded. "He's getting ready for tonight. Really hoping all this can be wrapped up. It's frustrating. Everyone's lives have been disrupted by this whole mess."

Harley watched Peter's face closely. He could see the guilt and regret. Dating someone like Spider-Man couldn't be easy. The vigilante was mostly on his own, which meant he didn't have backup at the ready, nor did he have any real help protecting those close to him.

How often had Peter and May been in danger due to Spider-Man?

"I'm sure we'll get it taken care of. We're the Avengers after all." Harley said proudly.

Peter looked at him before replying.

"Yeah. Norman's just....." Peter hesitated, looking off to the side. "He's just a big deal for Spider-Man. He needs to see this through."

Natasha spared a glance at Harley, who had a slight scowl on his face before it melted away.

"I know, why don't you come to the labs with me?" Harley smiled. "It'll take your mind off things for a bit. I mean, I'm sure you're not gonna be hearing from Spider-Man any time soon."

Peter's eyebrow twitched slightly. He needed to be able to make a clean exit later to beat everyone to Oscorp. There was no way he was going to be able to do that if Harley had him trapped in Tony's lab until it was time for the Avengers to leave. Still, he needed something to do, and Tony's lab had what he needed to make some more web fluid. Thankfully since he was "dating" Spider-Man, it wouldn't seem odd for him to make it.

"Ok, but I can't get caught up long. I do plan to see him before tonight. He needs more web fluid."

"You can make his web fluid?" Natasha asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Yeah, he taught me how so I could help him." Peter shrugged. "I wanted to be useful."

"So, he's coming to the tower?" Harley asked, holding back a sneer.

"Yeah. I told him I'd meet him in my room later."

"Then we better head on. "Harley said, turning abruptly and beckoning Peter on.

Natasha watched with a frown as Peter and Harley left. This was not going to end well for Harley. Spider-Man trusted Peter far too much for what they had to end easily.

"Why the long face?" Clint asked, sliding up next to her.

"Harley." She sighed.

"He's going to get himself in trouble if he keeps trying to move in on Spidey's territory. Not to mention if they *really are* involved with Deadpool."

"I'd say Spider-Man is at least." Natasha rolled her eyes. "Why, I have no idea."

"Different strokes they say." Clint shrugged. "Still, maybe Harls should set his sights on someone

who *doesn't* come with enhanced baggage."

---

Harley took a deep breath as he led Peter to the lab. This was his chance to really impress the other man. Sure, Iron Lad was cool and all, but in the lab was where he could *really* shine.

"So, Spider-Man trusts you with his secret web formula?" He asked.

"Yeah. Been making it for a while now. He gets me what I need and I make it."

"Maybe I could he-"

"No." Peter said, voice sharp. "Spider-Man doesn't share his formula."

"I just know he's probably gonna need a good bit now, right? With us going to take down Osborn. I can't imagine his shooters hold much at one time. I'll be there with my repulors though. They can do a lot." Harley smiled.

"His shooters hold a lot more webbing than you think." Peter replied. "But, I can make it. It won't take as much as you might think."

Harley frowned as they entered Tony's lab. Well, if Peter was going to stay loyal to Spider-Man's web formula, he could at least impress him with his new suit upgrades.

"Come over here, Peter." Harley said, walking towards where his suit was on display. "I'm working on last minute upgrades before we go after Norman. I want to be ready to take him down so you, your aunt, and Harry and MJ can go back to their lives. You know, *without* all this super hero drama."

Peter raised an eyebrow as he followed Harley over to his suit.

Super hero drama?

"This will be the finished look." Harley said, pulling up schematics that overlaid his suit. "I'll have more firepower and the armor will be more secure and durable. I'll be able to take more hits without so much damage. It makes it safe for me to be in the line of fire than what Spider-Man would be."

Peter's eyebrows furrowed as he looked over the specs of Harley's upgrades. The added materials would protect him more than his initial suit would. He wasn't wrong, if it came down to it, Harley was far better protected than Peter.

"So, you'd put yourself in front of Spider-Man?" Peter asked, genuinely curious.

"Well, it's the hero thing to do, ya know?" Harley shrugged, trying to sound nonchalant. "Protect those that need it. Spider-Man can take a lot of damage, but I can take more."

Peter rolled his eyes internally. Harley had *no idea* just how much damage he could take. Harley's suit may be strong, but ultimately Peter was stronger.

"You don't have to worry, Peter." Harley smiled. "I can protect Spider-Man."

Peter held back a snort as he smiled and nodded his head.

"Thanks Harley."

Harley beamed as Peter turned and started scouting out the lab, looking for what he needed to start working on his webs.

Taking out his phone, Peter checked the time. He needed to have this wrapped up and be gone before five. He had a few hours to work before he had to ditch Harley and leave.

The two worked on their respective projects in a friendly atmosphere. It was amazing to Peter just how differently Harley treated him as Peter as opposed to Spider-Man. Harley was intent on having his upgrades done by the time to leave, but also quick to point out an improvement to Peter.

"I'm about to test out my suit. Want to check it out?" Harley asked, sliding up next to Peter.

"Umm....sure." Peter replied, tucking a vial of formula into the small bag he had.

"Great." Harley smiled, grabbing his hand and leading him out of the lab.

"Where are we going?" Peter frowned.

"Outside. I have to test the suits response time. I upgraded the wrist brackets that call the suit so it would respond faster. After that, I'm going to try out the rest of the upgrades."

Peter nodded, noting the way Harley refused to turn loose his hand. It only made him want to be around Wade more than normal.

Stepping out into the sun, Harley grinned as he looked back at Peter and hesitantly let go of his hand.

"Step back Peter, I've checked all my calculations multiple times but you still never know."

Peter nodded, moving back to give Harley his space. He actually found himself hoping this didn't blow up in the man's face. He couldn't imagine it would feel good to have an Iron Man style suit slamming into him due to malfunction.

Taking a deep breath, Harley pressed against his wrist. Within seconds the sound of approaching thrusters were heard as the approaching suit began to open in preparation for Harley. The pieces formed around him quickly, giving Peter a glance at Harley's ecstatic expression before it was hidden.

Fully suited up, he turned towards Peter and lifted the face plate.

"Well?"

"Very good timing." Peter nodded. "That was quick."

"I could have the suit on quicker," Harley said, scowling off to the side. "If I had different material to work with."

Peter frowned internally. He knew exactly what Harley was getting at. Apparently, Tony hadn't given consideration to working on any other nanotech suit. He knew Harley had been watching with Tony gave him the suit.

To his own surprise, he found himself on Harley's side.

Harley was supposed to be Tony's mentee, so it couldn't have seemed fair that Spider-Man got the high-tech suit over him.

"Nanotech would work really well." Peter said.

Harley's head snapped up in his direction. Surely Peter knew Spider-Man got a nanotech suit from Tony. Did he also think Harley should have gotten one as well?

"I think so too."

"I can't imagine Tony Stark can't help you with that but, you all have been busy with the Goblin."

"Yeah." Harley replied, his tone suggesting he didn't fully agree. "Maybe after we catch him."

Peter didn't respond. He didn't think Harley would be too impressed to find out that Spider-Man had no intention of using Tony's suit. At least, he hoped he wouldn't have to.

He couldn't and wouldn't deny the fact the nanotech suit would be much better than what he was currently using. It offered better protection and more functions. Infact, it angered Peter just how tempting the suit was. To his shame, he had actually brought it with him instead of leaving it hidden at the apartment.

The dinging of his phone pulled Peter out of his thoughts. Looking down at the screen, he raised an eyebrow as Felicia's name popped up.

*/How's the high life?/*

*\Currently being 'impressed' by the Iron Lad suit upgrades.\*

*/Ohhhhh, should Wade be worried?/*

*\Not hardly. When Harley's not being an ass, he's actually not bad. Still, he's no Wade.\*

*/A crazy mercenary? Few people are, Spider./*

*\What are you doing?\*

*/Planning for when I can finally have my prince charming./*

*\Does Bucky know he's your prince charming?\*

*/Oh, he knows./*

*\You make me worry.\*

*/You should./*

*\Go easy on him. He's a delicate flower.\*

*/I'll show him a delicate flower./*

*\You're a flower alright. A rose with THORNS.\*

*/My petals are delicate, and you should know./*

*\I'm not sure how I should feel about this conversation.\*

*/To bad. We're having it./*

*\Seriously, I don't think he's ever been with a.....sexually liberated woman.\*

*/I'm gonna be one hell of a teacher. He's gonna get the full Felicia Hardy Experience./*

*\So....I may never see him again once this Norman shit is done.\*

*/Honey, if he's able to go out and visit, then I'm not doing something right./*

Peter shook his head with a grin. He knew all about the "Felicia Hardy Experience", and a man didn't just bounce back from it immediately.

*\Well, God speed to you both.\*

*/We're almost there, Peter. Norman's gonna be back where he belongs here shortly./*

*\Love you Kitten.\*

*/Love you too./*

"Everything ok?" Harley asked, watching Peter carefully.

"Yeah, just a friend."

"One outside the tower?"

"Yeah. Felicia Hardy."

"Black Cat?" Harley said, eyes wide. "You talk to her."

"Yeah." Peter shrugged.

"I guess so since Spider-Man is so.....*close* to her-"

"We slept together." Peter groaned internally, annoyed at having let his comment get to him. He couldn't help it though. He hadn't care for Harley's tone when he talked about the relationship between Spider-Man and Black

"You....you *slept* with Black Cat?" Harley gasped, eyes wide.

"Yeah. Many times."

"While with Spider-Man?"

"He joined in sometimes."

Not a lie since they had hooked up in the suits multiple times. Some of those times were a little more.....risky than others.

Ok, so maybe he lied to Wade. Maybe he *did* have a *slight* exhibitionist kink.

It was Felicia's fault.

"He's, he's been seen hanging out with her often. Are you sure he didn't sleep with her when you weren't around? Maybe they were just usi-"

Peter balled his fists. He had tried showing patience with Harley as Peter Parker, but things were getting overly personal now.

"I know very well what goes on in any relationship I'm in."

"I didn't mean-"

"Yes you did. Spider-Man is *not* sneaking around behind my back."

"Peter, I'm sorry." Harley said, trying to smooth things over. "I just.....I just want to make sure you're being respected. You're.....you're a good person Peter and you deserve to be treated as such."

Peter blinked in surprise at Harley fidgeting. His cheeks were flushed as he looked anywhere but at Peter.

"I'm fine, Harley."

Harley frowned, looking Peter in the eye.

"Spider-Man is just....he's a lot. This Norman guy is after him and it's uprooted your entire life."

"I know."

"Then why?"

Peter cocked his head, unsure what Harley was asking.

"Why be with him and have your life and the lives of your friends and family be put in danger? What's so special about him?"

Peter squirmed. He had never been overly comfortable patting himself on the back, but this was gonna be the weirdest build up he ever had.

"Spider-Man....Spider-Man is out there doing the work the Avengers don't. The Avengers operated on a large scale but Spider-Man and the other vigilantes are out there every night. I respect that about them."

"But you'd be so much safer if you weren't with him."

"Maybe so, but I'm not sorry things are the way they are."

Harley looked at him his features turn determined.

"I think you should find someone better."

"What?"

"I think you should find someone better. Someone who can protect you without having to ask for help."

"No wait a minute-"

"No!" Harley shouted. "He had to come to us for help because he can't handle Osborn on his own. What happens after we put Norman away? You just wait for the next threat he can't handle?"

Peter felt his anger rising. It had taken a lot for him to break down and ask for help. It wasn't a first choice. If could have avoided it, he would have. There was just to much ground to cover when Norman wasn't limited on when he could attack!

"You don't know anything!" Peter growled.

"I know he's not good enough for you!"

"How would you know who is and is not good for me?"

"Because I know someone who is!"

"I'm *done* here!" Peter hissed, turning on his heel and stomping off back into the tower.

Harley watched him leave, running his hand down his face in frustration.

"That could have gone better."

~~~~~

Checking his watch, Peter made his way to his room. It was too early to go to Oscorp, but he couldn't stay here. He didn't want to risk another altercation with Harley.

It had taken all he had not to punch the blonde in his face.

Walking into his room, he snatched up the bag his had put his suit in and made his way to May's room.

"May?" he asked, opening the door.

"Yeah Pe-what's wrong baby?" May asked, rushing over to her nephew and taking his face in her hands.

"I just, I need to get out."

"It's a little early..." she frowned, looking out the window.

"I know. I just...I can't stay here." he sighed.

May's nose crinkled in a frustrated expression.

"Something happened. I'd ask, but I can tell you can handle it with a chance to cool down. Alright kiddo. Just....call me when you head into Oscorp, ok?"

Peter smiled, pulling her into a firm hug.

"Will do."

~~~~~

Peter lifted his mask and took a deep breath. He spent the last few hours moving about the city, waiting for time to pass. He was growing restless. He wanted to get down into the tunnels and, hopefully, get this all over with. The less time he had to spend around....

Peter paused.

Harley. Harley was the first name that came to mind.

Frowning, Peter sat down on the edge of a rooftop. He wasn't sure how he felt about the fact Harley had come to mind before Tony. Sure, he had had a tense run-in with Harley only hours before, but he and Tony had years of history.

It bothered him.

His phone buzzed, pulling him from uncomfortable thoughts. Pulling it out, he checked the time and the sender.

\Do I really have to be paired with your ex?"\

Peter snickered, no longer bothered by his thoughts.

/She made a convincing argument./

\Haven't I been good to you and May?\

/So good that May is eager to welcome you into the family./

\This is what it takes?\

/Don't act like you're not at least a little interested./

The dots indicating typing blinked, then stopped, then blinked and stopped again. Bucky was struggling to reply.

*/I'm gonna have to bail on your internal struggle to accept the fact Felicia has you. I gotta get to Oscorp. My understanding is that the tunnels are dimly lit, so try not to get handsy and remember what we're there for./*

\I hate you.\

/I'm excited to add another family member!/\

Laughing, Peter shot May a text before making his way towards Oscorp and uncertainty.

~~~~~

Peter pulled off this mask as he climbed in Harry's office window. Tonight was going to be rough. He wasn't sure how well it was going to go between Tony, Matt, him, Harley and Wade. It was definitely going to be a struggle, especially after today, but they would have to cooperate. They had to, because everything depended on it.

Slipping his mask back on, he made his way down to the lower level and towards the back entrance. He had a little time to kill before the Avengers arrived, so he took his time walking down the hallway. His mind raced with the possibilities of what this night could bring.

Caught up in his thoughts, he gasped in surprise as a hand covered his mouth from behind and pulled him into one of the dark and empty offices.

He grunted as his back hit the wall and his mask was yanked off in one tug.

"Wha-" He tried before warm lips collided with his own.

Before he could shove the person off, a familiar voice filled his ears.

"I've been *very* patient Baby Boy." Wade whispered in his ear. "But knowing I've got to be down in those tunnels, so close to you and unable to even touch you has maxed me out."

Peter shivered as Wade's ungloved hand slid under his pants and down to his ass, giving it a squeeze.

"So I'm going to take you, right here, in this empty office room. I'm going to bend you over that desk and take what I haven't been able to have in way to long."

"Wa-Wade," Peter groaned, his cock twitching as Wade nibbled up his neck. "The Avengers--"

"Won't be here for a little while and even if they get here early, they'll just have to wait. I'm going to fill your pretty little ass right here and now."

Peter moaned as Wade pushed him face down over the desk, and slowly slid the spandex bottoms down his legs and off. The light from the hallway the only thing illuminating the room.

"Oh Baby Boy, I could look at you like this every day." Wade cooed as he slid a lubed up finger between Peter's cheeks.

"I forgot you always come prepared." Peter let out a husky breath as Wade's thick finger circled his rim, pressing lightly.

"I'm always going to be ready for you, Petey-Pie." Wade grinned, laying a firm smack on Peter's backside before slipping his finger past the tight rim. "Come on Baby Boy, let me hear how much you want me to fuck you."

Peter panted as Wade slid his finger in and out a few times before adding a second. The stretch burned slightly from having gone so long. He moaned as Wade continued to pump until finding his prostate and hitting it over and over.

"Wa-Wade!"

"That's my name Baby Boy, feel free to wear it out. Of course, I'll need to know *why* you're wearing it out."

Peter whimpered as Wade's finger slid out and circled his rim.

"Come on Petey," Wade whispered as he leaned over Peter's back, pushing two fingers inside him with scissoring motions. "Tell me what you need."

"I-mmm....Wa-Wade...." Peter squirmed, pushing back against Wade's fingers.

"Words, Petey."

"Fu-fuck me Wade! Now!"

"Oh how I love it when you beg Baby Boy." Wade smirked. "But I'm not quite sure you're ready for me yet."

Peter groaned as Wade slid a third finger in, stretching him out further.

"It's been a while and you're so tight!" Wade moaned, slowing down his movements and drawing things out despite Peter's pleas.

His patience at its limit, they had had to wait long enough, Peter pushed off the desk causing Wade to stumble back and his fingers to slip out. With a growl, Peter spun around, grabbing Wade by the front of his suit and slamming him down face up on the desk. In a swift motion he yanked Wade's pants off and straddled his waist, positioning himself before sliding down Wade's cock with a needy moan.

"If you won't give me what I want Wade Wilson, I'll take it."

"Even better!" Wade grinned as Peter began to bounce up and down, obscene cries escaping his lips.

"Fu-fuck Wade..." Peter panted, bracing his hands on Wade's chest. "We...we need to wrap.....wrap up this Norman thing.....fast."

Grabbing Peter's hips in a bruising grip, Wade thrust up to meet Peter's slide down. Peter yelled out as Wade increased the force of his thrusts, the room filling with the sounds of skin slapping on skin.

"Wade.."

"Come on Petey, let go baby."

Peter came with a yell, spilling onto the front of Wade's suit as Wade released inside him. It wasn't quite how Peter had imagined their time together after so long, but he couldn't complain either. They both knew they didn't have much time to *really* play.

The two were left breathing heavily as Peter leaned back, Wade still buried in him.

"Holy shit, Baby Boy." Wade groaned. "That was hot. We need to increase the amount of manhandling you do to me."

Peter chuckled tiredly as he looked down at Wade's smug grin.

"You're such an idiot."

"But I'm *your* idiot."

"That you are." Peter smiled. "Now, my wonderful idiot, how do you reckon we clean up?"

"Well, I'd be more than ok with walking out just the way I am. I mean, who wouldn't want everyone to know they were banging this tight, spider ass?"

Peter's face lit up as he gave Wade a scandalous look.

"You are *not* going out there like that! We have to be serious once we get down there."

"Relax, Webs. I told you I come prepared. I have some wipes in a pouch on my pants."

"Right. Give me a minute. I need....I need to get myself together." Peter sighed, his breaths slowing.

"Take your time sweetheart." Wade smirked, placing his hands behind his head. "I love seeing a job well done."

Peter rolled his eyes with a laugh before lifting up and throwing his leg back over his boyfriend. He could feel lube mixed with Wade's cum slide down his inner thigh.

"If we weren't on a time limit, I'd push that back in you and fill you again."

Peter shivered as he could feel Wade's eyes roaming over his wet ass and thighs.

"Save that thought for later big fella. "Peter said, tossing a wink over his shoulder.

"Tease!"

Smiling, Peter found Wade's pants and dug around in his pockets till he found the pack of wipes.

"Let's get cleaned up and ready to face trouble."

"I'll keep the Iron Dildo twins away from you, Petey" Wade smirked, snatching a wipe from Peter and slowly cleaning him up.

"I feel I should point out that cleaning your partner up doesn't involve groping."

"Only for those who do it wrong." Wade wiggled his eyebrows as Peter rolled his eyes with a fond smile.

"More than that though, I'm not worried about Tony and Harley, I'm worried about Matt. He's not gonna be as happy with our little impromptu session as we are."

"Don't worry Petey-Pie, our favorite kitty cat will handle it."

"She's gonna be with Barnes."

"Well, thank God devil dad is gonna be to busy with the iron family to murder me!" Wade smiled widely.

Peter shook his head with a smile as he ran a wet wipe down the front of Wade's suit.

"I'm not sure what this is gonna look like when it dries." Peter frowned, poking at the wet spot.

"Trust me Peter Pumpkin, it would be the *least* questionable stain this suit has seen."

Peter raised an eyebrow as Wade just shrugged.

"Put your pants on big guy." Peter said, throwing Wade's pants in his face. "If we get Norman tonight, we can go for round two in celebration."

"Oh, we'll have more than just 'round two', Baby Boy." Wade smirked, pulling his pants on and pinching Peter's ass.

Peter yelped, narrowing his eyes as he finished pulling up the bottoms of his suit and making sure everything lined up.

It was time to get serious.

Chapter End Notes

"It was time to get serious."

I know I wrote that, but after I did all I could think about was Darkwing Duck and "Let's get dangerous".

I refuse to go back and change it.

Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

Into the tunnels they go

Chapter Notes

This chapter took way longer to get out than I intended. I hit a little bit of writers block but thanks to Pinterest and my newly created inspiration board, I'm good to go. XD

Also, if you haven't seen, I posted a little side story [Just a little insight into some of Harley's thoughts.](#)

Peter poked at the pale stain on the front of Wade's suit.

"Great." he muttered.

"I'm wearing it loud and proud!" Wade grinned, puffing out his chest to draw attention to it.

"Please don't."

"You flung me on that desk and had your wicked way with me Petey-Pie, no sense in being shy now."

Peter's face flared as Wade gave him a saucy wink.

"By the way, feel free to manhandle me any time Baby Boy."

"Down boy." Peter warned, making his way to the back entrance with Wade in tow.

"Round two comes *after* we catch Norman."

"Total cockblock." Wade pouted.

The two waited by the door in silence. Peter lost in his thoughts while Wade tried to think of something to keep the mood light before the others arrived.

"I have a twitter account devoted to thirst tweets about you!" he blurted.

"What?" Peter choked, looking at his boyfriend with wide, surprised eyes.

"I've had it for a few years now. It's actually pretty popular. Surprised you haven't found it yet." Wade shrugged.

Peter just blinked at him, his mind void of a response.

"I mean, I know I have a list a mile long of what I want to do to and have done by you, but I didn't

realize just how much others did too. While I'm a huge fan of your form fitting suit, I'm not sure I like how many others are too. Men and women alike!"

"I....uh....I'm not sure what to say."

Wade pulled him chest to chest.

"As long as you know *my* thirst tweets are the only ones you're allowed to like, I think you're fine not saying anything."

"I rarely get on twitter."

"Even better." Wade grinned, pressing his lips to Peter's.

Before they could get far, Peter's phone buzzed.

"Guess we're on the clock now." Peter sighed, pulling out of Wade's grasp and moving to the door.

"Lame."

Peter smiled at Wade's pout before slipping his mask back on and opening the door.

As the Avengers filed in, Peter bit back a chuckle as Felicia threw him a wink and plastered herself to Bucky's side.

"Really? You couldn't wait?" Matt grumbled, moving to his side.

"In my defense, it wasn't planned."

"I'll take care of Wilson then."

Peter did let out a light snicker this time.

"Alright Spider-Man," Steve said, turning to him. "Lead the way.

~~~~~

"Wow. You really think he's in on it?" Jessica asked.

"The bar drunks are more honest than you'd think they'd be." Luke replied, parking the van in an empty alley.

"Well, only one way to find out for sure. Alright Jess, let's put those sleuthing skills to work."

Danny grinned as she rolled her eyes.

~~~~~

"Well, that tunnel leads to the stupid docks." Felicia scoffed. "I'm not taking it."

"I don't think anyone should." Peter replied.

"I think it would be a waste of time and resources. Cap," Peter turned to Steve. "You know your team better than me. You call the shots on who goes with who."

Steve nodded, looking back at his team and dividing them up.

"Tony-

"I'm going with Spider-Man. Harley's coming with me."

Everyone turned to their group members, all trying to appear as though they weren't intently listening in on the upcoming conversation. It wasn't a surprise to anyone that Tony was insistent on going with Spider-Man, but taking Harley with him was a shocker.

Harley *hated* Spider-Man.

"Are you sure..." Steve said, his look uncertain as his eyes darted between Harley and Spider-Man.

"It's good. I made a promise." Harley spoke before Tony could.

Natasha raised her eyebrow as she looked at Harley, not quite sure what he was thinking.

"Alright then." Steve nodded. "Everyone pick a tunnel and let's go. Remember, keep your coms on and give an alert the moment you see or hear anything. We don't know how far each of these tunnels go, so the earlier we hear from you the faster we can get to you."

Everyone nodded in agreement and began branching off into the tunnels.

Felicia shot Peter a wink before pulling Bucky, who shot a respective glare at Peter, into one of the tunnels.

"Well, I wasn't expecting that." Tony said, watching Black Cat drag the Winter Soldier away.

"He's in denial that Felicia has won." Peter snickered.

"They're gonna make beautiful babies!" Wade cooed. "I can't wait to be Uncle Wade!"

"Simmer down big guy." Peter chuckled. "Let's get Norman taken care of first before we go naming their children."

"Fine." Wade pouted.

Tony stood ramrod straight as he watched Peter and Wade. He took in the way they subtly leaned in towards each other as they talked. The fond tones, the loose stances.

To test him further it seemed, Daredevil joined the little group. While the man hovered protectively near Peter, he seemed rather put out with Wade.

"So, we should probably get a move on. Can't keep Norman waiting you know." Tony said, clapping his hands together.

He had chosen to forgo wearing the suit to avoid the sound, knowing that the nanotech would activate on command. He had even surprised Harley with his own nano suit, though he had seemed a little funny about getting it.

The three other group members turned to look at him before nodding in response.

"Yeah. I want to wrap this whole thing up." Peter sighed. "I've got better things to do than chasing around a crazy Osborn."

"Lots of better things." Wade added, sliding his hand down Peter's back.

"Let's move." Matt grunted, pulling Peter towards the open tunnel.

Looking over his shoulder, Tony watched Harley roll his eyes and glare at the retreating figure of Spider-Man. Letting out a silent sigh, Tony said a small prayer that this whole thing ended quickly. He hoped getting this taken care of would give him the opportunity to try to get Peter to join the Avengers for real.

~~~~~

Norman frowned as he sifted through the security cameras in his tunnels. Every one he looked at had members of the Avengers roaming around.

It made things a little tricky.

He had known immediately when Peter had found his little secret room off the Oscorp. His sensors had tripped and his cameras began recording as soon as he had entered the vents.

Of course he knew it would lead to an investigation, he just hadn't realized it would be so soon.

He had to hand it to Peter though. He had swallowed his pride and left Harry, May and that Watson girl in Stark's tower. While it showed just how big a person Peter was, it meant using any of the three as an incentive to follow orders wasn't an option.

Grunting, he ran his hand down his face as he finally found Peter, and his party was both a problem and a lucky break. If he played his cards right, he could clear his debt faster than anticipated and have Peter all to himself without anything hanging over him.

~~~~~

Jessica grinned as she popped the lock on door. It had been hidden away in a dark corner of the building, behind a permanently parked truck.

"You'd think there'd be better security here." Luke scoffed. "I've got a better set up at the bar."

"Well, I would guess that with the door being hid and buried back here, they didn't think it would be an issue." Danny replied.

"So, I shouldn't be able to find any hidden entrances around your place?" Jessica grinned challengingly.

"You can try it Jones."

"Oh, I will."

"Come on you two. Somewhere in this building someone is gearing up to get thier ass beaten." Luke grumbled, brushing past the two as he entered the building.

"Shouldn't we be taking this a little slower?" Danny asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I would put money on the attention being on who's in the tunnels over what's going on at a back entrance right now." Jessica shrugged.

"Still," she pulled Luke back. "We *should* be careful."

She pointed up to a dark corner where a red light glared at them from the camera that pointed away from them.

"Fine. We'll take the stealth approach. Thank God we didn't bring Castle."

"He's on standby."

Jessica and Luke's heads snapped to look at Danny's calm declaration.

"What?" Jessica asked.

"I called him. If things go south, it's not like he won't be useful."

"I'm just surprised you were the one to call." Luke shrugged.

"Why?"

"Well, considering it's Pete, I figured Matt would have done the honors."

"You know how well they cooperate together." Jessica snickered. "But, when it comes to Peter, Matt will put aside anything."

~~~~~

Matt's love for Peter was the only thing keeping him together at this point.

He could hear every time Wade tried to subtly touch Peter. Every time Peter's heart sped up. Every time Tony took a strained breath at having Peter so close but unable to connect. Every time Harley let out a frustrated breath at seeing Peter and Wade close together.

He could smell Wade's scent on Peter.

He hadn't been joking when if asked if they couldn't have waited.

For God's sake! *His son was defiled* and he had to deal with it.

He had often danced around his stance on letting others know just how much Peter meant to him, and just how much like a son he actually saw him. Here though, surrounded by everyone with an agenda, Matt wanted nothing more than to let every one of them know just who they had to go through to get to him.

Peter *was* his son and no one was going to hurt him on his watch.

Looking over, he lifted his hand, tapping Peter's right ear through the mask. His finger grazed the com linked to the others outside and he nodded when Peter turned his head to look at him.

Neither spoke, both knowing what Matt had been after.

It didn't stop the others from giving them a strange look though.

"So, any idea where this thing is actually gonna end?" Harley asked, breaking the silence and drawing everyone's attention.

"No idea." Peter shrugged. "The walk from the docks to Oscorp was a good distance for Felicia and Jess. There's no telling how short or far any of these tunnels are."

"Great." Harley grumbled under his breath.

Tony inwardly groaned. This was currently a disaster. He knew it wasn't going to be easy, but it wasn't supposed to be this awkward and tense either.

"Don't worry Mini Tin Can!" Wade grinned. "You got Team Red leading the way!"

A unanimous growl was all he got in response.

~~~~~

Felicia gasped as she *tripped*, knocking into Bucky and causing him to wrap his arms around her to keep her upright.

"My hero." she whispered in his ear as she righted herself, making sure to brush her chest against his flesh arm.

Bucky swallowed hard as she lingered a little longer than necessary. She smirked as she sauntered ahead of him, swaying her hips in an exaggerated fashion as the dim light glinted off the leather of her suit.

He wasn't sure he was going to make it through all of this.

"Keep up big guy." Felicia threw over her shoulder with a wink. "Don't want you falling behind."

Yes. He was going to kill Peter.

~~~~~

"Well, this isn't ominous at all." Jessica hummed.

"Yeah. Perfectly normal. Everyone has a torcher lab hidden in their place of business." Luke huffed, crossing his arms.

"I beg your pardon." Danny narrowed his eyes. "I certainly don't."

"Yeah, yeah." Jessica smirked. "The Rand Corporation isn't sketchy enough for secret science torcher chambers."

"Excuse me for that."

"Anyone else curious why there are no cameras in here?" Luke frowned, looking around the large lab.

"I guess someone doesn't want any record of what's going on down here." Jessica frowned, moving along the wall.

"Anyone else feel uncomfortable?" Danny asked.

"Like, getting here was *to* easy?"

"Because it was meant to be."

The three spun to a now open door on the other side of the lab.

Norman Osborn stood in the doorway, a sinister smirk on his face.

"I admit, I didn't *actually* expect anyone to use that old entrance, but I'm so glad you did."

The three jumped as the way they had entered was blocked by a large, steel door.

"You see, I was very concerned to find out Peter had locked my son, his.....*fiancé*," Norman sneered. "And his wonderful aunt, up in Stark's tower. No way to get them there, and that prevented me having any leverage of my perfect boy."

"Oh, so I guess your plan is to use us?" Jessica scoffed. "I guess you think we're just gonna *let* you use us?"

"No, I'm not stupid Ms. Jones. I *know* you won't go that easily. So, I'll just have to resort to.....other measures."

"I think I've had enough of your mouth." Luke growled. "How about we make this more physical and less verbal."

Luke shouted as he rushed at Norman, only to slam his fist into a clear wall between them.

"Tsk tsk. It's a shame you've left me with only this choice." Norman shook his head. "Enjoy your nap, children."

"What?" Danny yelled as Norman turned and walked away.

"What's that noise?" Jessica asked, drawing the attention of Danny and Luke.

A hushed hissing sound filled the room.

"Do.....do you guys.....do you guys feel weird?" Danny asked, stumbling slightly.

"Well, this is just perfect." Jessica huffed, dropping to her knees. "Way to easy getting in here. I'm really.....really disappointed in us."

"DD..." Luke grunted, holding his hand up to his ear. "Spidey....do you copy?"

~~~~~

Peter slammed to a stop as Luke's labored voice crackled across the line. Matt tapped his ear piece with a frown.

"Luke?"

"No.....Norman.....he....he's with....he's working with...."

"Get out the tunnels!" Jessica growled.

"Guys?" Peter pushed. "What's going on?"

"Gas.....gassed us." Danny huffed.

"Get....get out...get out the tunnels."

The line crackled, the sounds of three sets of gruff breathing before everything went silent.

"Danny! Jess! Luke!" Peter shouted into his comm.

Tony, Harley and Wade crowded up to Matt and Peter as the two desperately tried to communicate with their allies.

"What do we do?" Peter asked, turning to Matt with a strained voice. "They said to get out the tunnels."

"Then we get out." Matt said, grabbing Peter's arm and hauling him forward. "Stark, tell your people to get moving. We're all to far in to go back, so our best choice is to try to find the end."

"Ma....do you hear that?" Peter asked, his Spider-Sense flaring.

"Do you smell it?" Matt asked in return.

"Care to share with the class?" Harley huffed.

"Run!" Peter shouted, grabbing wildly until he latched on to someone and took off running.

The five ran through the now dark tunnel, the lights having been shut off after the hissing sound had started.

"Keep running Baby Boy."

Peter head shot to the right as Wade's voice came out of the dark, meaning Peter hadn't grabbed onto his boyfriend during his panic.

Ignoring it, he continued to drag his unwitting victim along. The further they ran, the lights began to flicker. Looking back, Peter made eye contact with Tony. Of all people he could have snatched along.

Peter's thoughts were interrupted though as his Spider-Sense blared again before his murky body felt floor dropped from below his feet, taking him and Tony with it before a trap door slammed shut behind them.

~~~~~

"Peter!" Matt shouted, slamming his fists into the ground, desperate to get the trap door to open.

"Fuck!" Wade shouted, slamming his fist alongside Matt.

As the two desperately tried to get the hidden, Harley stood frozen behind them. He hadn't misheard the name shouted.

Peter.

No. There was *no way* his sweet Peter was the arrogant vigilante. Maybe they had just yelled his name because the wallcrawler was....*dating* Peter and they worried about what he would say about them losing Spider-Man.

There was no way Peter was Spider-Man.

"Wha-" Harley gasped as he was slammed against the wall.

"Yes, *Peter*." Wade growled.

Harley looked up at the furious face, unaware he had spoken out loud.

"You would do best to keep your fucking mouth shut about it too."

"Get your hands off me!" Harley growled, struggling to push Wade off with his slowly clearing senses.

"Wade!" Matt snapped, standing up and turning to face the two.

"We don't have time for your macho, overprotective *boyfriend* shtick. We need to get ahold of the others and try to find Peter and Tony. We also need to try to get a hold of Danny, Jess and Luke. I don't know what's going on their end, but they clearly didn't follow instructions."

~~~~~

Frank grumbled as he watch Jessica, Luke and Danny break into the hidden back entrance. Stealth was never his strong suit really. He preferred the more direct approach. If it wasn't for the fact he actually gave a shit about what happened to Peter, he probably would have.

Letting out a grunt, he sat himself up for a, hopefully, not long wait.

~~~~~

"Are you ok?" Bucky asked, moving to where Felicia sat on the ground, catching her breath.

"Y..yeah. What the hell was that?"

"Someone gassing the tunnels. I'm not sure if it didn't work, or if they just didn't bother to finish."

Bucky's comm suddenly burst to life as voices rang out, all trying to confirm everyone's safety.

"Felicia and I are good." Bucky answered, helping her to her feet.

*"Tony and Spider-Man are gone."*

There was complete silence for a breath before the line roared with demanding answers.

*"You heard me." Harley snapped. "We were making out way out the tunnel when I trap door in the floor opened up and they fell in. The hole was blocked off immediately after they fell."*

Felicia gasped, her eyes panicked as she rushed off to the side, grasping at her private earpiece.

"Peter? Peter! Please answer me!" she begged.

"I can't reach him, Cat." Matt's voice responded.

"I tried. Also, I'm sure you heard our backups become compromised."

"What were they thinking!" Felicia fumed.

"They were supposed to stay on the sidelines in case we needed them! Now Peter is missing!"

"Felicia, listen to me." Matt's calm voice filled her ear. "Keener is telling everyone to continue on like planned. Right now it's our best option."

"Matt," Felicia said, her voice small. "I can't lose him. I can't lose my spider."

"You're not going to."



## Chapter 29

### Chapter Summary

Things are happening. To many to break down.

### Chapter Notes

I LIVE!!!!!!!!!

Another chapter emerges! I'm happy to say though that this chapter was NOT delayed due to lack of motivation, but just because I had to get it worded and all right.

Enjoy my precious!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Luke groaned as he opened his eyes. Looking around, he found Danny and Jessica laid out on the ground beside him. The room they were in was plain and vacant. It clearly wasn't meant to house anyone.

"I feel like shit." Jessica groaned, sitting up and holding her head. "Worse than any hangover I've ever had."

"That's impressive." Danny mumbled into the floor.

"Shut up you ass." she huffed, shoving him.

"As fun as it is to hear you two bicker, we got bigger problems." Luke grunted, pushing himself up off the floor and walking to the door.

"Seems like a poor attempt to keep us hostage if they put us in here." Danny frowned.

"All the better for us." Luke said, pulling back his fist and slamming it into the door and flying back into the wall.

"Holy shit!" Jessica screamed, rushing to Luke's side had his entire arm looked burnt. "What the hell was that?"

"Not as poor an attempt as I thought." Danny winced as he looked over Luke's arm.

"It's a-"

"High powered electric field." Norman's voice cut off Luke's reply. "It would be very foolish to keep three powerful individuals like you in such a simple room. Don't worry though, you won't be here long. I just have some things to take care of first."

"You better hope your little field holds up Osborn." Luke growled. "Cause it won't be pretty if I get

my hands on you."

"You'll find I'm not very concerned with what actually happens to any of you."

They could hear the dismissal in his voice.

"I'm more concerned with the idiot 'billionaire, playboy, philanthropist' and the special little spider I've managed to catch. Enjoy your stay."

The sound of the speaker crackled out as Jessica erupted into curses.

Danny felt around his ear, taking note for the first time that his communicator was missing. Unless Jessica or Luke had theirs, there was no way to reach Frank.

~~~~~

Felicia wiped her eyes as she continued down the tunnel. They had no idea where Peter and Tony had gone. They had no idea if continuing down the tunnels would even help them at all. No one knew where they all went anyway! What if they never found them? What if Norman already had them? What if whoever Norman was working for had his own plans for Peter? It wouldn't be the first time someone would think they could experiment on him.

She wiped her eyes again.

She wanted her Peter.

If-no-when they got him back, he was going to be on house arrest until she deemed him safe enough to return to the outside.

It shouldn't be too hard to keep him indoors. He'd have unpacking to do in his and Wade's new apartment after all.

She sniffled.

"Hey," Bucky said, grabbing her shoulders and pulling her into a hug. "We're going to find him. I won't just leave one of my idiot brothers behind."

"One of your brothers?" Felicia asked, her face buried in his chest.

"Yeah." Bucky chuckled. "Steve is idiot brother number one, Peter is idiot brother number two."

Felicia giggled as she clutched his shirt tighter, enjoying the warmth of his arms around her.

"Usually Peter would have something snarky to say at this point." she smiled.

"All the more reason to keep going. We've got to find him and take care of this Norman guy. We've all got lives to get back to that don't involve a lunatic with a Halloween fetish."

"Yeah. I've got to tell him how you held my dainty figure in your strong, masculine arms while I cried for him." she snickered as Bucky choked.

~~~~~

Wade Wilson knew fury. He knew the dark desire revenge could be. He had given into that desire often enough to consider himself an expert.

Having Peter taken from him brought that dark desire front and center. He itched to pull the triggers of his guns, or swing the sharp blades of his katanas through someone's flesh.

His thoughts were dark, and bloody. His ideas involved trails of blood and dismembered body parts. No, Peter wouldn't like it, but he didn't have to know either. Wade would never enact such things in front of his baby boy.

Still, if Wade was seething, murderous vengeance, he wasn't sure what to describe the thing next to him as.

At this point, Wade had seen Matthew Murdock in various stages of emotions, but this was an entirely different beast.

For the first time ever, Wade realized the 'Devil' in Matt's vigilante title might mean more than he thought.

A darkness seemed to roll off his shoulders. He was to silent to be natural.

Even the brat had noticed.

While he hadn't been really interested in talking to either of them after the big reveal of Spider-Man's identity, the kid was even quieter now.

"So, I can't believe I'm the one asking this, but what's our plan?" Wade said, breaking the tense silence.

Matt stopped completely, his face turned straight ahead.

"You two will get Peter and Stark. I will handle whoever's there."

"You wait a sec-"

Wade grunted as he was slammed into the wall, Matt's arm buried in his throat.

"You listen to me Wilson, I won't repeat myself. You two will get Peter and Stark and get them to safety. We have no idea what kind of shape we're going to find them in. Considering our situation, I seriously doubt either of them would be any use to us. I need to know Peter is safe. I trust you to follow directions and get him out.

"Bu-" Wade choked as Matt pressed harder.

"My son was taken from me. You may be dating him Wilson, but he was my kid first. I made a promise to his aunt to get him out. I can die, Wade, you can't. If anyone can make sure Peter gets out, it's you. That's always going to be your role. Peter is always going to be your job to protect. If you decide to ignore me and fight whoever we find, you better hope I die there. If I don't, I'll make it a personal goal to find a way to make sure you do. I'll do what I have to, regardless of what it means for me."

Matt growled as he released Wade and shoved him to the side before turning to Harley.

"The same thing goes for you. Get Stark out."

"And if they're fine?" Wade coughed, standing up fully. "You know Pete isn't just gonna stand aside."

"Then you better make sure he's not alone."

Even after being surrounded by Avengers, looking at Daredevil, Harley felt he could finally see what being a real hero really meant.

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Tony winced as his eyes cracked open to bright lights. His head throbbed and he felt sore. Peeling his eyes open slowly, he took note of his state. He was in a propped up position, but strapped to a metal table. Across from him, in the same situation, was a still unconscious Peter.

"Peter? Peter! Wake up kid!"

"He's not going to hear you, Stark. I was very careful about how much sedative I gave him over you. I wanted us to have a few moments together."

Tony growled as Norman stepped up beside him.

"I have to say, while I was hoping to catch two birds with one stone, you weren't the other bird. Still, I'm not one to look a gift horse in the mouth."

"Who was crazy enough to let you out?" Tony glared.

"There was a time I would have risen to that bait, but I believe that out of the two of us, I'm not the one who has anything to worry about." Norman smirked, moving over to Peter.

"He's something else, isn't he?" Norman asked, running a finger down Peter's cheek. "A marvel for sure."

"Don't touch him!"

"Has he ever *really* discussed himself with you?" Norman asked, moving away from Peter, ignoring Tony.

"He's done research on himself, you know. *Extensive* research. He's accessed my servers to an extent Harry doesn't even know about."

Tony frowned, wondering where this was going.

"You know, the spider's venom he received was never meant for human experimentation.....at least not when he was bitten. My people had run multiple tests on them and had been recording the changes in their poison. It was a secret project, so there were no time constraints.

One of the *very* few projects I gave free reign to.

I needed it to be perfect before anyone could know about it....and they were making progress all the time." Norman looked over at a large monitor detailing information on the spiders.

"What *was* the project supposed to be?" Tony asked, his curiosity getting the better of him.

"Once properly developed, they would be harvested to create a new breed of super soldiers...ones that would put Steve Rogers to shame. It isn't a coincidence that Peter's abilities are greater than Captain America's. That was always the point.

"You just said it was never meant for human experimentation!"

"I said the spider that bit *Peter* wasn't meant for human experimentation. None of the spiders in that batch were even remotely ready to be harvested. Truthfully, the fact he's even alive is

incredible. The venom literally altered his DNA.” Norman paused, looking from the screens to Peter.

“He’s far too precious to be out unsupervised. You had no idea what you had with him.” Norman said, glaring at Tony. “He nearly *died* the time he saved your ass by protecting your precious Stark property!”

“How about when *you* attacked him!”

Norman laughed as Tony fumed, guilt over the entire event of Peter’s Homecoming night gnawing at him.

“If you ever thought Peter’s life was really in danger, you’re more of an idiot than I took you for. While I didn’t know who was under the mask, I would never have *killed* them. They were far more valuable alive than dead. That said, he wasn’t going to come in quietly, and his abilities made close combat difficult to achieve. Naturally, I had to up the ante to acquire him. Admittedly, I underestimated the intelligence under the mask. It wasn’t simply brute force that beat me. Peter’s mind works amazingly fast to try and analyze everything around him.”

Tony didn’t respond, he didn’t need to. He was fully aware of the brilliance of Peter’s brain. While he would never flat out say anything to Harley, if Peter had decided to return to him and SI, he would easily put him as the main inheritor to the company.

Harley was smart and could most likely run the business perfectly *but*, he could be rash and come off a bit abrasive. Peter on the other hand, was extremely intelligent with a calm and friendly personality. Out of the two, people would most likely be more willing to deal with Peter than Harley.....kind of like how people were more willing to deal with Pepper than him.

Still, none of that mattered if they didn’t get out of here.

“Oh yes, you know *all* about him though, don’t you?” Norman sneered, sarcasm heavy in his voice.

“You know all about his perfect grades from the moment he entered school till he left. You know all about his life before his uncle passed.”

“I know they haven’t had it easy-“

“All you know about him is what any idiot can look up. You know *nothing* about what the Parker’s have experienced emotionally. Peter and Harry have been friends since they were very young. I’ve watched Peter grow up. I was around when he lost his parents. I went with my wife and son to the funeral. His parents were *brilliant* scientists.”

Norman chuckled, looking at Peter.

“He definitely took after them.”

Taking a breath, Norman moved to a small table and picked up a glass cube.

“I had hoped spending time with Peter would have been good for Harry. Maybe get him on the right track. Unfortunately, Harry will never amount to anything.”

“He seems to be running Oscorp *just fine* .” Tony sneered. “Better than you.”

“I’ll give it to him on one thing.” Norman said, walking up to Tony. “He made a smart move

hiring Peter for the pharmaceutical department.”

Tony glared as Norman stopped before him. A sly grin spread across the man’s face as he held up the glass cube.

“Anyway, what do you think?”

Tony looked into the cube, taking in the small spider suspended inside. There was nothing special in the way it looked, but he had a pretty good idea of its importance.

“I’m sure you know why I’m showing you this. It’s the very spider that bit Peter.” he twirled the glass.

“It was found on the floor after the field trip had ended. At the time, we all assumed the spider had just died being outside of it’s controlled environment.”

Norman chuckled at himself.

“I’m honestly ashamed of myself for taking so long to put the pieces together on where Spider-Man might have gotten his abilities. Of course, when I did, I tried to offer him a place as a partner. With his abilities, given by me by the way, we could have made a formidable team.”

“How’d that work out for you?”

“It wasn’t to surprising.” Norman shrugged. “Spider-Man had chosen the path of the hero long before I got to him. It was just disappointing.”

“When did you figure out it was Peter under the mask?”

“Oh, I have *you* to thank for that.” Norman laughed.

“Think back, *Tony Stark* . Think back to the early days of a certain webslinger. Think back to a moment in time where you failed him by not trusting him over your own issues.”

Tony frowned, feeling like he should know where Norman was going, but missing something.

“Does the moniker of ‘Vulture’ ring any bells?”

Tony’s eyes widened.

“Oh yes. He was willing to keep Peter’s secret, until he was offered his freedom. It’s amazing what people will do for the chance to get what they want. For Toomes it was his family, for me, well, he’s right across from you.”

“You’re disgusting.”

“And you’re so much better?” Norman asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Have you not been pushing him to rejoin your little hero group? From what I’ve gathered, Spider-Man has never seemed to be interested in joining the Avengers. In fact, I’d say he went out of his way to *avoid* you.”

Tony’s jaw tightened.

“I guess my return worked more in your favor than you want to admit.” Norman smirked, moving back over to Peter.

“He should be waking up soon, then the real fun will begin.”

“What are you planning?”

“Well, I can’t let him out to wander the streets, now can I? No. So, he’ll have to be kept inside. Luckily, I’ve got some..... *volunteers* testing out some new features I plan to use in Peter’s room.”

“You’re going to keep him locked up like some prisoner? Yeah, I’m sure *that* will work out for you.”

“Well, it will only be temporary.” Norman shrugged. “Once he learns his place, he’ll be able to leave his room.”

Tony growled, pulling against his restraints.

“How cute, Stark. Do you really think you’ll be able to break those without your fancy suit?”

“You’re going to regret this Osborn!”

Norman just smirked, looking over at Peter as he started to stir.

~~~~~

Frank grunted in annoyance as he checked over his gun for, what felt like, the hundredth time.

He was growing restless, not to mention the increasing feeling something was wrong.

“Hell with this.” he said, standing up.

“This stealth shit ain’t working for me.”

Grabbing his bag, Frank left the rooftop and headed off where he had watched the members of the Defenders go.

~~~~~

“We gotta get out of here.” Jessica huffed, stalking around their prison cell.

“Well, until we figure out a way around that field, we arn’t going anywhere.” Danny sighed.

“It would be nice to have the nerd with us.” Luke mumbled.

“That little shit is *definitely* taking me out drinking once this is all over.” Jessica grit her teeth, kicking the wall to relieve frustration.

Danny watched as she stalked off toward the other side of the room, not bothering to look where her foot had made contact with the wall.

He looked however.

His eyes widened at the small dent and hairline crack in the wall.

Maybe they weren’t as trapped as they thought.

~~~~~

Peter groaned as he struggled to regain consciousness. His head hurt slightly, and his eyes felt

heavy.

Making to move his hand to rub his eyes, Peter snapped to awareness as he felt the restraints work against him.

“Wha-Tony?” Peter croaked out, throat dry.

“Peter!”

“Isn’t that cute.” Norman sneered. “Tony Stark all concerned for Peter Parker’s well being.”

“I’m not the one that drugged him and strapped him down!”

Peter took the two men arguing as a chance to fully assess his whereabouts and his situation.

He and Tony were both restrained and at the mercy of a psycho.

‘Great.’

Peter internally huffed.

He needed to figure out a way out of the restraints, but he could still feel the drugs in his system. He wouldn’t be anywhere near as good in a fight right now as he would be normally.

Still, he had to chance it.

He couldn’t let Tony stay here.

Norman wasn’t after Tony, despite their long time rivalry. That made Tony expendable. Expendable people usually didn’t last in these situations and despite their history, Peter couldn’t let anything happen to the man.

Spider-Man didn’t abandon *anyone*.

Twisting his wrists, Peter tested the strength of the restraints and various angles and points. Infuriatingly though, they were solid at all points.

“Well now, Peter.” Norman smiled. “Let’s help you get a better look at things.”

Peter watched as Norman moved to the side of the table and pressed a button. The table gave a slight vibration as it tilted forward, putting him into an almost standing position.

“There we go. Now we can all properly see each other.”

Peter held back his glare, refusing to give anything away as to how he was handling things.

“I’m so glad to see you again, Peter.” Norman smiled, an unsettling scenario in the action. “Our time together was so short last time.”

“You’re the one who left.” Peter replied.

“Well, I had a few things to take care of.” Norman shrugged. “But everything is how it should be now.”

Norman moved directly into Peter’s eyeline, his expression sent Peter’s Spider-Sense screaming.

Norman reached out a hand, grabbing Peter’s chin roughly.

“Now, Peter, how about we finish what we st-”

“Osborn!”

Peter froze.

He knew that voice.

He knew that voice so well.

The missing puzzle piece had finally fallen into place

Norman grinned before dropping his hand and pulling Peter’s mask back over his face.

“Can’t have just anyone knowing your little secret, now can we?” Norman chuckled before turning to the new arrival.

“I apologize for the lack of a proper delivery *but*,” Norman chuckled. “I don’t believe we’ll have to wait much longer. As you can see, we have something he’ll be *very* anxious to have returned.”

“We better not.” the man threatened, before turning to both Peter and Tony.

Tony looked between the two men. It was obvious they were talking about Peter, but what business did either of them have trying to lure in Deadpool?

That was who they were after, right?

“I must say, Tony Stark was not who I was expecting to see when I came here.” the man chuckled before focusing his full attention on Peter.

“Hello again, Spider-Man.”

Peter looked at the man before him, a sinking feeling in his stomach.

“How’s it going, Fisk?”

Chapter End Notes

Kudos to TheStrange_One on guessing Norman's mystery benefactor.

Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

Ok, so it's been like 3 months since any chapter has been added to this story. While, yes, this IS a chapter, it's short. Shorter than probably any other chapter I've written AND it cuts off at a bad spot probably.

Truth is, I just want to post.

I haven't put anything here and I want to. So, I'm going to post what I have. I know every part of the story up to the end from here. I have the bullet notes, but writing it all out as a story is slow going right now. Its probably why my other stories have seen updates when this one hasn't.

I'm not abandoning this story in any fashion. It's close to its end and like I said, I already know how everything is going to go from here.

So, there MAY be a slight change in form here. Instead of long chapters with long periods in-between, I'm considering smaller chapters with faster updates. I'm not saying that's a for sure thing, but it has its appeal as of right now since I'm struggling with....words? I'm watching this shit play out like a movie in my head and it's just taking so long to write it out.

So, please bear with me with possible changes to my upload style.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Fisk?

Tony looked at the large man smirking at Peter.

Fisk. Where had he heard that name before?

"I truly hope your worth the time to *me*. I wouldn't mind getting rid of you as well, but I promised Osborn I'd leave your fate to him as payment."

Tony watched the white eyes of Peter's mask narrow. There was something he was missing here.

"You realize you've got the entirety of the Avengers and the vigilantes of New York looking for you?" Peter sneered.

"Oh, I'm fully aware that all your little friends are looking for *Osborn*." The man smirked.

Suddenly, it hit.

Fisk! Wilson Fisk! The rising 'star' from Hell's Kitchen.

Tony had never really paid the man any attention as his business was pretty exclusive to Hell's

Kitchen and improving it. He was technically small time to Tony, but did have promise if he decided to start expanding, which Tony had assumed he would.

Still, what business did Wilson Fisk had with Dea-

Tony froze.

How could he be that stupid?

Peter wasn't a bait for Deadpool.....he was a bait for Daredevil.

~~~~~

Harley followed silently behind Wade and Daredevil. His head was spinning with the new revelations.

*Peter Parker was Spider-Man.*

The cute guy he had been desperately trying to win over was the same man he had been feuding with.

What a mess.

He glared at the back of Wade Wilson's head. Perhaps, if he had gotten to know Spider-Man and Peter before the mercenary, things would be different. Maybe if he had actually taken time to better figure out the story between Peter and Tony, things might be different.

Not that he was sure he *wanted* to know the story between Tony and Peter.

When it was just Spider-Man, with his attitude, it had been easy for Harley to hate him. Knowing now that it was Peter, and having spent a little time with him, Harley couldn't stop the nagging feeling that maybe Tony wasn't as innocent as he thought.

Still, Harley respected Tony. He looked up to the man and really couldn't find it in himself to believe that anything he uncovered between Tony and Peter would change those feelings.

Because it was obvious Peter didn't want it to.

He could have ousted Tony for whatever had happened, but he didn't. So either the problem wasn't all Tony, or Peter was really just that intent of keeping it between the two of them.

He had to respect Peter for it.

Anyone else might have jumped at the chance to get people on their side, but not Peter. Sure, he obviously had his vigilante friends and family, but it was also clear that they trusted Peter and left the choice up to him. Whatever he decided, whether they liked it or not, they respected it.

"You keeping up back there, brat." Wade tossed over his shoulder.

"Don't push your luck, *mercenary*." Harley sneered. "I'm only working with you for Peter's sake."

"Don't tell me you still think you have a chance with him!" Wade growled.

"Shut it! Both of you!" Matt hissed. "I don't have the patience to hear you argue."

Both men closed their mouths as Matt seethed next to them. Wade imagined he could see the

ground smoking under the man's feet.

~~~~~

"There's no way all these tunnels will lead to where we need to be." Natasha frowned. "Spider-Man and Tony are gone. We're not all going to end up in the same place."

"We've been walking a while." Clint replied. "Even if we turn back and take the tunnel they did, there's no way we'd catch up to them."

"Then maybe we need to be thinking outside the box." Natasha said, stopping.

"What are you thinking?"

"Maybe these tunnels aren't as clean cut as they look. I mean, if I had an elaborate system of moving goods, I'd also have contingency plans."

"You think the tunnels all connect?" Clint asked, looking around.

"I think it's worth keeping an eye out for possible side routes, or even the ceiling."

"Well then," Clint grinned. "Let's put these spy skills to use."

~~~~~

*"Keep an eye out for side or even top exits from the tunnels."*

Clint's voice came through the comms.

Felicia looked over at Bucky as he stopped and looked around. They didn't notice anything where they were, but that didn't mean they wouldn't come across one, or more, if they kept going.

"I hate to tell you big guy," Felicia smirked. "But I can promise you my eyesight is better in dark and dim light than yours."

Bucky raised an eyebrow and Felicia turned, making her way further down the tunnel.

"Enhancement?"

"Night vision."

Bucky stopped as she threw a saucy wink over her shoulder.

"Trust me, it comes in handy.....at the most interesting of times."

~~~~~

"So, he goes through all this trouble of capturing us in the room.....and never considered the strength of the actual walls?" Luke groaned, running his hand down his face as Jessica punched at the steadily crumbling wall.

"A few more well placed hits and we'll have a hole we can get through." Jessica grinned.

"Get to it Cage. Danny and I aren't gonna do it all."

Luke smirked, cracking his knuckles and throwing a punch. The walls cracked and crumbled sheet rock busted away.

"Looking good. I think you and Rand can handle it from here." Jessica smirked, settling herself against the opposite wall and watching.

"Chop chop boys."

"Well, you heard the lady." Danny shrugged.

It didn't take long to bust through.

~~~~~

Frank Castle didn't do subtle.

Kicking the door in, he stepped into the dark inside of Fisk Tower. He hated crooked business dealers.

He hated them even more when they went after people he actually liked.

Picking up his duffle, Frank strolled down the long corridors, ignoring the cameras "hidden" in corners. So what if anyone knew he was coming, it wasn't like he had a problem playing dirty.

"Big shot billionaires." Frank scoffed. "They're either disgustingly crooked, or arrogantly obnoxious. Now, if I was an insane, serum high piece of shit, where would I hide?"

~~~~~

Tony watched as Fisk circled Peter, analyzing him.

"I wonder just how old you are, Spider-Man. You've been under the red menace's watch for some time now. Long enough to make you the perfect bait for luring him to me."

"I hate to tell you, Fisky, but Daredevil isn't coming. He's not that stupid."

Tony could hear Peter's smirk behind his mask.

Fisk chuckled as shook his head.

"I think you and I both know that's a lie. In fact, I look for him to show up very soon. We already have a few of your little friends locked away."

Peter tensed.

Tony frowned. He knew it couldn't be any of the Avengers, which only left the vigilantes Peter was always with.

So much for backup.

"Boss!"

Norman and Fisk looked up as a bloody guard stepped into the room. His right arm hung loosely at his side and his left leg left a trail of blood behind it.

"We....we have a pro-"

A bullet through the man's skull ended his warning.

"Good. I haven't missed any fun."

Peter gasped under the mask as Frank Castle, bloody and grinning madly, strolled into the room.

~~~~~

"Who the hell hires all these guys?" Danny shouted, punching a guard in the face.

"You're telling me you don't have a mass of evil underlings, Rand?" Jessica cackled, slamming another into the wall.

"I don't need underlings. I run a respectable business!"

"If you have employees, you have underlings!" Luke huffed, throwing a larger man into an oncoming group.

"Whatever, let's just move. We gotta find Osborn be-"

A vent falling out the ceiling stopped the group as two people dropped down.

"Starting without us?" Clint grinned.

"We hate missing all the fun." Natasha smirked.

~~~~~

Matt stopped, an odd sound ringing in his ears. Holding out his hand, he stopped Harley from following behind Wade, just in time to watch the mercenary go flying into one wall as a hole was knocked into the other.

"Holy shit!" Harley yelled, immediately encased in the Iron Lad armor.

"Matt!"

Harley watched in shock as the platinum blonde woman and Bucky Barnes stepped into the tunnel.

"Felicia. I want to be surprised, but I'm not." Matt said with a small, but relieved smile as she wrapped herself around him in a hug.

"We have to find him, Matty." she whispered.

Matt didn't reply. There wasn't a need to.

"Where's Wilson?" Bucky asked, looking around.

"Over here under the rubble, you Sebastian Stan wanna be lookin' asshole!"

Bucky rolled his eyes, walking over and pulling the grumbling mercenary out of the rubble.

"It's not like anyone could do any more damage to that head of yours."

"I'll have you know, Petey likes my head just the way it is."

"I never said the kid had good taste."

Wade gasped as Bucky turned and walked back to where Felicia and Matt were talking.

"Lose the suit kid." Bucky grunted, passing by the still suited up Harley.

Harley glared at his back as the suit retracked.

"Let's get moving." Matt instructed. "Peter and Stark were taken in this tunnel, I'm not deviating from it."

The group nodded, moving forward.

They walked for a while before coming to a dead end.

"Are you *kidding* me?" Harley huffed. "No way this tunnel just ends like this."

"For once, I agree with the brat." Wade grumbled, looking around.

"Because he's right." Matt said, moving back and forth along the wall. "I can hear air hissing through the cracks."

"Are you seriously telling me there is a secret door to and out of this tunnel?" Wade asked excitedly.

"Are you seriously telling me your getting excited over something this stupid when Peter and Tony are missing?" Harley glared.

Wade ignored him, instead choosing to study the area.

Harley looked over as Felicia put her hand on his shoulder.

"Trust me, he's worried, humor is just a defense. Besides, Peter would most likely be the same way."

"Think I found the key." Bucky said, drawing everyone's attention as he pushed into a few bricks, noting the slight give.

"Suit up, kid." Matt tossed over his shoulder to Harley. "We don't know what's on the other side."

Harley felt the nanites run over him, sealing him inside his armor.

As Bucky pushed fully on the trigger, the wall began to slide to the side. Wade clapped in delight at the absolute cheesy evil villainy of the event.

As soon as the door completely opened, the sound of gunshots rang out in the area.

~~~~~

Peter watched as Frank fell to the floor as a group of men ran into the room, tackling him to the ground.

"It seems as though you didn't do as through of a job of dispatching my men as you thought, Mr. Castle." Fisk smirked, his smug expression only serving to infuriate Frank more than being caught off guard.

"Perhaps your lack of proper planning should be reconsidered."

"Of let it be the perfect distraction."

Peter broke out into a grin as Jessica Jones flew into the room, a flurry of excited punches and kicks as Luke, Danny and, surprisingly, Natasha and Clint, followed behind her.

"Osborn!" Fisk growled, "I thought you said they were secure!"

"You started without us!"

Tony's eyes widened as Wade Wilson rolled into the room, guns firing. Harley flew in behind him, repulsors blasting the equipment in the room.

More guards flooded the space, trapping Bucky and Felicia right outside the door they came through in combat.

Norman growled, rushing over to a side table and picking up a syringe.

"I won't lose you again so quickly this time, Peter." he said, stabbing the needle into the side of Peter's neck.

"Peter!" Tony shouted, struggling to break out of his bonds.

Peter slumped forward, Norman catching him as the restraints were undone.

"You just always seem to be a few steps behind me, Stark." Norman sneered, throwing Peter's limp form over his shoulder.

"Put him down or a swear-"

"You'll what? You seem to be missing the picture here, Tony. Your little band of resc-"

Norman's words were cut off as another wall cracked and burst open.

Wanda, hands glowing red flew into the room, followed by the remaining team of Avengers.

Tony had never been more happy to see them.

Grabbing another syringe off his cart, Norman stabbed his leg, the green liquid flowing in.

---

Fisk glared at the fighting as he stumbled back into the shadows. If he wasn't killed or captured, Norman would pay heavily for his failure.

Pressing a button, a panel opened up and he slipped inside. He had prepared for the possible problems of Norman's scheme tonight, and a helicopter had been stationed on the roof for emergency evacuation.

He couldn't be charged for a crime he wasn't here to commit after all.

"Going somewhere?"

Fisk jumped, spinning around to find Daredevil standing behind him.

---

Norman cackled gleefully as the serum coursed through his veins. He could feel the raw power it provided, raising him from a normal human to something more.

"How cute that you think you'll win so easily." Norman grinned madly.

"Put Spider-Man down!" Steve shouted, shield up.

"You're so demanding, Captain." Norman laughed. "But I've worked far to hard to get to this point.

Shoving his hand in his pocket, Norman pulled out a small remote.

"Let's even the field a little bit."

"Watch out!" Sam yelled, pushing Steve out of the way as the goblin's glider flew right through where he had stood.

~~~~~

Tony struggled against his bonds. He had to get out and help!

"Tony!"

Tony's head snapped to the side as Harley ran up to him, pulling the straps from him.

"Where's Peter?"

"You know who he is?" Tony asked, rubbing his wrists.

"Yeah, Daredevil spilled the beans on both his and Peter's identities when you two fell."

Tony nodded, looking around. He grinned as his eyes landed on the nanite encasing arc reactor, snatching it off the metal cart.

"What do you say kid," Tony started, attaching the reactor and hitting it. "Let's do some damage."

Harley grinned, helmet covering his face.

"FRIDAY, give me a scan of this structure." Tony said, as his helmet incased him.

"Tony, wha-"

"Get to blasting kid." Tony ordered, firing up his suit. "Scans show this place isn't supporting Fisk Tower, and we can't have anything leaving this lab. Osborn is keeping stuff here and we don't know what all that is. It's all gotta go."

Harley nodded before blasting off.

Tony snatched up the syringe Norman had stabbed Peter with.

"FRIDAY, give a reading."

"It's a strong sedative. From what records I still have of Peter, he'll burn through this, but will be sluggish for a bit."

"Great."

Chapter End Notes

Like I said, short and not the best place to leave off, but I'm just struggling getting the words out right. I have edited and reedited this one chapter to the point I'm just ready

to post it because...I'm just not getting anything I like better.

I mean, the beauty of writing is that if I get slapped in the face with what I've been missing, I can just come back and edit. :)

I guess I'm just mostly upset bc this particular story is my baby. It was my first post and I just want to get it right.

Fights just aren't my strong point as I already talked about. I think maybe that's why I'm really struggling here.

Chapter 31

Chapter Notes

I posted a one shot from Felicia's point of view earlier. I'm currently taking requests as to which characters you'd like to see a one shot from next.

Please read my end note.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter grunted as he hit the ground. His limbs felt too heavy to move, but the sounds of fighting were all around him. He tried to focus in on any one group, but everything seemed to jumble together.

He knew something had hit Norman, causing the man to drop him, but he didn't know what or by who.

He wanted to move. To get up and help the fight, but it was pointless. His body was burning through the sedative, but not fast enough. Whatever Norman had used had been powerful.

Then again, Norman knew a lot about him apparently.

"Spider-Man?"

Peter let out a small noise as he felt hands lift him slightly.

"I'm going to move you somewhere safe, ok? Just hang on."

Peter felt himself lifted off the ground and moved.

Wanda Maximoff.

He wanted to ask how the team could afford for her to take the time to tend to him, but it was pointless. He wasn't asking anything any time soon.

"I've moved you to a dark corner behind some equipment. You should be safe here while you recover." she said softly, lifting his mask just enough to free his nose. "We're handling things, so don't move even when you start to feel better. You're a liability if you're still feeling any effects from the sedative used on you."

Peter forced out a puff of air.

"Stay here." Wanda said, voice firm before leaving him.

Peter *hated* being useless.

Wade took note of where Wanda stashed Peter, knowing that if things went south, he'd have to take him and run.

He had promised Matt.

He also didn't want Peter to see the amount of blood now sprayed over the lab. He and Frank weren't exactly team players when it came to keeping the bad guys alive.

He briefly wondered where Matt had vanished to, but pushed it out of his mind just as fast.

The Devil of Hell's Kitchen was pissed, and Wade Wilson wasn't about to get in his way.

~~~~~

"Watch where you're aiming Castle!" Jessica shouted, punching a man in the face. "I got better things to do than get shot."

"Then get out the way." Frank replied, shooting over Jessica's shoulder.

"I really hate you sometimes."

"I'm used to it." Frank shrugged.

~~~~~

Tony turned, relieved to see Norman no longer had Peter, but panicking as to where he was. He knew there was no way Peter was able to get himself out of the way on his own.

"I know you said this place isn't supporting Fisk Tower," Harley said, landing next to him. "But it's getting close to not supporting itself either. We gotta start moving out of here."

"We can't leave without Norman, and I don't know where Pete is." Tony said, blasting the remaining piece of equipment.

"I think I saw him with Wanda a minute ago, so he's safe wherever he is."

"You seen Fisk?"

"No." Harley said, looking around. "I lost track of him not long after we entered the room."

"Damn." Tony hissed. "Catching Norman is the main goal, but nailing Fisk on top of it would have been great."

"I lost Daredevil too." Harley replied.

"I guess we'll leave that to him then."

~~~~~

"Well now," Fisk said, squaring off fully against Matt. "You know, you're little protege swore you wouldn't come."

"He knows better." Matt growled. "And you should too."

"Oh, I do." Fisk grinned. "I knew well enough to have many contingency plans."

Matt glared at Fisk's grinning face.

"You see, the more your little friends blast in there, the better it is for me. I've got the entire place rigged to explode. All they're doing is ensuring there really is nothing left to link me to Osborn."

Matt didn't respond, instead, he lunged.

~~~~~  
"You wouldn't believe that laughable security those servers had." Clint grinned, falling in place by Natasha

Natasha smirked as she fired off a shot.

"It's really sad how much work you get out of by pretending to your kids you don't know anything about computers."

"Kids are free labor, Nat."

"I'm sure they'd be absolutely thrilled to know that."

"You suck the fun out of it."

~~~~~

"Well, well, well, what have we here?" Jessica smirked ducking down to check on Peter's condition.

The Pumpkin King." Peter huffed.

"If you're making jokes, you're gonna be fine. Also, for the record, I'm Sally, not Oogie Boogie. Rand can be Oogie."

"I knew you had the hots for me."

"You wish, Parker."

Peter chuckled, shifting himself. It was obvious the drug was slowly wearing off, but he was nowhere near ready to join the fight.

"We really need to get you out of here." Jessica said, looking around the room. "The structure is won't last much longer. Not with us fighting and Stark and your replacement blasting everything."

"They're what?"

"Blasting everything. Norman was creating more serum. They're taking everything out."

Peter went to respond, words freezing as Felicia slammed into the wall next to them.

"Holy shit! Felicia!" Jessica shouted, pulling her out of sight.

"Cat!" Peter shouted, moving far to slowly to really do anything, but desperately wanting to touch her.

Felicia groaned, much to the relief of the two with her.

"The fuck happened?" she grunted, sitting up and looking at Jessica.

"You hit a literal wall. How's the head?"

"No blood." Felicia winced, touching a tender spot on her head.

Taking a breath, she opened her eyes, intent on rejoining in the fight when her eyes locked on the other person with them.

"Peter!" she cried, flinging herself at him, tears in her eyes. "Thank God!"

Ripping his mask off, she tossed it to the side as she scanned every inch of his face before placing her lips on his. She held him firmly for a few moments before finally pulling away.

"Don't tell Wade about that." she laughed wetly.

"Knowing that guy, he's be more upset he wasn't invited to join in than that it happened." Jessica huffed, rolling her eyes.

"It's a mess out there." Felicia said, peering back out at the fight. "We gotta get you out of here. Wade keeps trying to get to you, but can't make it."

Good." Jessica nodded. "He's doing Peter more good out there then back here. The faster they take out Norman and those other guys, the faster we can get out of here. The structure of this place is getting pretty sketchy."

"About that, *why* are Stark and his mini blasting everything?"

"Can't leave any research behind. We can't risk the possibility of, not only Norman's formula, but anything about Peter getting out. We don't know if he actually does have anything on Peter, but better safe than sorry."

"But," Peter winced, moving a bit. "It might be nice to know what he did have."

"Don't worry about that. I saw Barton over at the screens Stark wasn't taking out."

"Maybe we can sneak Peter out without help." Felicia said, scouting the room.

"That's my job!"

Felicia, jumped as Wade landed in front of her, having finally made it over.

"Sorry kitty cat, explicit rules from Devil Dad. I gotta get his Spider Son out of here."

"Well, you two can duke it out." Jessica said, shoving past Wade. "I'm missing all the fun."

"Wade." Peter said, sitting up fully. "Where's Matt?"

"No idea."

"Is Fisk out there?"

"Fisk? Wilson Fisk?" Felicia asked.

"Yeah, he's Norman's mystery backer."

"Well, that answers your question, Baby Boy. Fisky isn't out there, and neither is Double D."

"Damn!" Peter growled, moving to stand. "He shouldn't have went after him alone!"

"Whoa, Spider! You're in no shape to be moving on your own!" Felicia scolded, grabbing on to his arm to support him.

"I know you're worried, Petey, but Matt made me promise to get you out if you couldn't fight. I don't know if you've noticed, but you can barely stand! Not even sure you could at all if you

weren't being supported."

"I won't let Matt take on Fisk alone, Wade!"

"You'll be more of a burden to him than a help with the state your in, Peter." Felicia glared. "You're going to let Wade take you out of here, and let the rest of us finish up. Matt can hold his own."

Peter grumbled at the ground, anger tensing up his body.

He *knew* Matt could take care of himself, but it didn't mean he didn't have to worry.

Fisk was working with Norman, and while Fisk always had escape plans, Norman's were usually far more dangerous. He doubted Fisk wouldn't take advantage of that, and Peter knew Norman better.

"Wade, get him out of here, now!" Felicia ordered, running back out into the fight.

"Don't you *dare*, Wade." Peter growled.

"As much as I'd like to indulge your fiery attitude, Petey, no go. Double D made me promise I'd get you out, so that's what I'm going to do."

Scooping Peter up bridal style, Wade slipped out from behind their coverage, going Peter his first real view of what was happening.

Fisk men were littered across the floor. Some were bloody, some just unconscious. There were damages to the room everywhere. Tony and Harley were making quick work of all the equipment in the room. Jessica, Luke, Danny and Felicia were taking care of the extra men, and the rest were busy with Norman.

While everyone was fighting hard, it was obvious they were slowing, and the ones fighting Norman had sustained injuries.

Somehow, Norman had managed to require his glider, and had plenty of bombs to spare it seemed. It wasn't like he didn't have his own injuries though.

Throwing another bomb, everyone dove to sides as it exploded.

As they stood, everyone froze.

A loud rumbling sound ripped through the room as the ceiling began to crack and pieces started to fall.

"That's our cue, Baby Boy!" Wade shouted, darting towards the large open door.

Everyone started scrambling as the following chunks of falling ceiling got larger.

Peter lost track of everyone as Wade's large shoulders kept his from seeing what was going on behind them.

"Wade!" Peter shouted above the rumbling. "We have to help everyone!"

"I told you, Petey. My mission is to get you out. They can handle themselves."

Peter felt the panic and agitation rise in him. He couldn't let Wade get him out while everyone else remained behind.

They didn't even know where Matt was!

Making choice, Peter took a breath.

"I'm sorry, Wade."

"Wha-"

Wade gasped as Peter drove his elbow into his sternum, causing him to lose his grip and Peter to fall to the floor.

Getting his breathing under control, he looked up to see Peter running, as fast as he was able with the drug still working through him, back towards where the fight was.

"Peter!" Wade shouted, straightening up and chasing after him.

He was almost caught up, when another rumble and a tremor tore through the underground building. Wade watched with wide eyes as Peter disappeared on the other side of falling debris.

Completely blocked off from Wade's protection.

~~~~~

Peter took deep and labored breaths as he looked at the blockade between him, Wade, and the only way out he was aware of. He knew it was stupid, but he couldn't leave Matt, his father, alone.

He had to find him.

Stumbling back into the lab, the entire room was in ruins and on fire.

He caught the sight of Felicia and Bucky running into a tunnel on the other side of the room, relieved to know there was at least another way out.

Shuffling forward, his Spider-Sense blared. Unable to move as fast as normal, Peter felt something slam into him, throwing him across the room.

"I thought you were smarter than this, Peter. Coming back into a crumbling, burning building."

Peter sat up, taking in the sight of a bloody and battered Norman Osborn.

The man grinned wildly down at him.

"I guess I should be thankful for that bleeding heart of yours. I thought I lost you, for real this time. Lucky me, your little friends were unable to stick around to finish the fight."

Peter pushed himself back as Norman advanced, his eyes tinted the goblin green and manic.

"The more I think on it though, perhaps you're just too good, Peter. Forever a hero. Always trying to do the right thing. You could have been more, but it's obvious you're a beautiful failure, Peter Parker." Norman sighed.

"As much as I hate to see such a wondrous being die, I'm afraid I can't let you leave me."

Peter's eyes widened as Norman moved forward, pulling a blade from behind him.

"Not really my style, but I don't exactly have time to be more creative."

Norman stood over Peter, lifting the knife.

"Goodbye, Spider-Man -"

As Norman brought the knife down, two things happened. Peter pulled the small spider out of a pouch in his suit, activating it and encasing himself in the Iron Spider suit as a repulser blast slammed into Norman's chest, sending him flying across the room and into the wall.

The man's body crumpled to the floor, lifeless.

Peter stared, wide eyed at the body. His brain numb to what he was seeing.

"Come on kid," Tony's voice cut through the haze. "We gotta get you out of here. I have no intention of leaving without you."

"Tony?"

"Yeah, Pete."

"Where's Dad?"

Tony froze, looking at Peter's distracted face. Swallowing hard, he scooped Peter up.

"He's fine. Managed to subdue Fisk for arrest."

"Norman?"

"Let's get out of here." Tony replied instead, face plate lowering as he shot off into the tunnel Felicia and Bucky had gone through.

As soon as they got inside, the room fully collapsed, closing sealing them off from the ruins. Raising his face plate, Tony began carrying Peter down the tunnel.

The two were quiet for a while before Tony spoke.

"You're in big trouble, Pete. I saw Deadpool carry you out. Everyone's gonna be pissed when they find out you managed to get away from him."

Peter lowered his eyes, guilt coursing through him. He had hurt Wade and for what? He almost died for no reason.

He had never felt more stupid.

Not even after the ferry incident and Tony had taken his suit, sending him home in that humiliating outfit.

Why did he go back?

"You were worried, Pete." Tony said softly. "We often make stupid decisions when we care about someone."

Peter frowned as he looked up at Tony's forlorn expression.

"I'm sorry, Peter. I'm so sorry. You will always deserve better than me. I'm glad you have your rag tag team. They fit you. You're, whatever she is, blonde bombshell is a force to be reckoned with. Of everyone I saw fighting, she went after Osborn the hardest whenever she could."

Peter felt a small smile cross his face.

"I don't deserve them after the stunt I just pulled. I practically threw everything they did for me back in their faces."

"I told you, Pete. We make stupid choices when someone we care about is in danger."

They were quiet again as they continued along.

"What were you doing there, Tony?" Peter finally asked.

"I went back to make sure everyone was out, and to ease my own conscious about Norman. I couldn't leave without knowing he was contained...."

The word 'dead' went unsaid.

Although it was exactly what he was now.

"You could have gotten yourself killed, you know."

Tony huffed out a chuckle as he looked down at Peter.

"I had to know, for your sake."

Peter looked away, leaning into the cold metal of Tony's suit. He noticed there were several spots where the suit had taken damage, but continued to operate perfectly.

Regardless of everything, Tony Stark was an amazing inventor. His work was unmatched.

"I brought the suit you made me."

Peter winced as the words left his mouth. He wasn't sure why he felt the need to tell Tony.

"I see. I'm glad you did. If I hadn't gotten there when I did, the suit would have protected you."

"It's.....awesome."

"Of course it is," Tony grinned. "I made it."

A laugh bubbled up out of Peter.

"And there's that Tony Stark ego."

"I'm hurt you think it ever leaves."

Peter shook his head with a smile. He felt his eyelids growing heavy as the gentle swaying of Tony's movements continued.

"Go to sleep, Pete. That stuff is still in your system. We'll be out of here when you wake up."

Without replying, Peter closed his eyes.

I want to take a moment to thank everyone that's been reading and commenting.

My inbox was full of a lot of comments I never got to respond to due to various reasons. I try to be good about communicating with you all, so I'm sorry if you leave a comment and don't get a response. It's not because I don't want to, it's just that something keeps me from being able to get to it and then so much time passes that I'm practically loading up a new chapter by the time to get back to it. At that point it doesn't seem worth responding to it.

So please know that I appreciate every reader and every comment, whether I get the chance to respond to your comment or not. I've got great readers and I'm grateful to all of you!

The End: Part 1

Chapter Summary

So the end begins.....

Chapter Notes

Ok, I wanted to wrap up in the story in one chapter, but it just kept going! I'm gonna have to split it up into two chapters. I've got the second part already going, so hopefully it won't take long.

Also, whoever said writing an ending was easy.....lied.

I have struggled.

I HAVE STRUGGLED.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Muffled voices were the first sign he was returning to consciousness.

He wasn't exactly sure what was going on, or where he was.

His body felt heavy as the world around him came further into focus. The voices nearby growing louder until he could make out what they were saying.

"*15!* I still can't believe you, Tony!"

"Just how desperate *were* you?"

"Thank God Lila wasn't practicing her archery! You probably would have tried to recruit her too? She's not that much younger than him!"

"I think you all need to carry this on somewhere else."

Peter's breath hitched as Matt's voice spoke calmly.

There was a moment before the sound of arguing continued, but started moving further away.

"You too, Stark."

"Not until he wakes up."

"That's *your* team, and *your* responsibility. You need to go handle your shit."

There was a long sigh, followed by the shuffling away of feet.

Once they were gone, the squeak of a door filled the silence.

"Try to open your eyes, Pete. I know you're awake."

Peter slowly cracked his eyes open, closing them back quickly against the bright light.

"Lower the lights FRIDAY." Matt directed.

Opening his eyes again, he turned his head toward the one person in the room.

Matt's face was expressionless as he moved closer to the bed. Lifting his hand, he ran his fingers over a bandage across Peter's forehead.

"You had a pretty good gash across your forehead."

Peter frowned. He hadn't even realized he had gotten hurt.

"You....you don't look all that good either." Peter replied, studying Matt's bruised face.

"I'm not the one in a bed, Peter." Matt replied flatly, face expressionless.

Peter flinched at the tone.

It wasn't often Matt got so guarded with him, and Peter hated it when it did.

"How mad-"

"Furious. I don't know what you were thinking."

Peter looked away, guilt gnawing at him.

"I was worried about you."

"I can take care of myself, Peter. I can take care of myself, just like I've trusted you to do the same."

Before he could respond, the door to his room opened, revealing the tired faces of both May and Felicia.

He didn't miss the distinct absence of Wade.

"Hey Matt, we saw everyone had-Peter!" May cried, rushing towards the bed. "Oh, Peter!"

Tears slid down her cheeks as she cupped his face.

"I'm so glad you're ok. I was so worried when they brought you in!"

"I'm sorry, May."

"You're in big trouble once you get out of this bed young man." May said, a wet, strained laugh leaving her.

Peter gave a small smile, knowing he would deserve it for worrying her.

Sitting up, he pulled May into a hug, telling her he loved her as she buried her face in his shoulder. He held her for a while before she straightened up with a sniffle.

"There's someone else that has a bone to pick with you." May said, moving out of the way for Felicia to step forward.

"Hey Fel-" Peter stopped as Felicia's hand slapped him hard across the cheek.

Peter looked up, wide-eyed as Felicia glared back at him, red eyed and dried tears.

"How *dare* you! How dare you do that to us! What were you thinking going back there? You could have *died*, Peter!"

"Felicia, I-"

"No! Did you even think about what would happen if you had been killed? Did you even think about how we would feel? We love you, Peter!"

Peter looked down, shame now piling onto his guilt. No, the fact he might not have been able to get out had never crossed his mind. He hadn't given any thought to his own safety.

"No. I..I can't. I...I..I *hate you!*" Felicia yelled, turning and running out the room, leaving Peter's pleading calls behind.

~~~~~

"I just can't believe you, Stark." Sam said, shaking his head. "I know things were pretty heated between us, but to bring in a 15 year old kid? That's insane man."

Tony sat in a chair in the briefing room, listening silently to everyone around him ripping into him. He deserved it, he knew he did, but it didn't make it any easier to hear.

It was one thing to admit to himself and Peter that he had screwed up, but to hear his teammates, who hadn't even been that at the time, do it was a whole new low.

He couldn't say anything back. They hadn't known who Spider-Man was under the suit.

Tony had basically tricked them into fighting a teenager.

"Did you know about this, Steve? Why are you being so quiet?" Natasha asked, no judgement in her voice, just genuine curiosity.

"You haven't said much either, Nat." Clint huffed.

"I'm not in a position to judge. I've made plenty of bad calls and done plenty of bad things. Do I think what Tony did was stupid? Yes. It wasn't Spider-Man's fight. That said, it was a strategic move and Tony would have been held accountable if something had happened to him."

"We could have killed him, you know." Wanda said, her voice quiet and soft.

"And it would have been Tony's fault and his burden to bear. He knew Peter was a kid, you did not. You treated him like any other super."

"Steve?" Wanda asked.

Everyone aside from Tony turned to the super soldier.

Tony couldn't bear to look over and see what Steve's expression might be.

"I didn't know. I knew he was young due to his voice, but no, I didn't know he was that young. That said, I'm not sure age is the issue here."

"What? Really Steve?" Sam shouted. "He was 15!"

"And already out fighting crime. Yeah, 15 is young and I don't like it, but I'm not in a position to criticize anyone based on their age. I'm more concerned about how he got involved to begin with. I can't believe you basically blackmailed him, Tony."

Tony looked up at Steve's face slowly, afraid of what he was about to see.

Steve's expression was closed off, preventing Tony to get a good read on how he felt past his words.

From his place off to the side, Thor watched his teammates argue, taking in everything said. He had returned to find his friends had returned from a large fight, some needing medical attention.

More importantly though, was the obvious divide between them.

"In Asgard," Thor started, voice even and calm. "Our boys are raised to be fighters, whether they do so or not. While I am not one to judge the age of fighting here, I do understand the unnable act of tricking someone into battle."

There was a long pause before the god continued.

"I was not here to partake in your war, so I also have no real understanding of all the events. However, from what I can gather, the Man of Spiders continued to do battle even after departing from our friend, Stark. Perhaps this is something that should be taken into account as well."

"What, that because he kept going out fighting crime, we shouldn't blame Tony for anything?" Sam asked, eyes narrowed.

"No. I am simply saying his own abilities should be kept in mind when it comes to the guilt of having fought him. Where is your anger really coming from? His age? Stark's trickery? Your own guilt? You should know that before making any rash calls."

No one spoke for a moment, each gathering their thoughts on Thor's questions.

"Is that why he didn't want anything to do with you? The way you brought him with you?" Wanda asked.

"No, not that." Tony sighed, speaking for the first time since it had come out who Spider-Man was.

"Our trouble started after you all were long gone. I grossly underestimated him, and it....damn near backfired in my face in the worst possible way. I didn't really listen to him and entrusted one of his leads to people who, given the circumstances, really would have been better off leaving it to me. Instead, Peter answered the call and saved me in more ways than one."

"The Stark Industries plane crash on the beach." Vision nodded. "It was on the news. I'm assuming that was Spider-Man and Adrian Toomes?"

Everyone looked over at the android in surprise.

"It was on the news. I saw it while Wanda was out."

"Yeah, that was Peter. Given what Toomes planned to do, Peter saved a lot of people. Saved a lot of people and almost lost his life."

"Jesus." Sam frowned, letting out a breath.

"What else?" Clint glared. "What else did you do? There's more there than just you not listening to him."

Tony didn't respond, looking back down at the table.

"Does it matter?" he finally asked before looking up with a hard expression.

"I know I'm not really in the position, but what happened after that really is between me and Peter. Nothing that happened after Germany has anything to do with any of you."

"Are you serious?"

Everyone looked at Tony in surprise.

"I'm very serious." Tony growled. "I'm not going to air all of the dirty laundry between me and Peter because it's just that! Green Goblin has nothing to do with this."

"Of course it does!" Sam shouted. "Spider-Man came to us *because* of Norman!"

"But the trouble between me and Peter has nothing to do with Spider-Man!" Tony shouted back.

He knew that was a fine line to walk. Tony had used Norman's break in at Oscorp to get Peter back, but it wasn't a lie that he had done that *before* Norman returned to the costume. Peter had ultimately accepted the deal when Green Goblin emerged as a real threat to his friends and family.

"*Spider-Man* came because of the *Green Goblin*, not *Norman*! You want to yell at me, do it because I brought a 15 year old kid into something I shouldn't have, not because of anything after!"

There was silence in the room again as everyone tried to gather their thoughts.

It was true that they didn't really have a right to demand information from Tony about his issues with civilian Peter Parker, at least, not without him present.

Spider-Man had remained closed lipped about anything between himself and Tony, and he had had more than enough opportunities to use the information against Tony.

Had anyone on the team known what had happened, they would have been beating down his door to offer help. They would have gone to him and not the other way around.

"Tony, I think we should talk to Peter." Steve finally said. "Let him decide if he wants to talk about it. It is an invasion of his own privacy if we force it out of you. He has a right to tell his own story, or keep it to himself. We owe it to him, on your behalf, to give him that option."

"You can't be serious, Steve." Sam sighed.

"I am. We all have secrets, things we wouldn't want anyone else telling. We need to respect Peter's right to be the one to tell."

"I agree." Natasha nodded. "I have plenty of things I'd kill Clint for telling."

Clint gasped.

"I'd never-oh." Clint stopped. "Ok. I agree."

"I agree as well." Wanda said softly.

"I will side with the captain." Vision answered.

"Fine. As soon as Peter's out of bed, we all talk." Sam agreed. "Until then, I need some air."

Everyone but Steve and Natasha stood, leaving the room silently.

"You two staying to yell at me some more?" Tony asked, resigned to his fate.

"No." Natasha shrugged. "At least, I'm not. I just want to know one thing."

Tony looked at her.

"What makes him so special?"

Tony gave a soft smile at the question.

"He's better than I ever was, or will be. When I met him, he was so innocent. He was out fighting crime for no other reason than he had those powers and believed helping people was the right thing to do with them.

I didn't take Iron Man as a hero as seriously as I should have until we fought Loki. Until then, I was just eating up the attention mostly. Yeah, the expo was my first real taste of what using the armor really meant for my future, but I was never on Peter's level.

He reminds me of you so much, Steve."

Steve raised an eyebrow as Tony looked at him.

"An annoyingly strong moral compass, regardless of what anyone said. Always trying to do what he feels is the right thing.

God. He was 15 and out putting the needs of others before his own, simply because he could.

We all know what *I* was doing at 15."

"Is that all? That's he got a good heart?" Natasha pushed.

"No. Kid's genius level smart. To smart for his own good at times. Builds his own tech and everything.

You all have no idea just how great he is. Hell, *I* didn't even fully realize it until I lost him.

I spent time thinking things over after he returned the suit I made him, and realized real quick what I had given up. Peter was meant for great things, and had I gotten my head out of my ass, I could have provided him with endless opportunities to achieve them."

"You know that won't excuse anything you've done, whether we know what it is or not?" Natasha asked.

"Yeah." Tony sighed.

"We made it through the Accords, we'll make it through this." Steve finally said, placing his hand on Tony's arm.

"I'm not going to pretend this won't be hard, maybe even harder. The Accords affected us as a team, but this, this involves someone that had nothing to do with us. I can't promise anyone will ever

fully forgive you, Tony."

"I kind of expect them not to."

"You really blew it on this one, Tony." Natasha said. "But, everyone agreed to let Peter make the call. I warn you though, if Peter decides to tell us his story, I can't promise you we'll forgive you."

"We?" Tony asked, looking at her.

"Yes. *We*. I can't speak for Steve, but I reserve the rest of my judgement for Peter's side. If he chooses not to tell, *then* I'll make my final call."

With that, Natasha stood and left the room.

Tony stared down at the table, his thoughts racing.

"You know," he huffed out a laugh. "I've been here before."

"Where?" Steve frowned.

"Tearing the Avengers apart. This whole thing reminds me of Ultron."

Steve sighed as he ran his hand down his face.

"I can look back now and say that I know you created Ultron with.....good intentions," Steve paused. "But they say the road to hell is paved with them."

Tony didn't respond.

"That being said, I still hold firm to the notion that your involvement with Peter outside Germany isn't really our place to interfere. We would have helped him regardless of who he was. It's what we do."

~~~~~

"He's awake."

Wade didn't look up as Bucky sat down beside him, dangling his legs off the compound roof.

"May and Murdock are with him. Felicia's pretty pissed. Ran off after slapping him."

Wade gave no indication he even heard the former soldier.

Bucky gave a heavy sigh.

"You can't avoid him forever. You haven't been to see him since he was brought in. I just left. Jones, Rand and Cage are in there now. I could tell he wanted to ask about you."

"He didn't seem so concerned when he elbowed me in the sternum and ran off."

"I won't defend him by saying it was the right thing to do, but I understand it. I would have done the same for Steve."

Finally looking up, Wade took in Bucky's far off expression.

"He's my best friend, more like my brother, and I would have risked it to go back for him. If I would have done that for Steve, do you really find it so wrong that Pete would do it for Murdock?"

The man is practically his father."

"Matt didn't want him to!" Wade shouted. "I was given specific instructions to get him out! I even *told* him that! I told him that and then I had to watch him ignore me and run back off into danger like an idiot! I had to watch part of the ceiling collapse behind him, blocking me from going after him!"

Wade stopped, trying to calm himself down.

"I had no idea if I would ever see him again. I spent so long chasing after him, only to finally get him and lose him again."

"But isn't that always the concern?"

Wade looked at Bucky, a confused look on his face.

"What?"

"Isn't that always the case? Kid's Spider-Man. Isn't the possibility of him not making it back an everyday issue?"

Wade snorted.

"Look, I already told you I don't agree with what he did, but as someone who was constantly bailing pre-serum Steve Rogers out of fights he couldn't win, I had to learn real quick to see things as much from his perspective as mine."

"I can throw that back at you just as easy. He didn't see things from anyone else's perspective!"

"Neither did Steve." Bucky shrugged. "At least, not in the heat of the moment. He always felt a guilt towards me afterwards. Never regretted his choices, the shit, but always felt bad he had put me in that position. Hated that I had to see him in that state and know he was going to do it again."

"You weren't *dating* Steve."

"Does it matter?"

Wade didn't have a response. He *did* know how close Steve Rogers and Bucky Barnes were, everyone did.

But it wasn't the same! It wasn't!

"You should go see him. Even if it's to yell at him. He'll be glad to see you regardless."

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"Parker, you have to be one of the stupidest people I've ever met." Jessica sighed.

"None of us want to lose you, Peter." Danny frowned.

"I'd kick your ass myself if you weren't in that hospital bed." Luke grumbled.

"Ummmm, I'd rather you didn't." Peter grimaced, looking up at the three.

"No promises after you're out the bed." Jessica grinned.

Peter gave a pleading look to Matt and May, who both ignored him.

*Well, you made this bed Parker and now you're gonna die in it.*

~~~~~

Felicia wiped her face and sniffed. Her cheeks burned from the dried tears and constant rubbing.

She couldn't believe how absolutely *stupid* her spider had been.

Even Stark had been smart enough to run *from* the fire.

Peter had run *to* it.

She didn't care what his reasons were. None of them would be good enough.

She closed her eyes and took a breath as a cool breeze blew past her. She didn't bother to open them as someone sat down next to her. She didn't need to. She knew who it was.

"I'm positive you don't want to talk to me." Tony Stark said, a resigned tone to his words. "The rest of the team is of the same mindset right now."

"If you're looking for sympathy, get lost. I have my own issues that don't involve you. You're so far down my list right now you're practically non-existent."

"I can respect that." Tony replied.

"Why are you still here then?"

"Because I need to be."

Felicia turned to look at him, irritated by his words.

"What do you mean you 'need to be'? I don't want you here."

Tony turned to her with a guilty smile.

"That's why I need to be. We both know I have a role to play in all this. If things had been better between me and Peter, then maybe it would never have gotten to this point."

"You're a fucking idiot." Felicia growled. "Peter's in that bed because he ran back into a collapsing and burning room to 'rescue' someone who didn't need it. *That* has nothing to do with you. Quit making everything about *you*!"

Tony didn't reply, surprised by her outburst.

"Norman Osborn was a sick man who wanted Peter for himself. How could you possibly have prevented that? You think Peter still being tied up with you would have stopped that?"

"I could have helped him the first time he fought-

"And what, killed Norman? Is that what you would have done? Because him being dead is the only thing that would have prevented this. He was let out because of Wilson Fisk, he didn't *escape*."

"Still-

"Your guilt complex is infuriating. If you don't have anything worthwhile to say, then, again, *get*

lost." Felicia glared.

"I have a lot of guilt over Peter, you know. A lot."

"I don't care."

"You're not gonna make this easy, are you?" Tony let out a breathy laugh.

"I don't understand what you want from me? I love Peter, but what happened between you and him has nothing to do with me. You hurt *him*, why are you trying to apologize to me?"

"Because he loves you too. I owe an apology to everyone who stepped up when I failed. I mean, yeah, I made a poor choice when he was 15, but I could have just accepted I did wrong and talked to him when he returned the suit. I didn't, and then I tried to push myself on him, all the while still never acknowledging my own faults."

Felicia looked over as Tony stared out into the distance. She could see the lines of stress and worry on his face.

"I think this is a conversation for you and Peter. Possibly May and Matt as well."

Tony took a deep breath before continuing.

"I'm not a fan of Daredevil, but he isn't one of me either."

"I can't imagine why." Felicia scoffed. "*He* picked up where you failed. Peter is a better hero because of Matt than because of you."

"Exactly why I'm not a fan. That could, and should, have been me. I brought Peter into this life. I know he had already been out there before I took him to Germany, but until then, he had been doing small time stuff. I should have known that would be a hard thing for a 15 year old kid to go back to after I involved him in Avengers business. He wanted so bad to prove himself, and he never should have felt that way."

"You think he tried to prove himself to *you*? You should have seen him with Matt!" Felicia said with a chuckle. "He bent over backwards to prove he was worthy of Matt's attention, not that Matt needed the effort. It didn't take me long to find out Matt had been keeping tabs on Spider-Man since he first showed up. Spider-Man is a street level vigilante and they keep track of their own."

"They're like their own super hero team." Tony nodded.

"The best."

Tony didn't argue.

"Have you.....have you been to see him?"

"I'm not allowed in the room." Tony sighed. "I get it."

Felicia hesitated before speaking.

"You saved him though. He would have died if you hadn't went back."

"I didn't know I'd be bringing him out. I didn't go back for him. I had gone back to see about Norman, FRIDAY picked up on Peter's vitals."

"His vitals?"

"He had the suit I made him. FRIDAY connected to it."

"Well, it still doesn't change the results."

"I'm not willing to go toe to toe with May Parker just yet." Tony laughed softly.

"She is a force to be reckoned with."

"Yeah."

The two sat in silence as the wind blew softly through the courtyard.

"So, you and Barnes hu?" Tony asked, looking at her out the corner of his eye.

"Is Tony Stark looking for gossip?" Felicia snorted.

"I live with Steve Rogers. He keeps tabs."

"I can see that. Steve's a regular name around the Parker house since Bucky moved in. Apparently, Peter has been adopted into their little brotherhood."

"Trust Peter to worm his way into the heart of the most stoic person I've ever met." Tony smiled as he shook his head.

"You wouldn't think he was so stoic if you spent more time with him." Felicia replied pointedly.

"Maybe."

"You're still a terrible person, and I don't like you." Felicia said after a moment. "You hurt my baby spider."

"Your baby spider?"

"He was 15. He was a baby. I own him now. So you hurt him when he was my baby spider." Felicia said as if it was the most obvious thing.

"I thought...you know....*he* owned Peter?" Tony asked with a grimace.

"Wade? Oh no. Wade doesn't own Peter. *I* own Peter. Wade has simply 'borrowed' him with the intention to never give him back."

"I missed out on so much of Peter's life." Tony sighed.

"You missed out on the best parts." Felicia agreed.

Harley wandered around the compound without any real destination. The last few hours had been full of surprises, and his mind wouldn't slow down.

Peter Parker was Spider-Man.

Peter Parker.....was *Spider-Man*.

The very person Harley had been trying to impress was the very person he had spent the past few

months hating.

He had considered joining the discussion about Peter in the conference room, but he just couldn't bring himself to. He didn't want to know everything between Tony and Spider-Man anymore.

"How you holding up, kid?"

Harley turned to see Natasha walking towards him.

"I honestly don't know. I don't know what to think. God Nat, Peter is Spider-Man! Please tell me I wasn't the only one who didn't know!"

"You're not. Tony didn't tell anyone, not even those of us who fought alongside him."

"How do *you* feel about it?" Harley asked, looking off to the side.

"The team agreed to ask Peter about telling his side of the story. I agreed to hold off my full judgement for then." Natasha shrugged.

"I.....I don't think I have any judgement."

Natasha studied him closely for a moment.

"It's ok to still like Tony, you know."

Harley's head snapped up to look at her.

"He's been good to you. He loves you in his Tony Stark way. He wouldn't have made you that suit or put you on the team if he didn't."

"But Peter-

"Is Tony's problem. Peter has nothing to do with your personal relationship to Tony, Harley. You also weren't with us in Germany. You don't have any connection to Spider-Man like we do. Our issues with Tony are just that, *our* issues. Don't let what you've learned affect that. I don't know much about Peter, but I get the feeling he wouldn't want you to close Tony out over things that didn't concern you."

Harley looked down at the floor. How could this not have anything to do with him? Tony had let him make a complete *fool* of himself. He stood aside and watched Harley try to get close to Peter while acting like a jerk to Spider-Man.

"Tony knew Peter was Spider-Man. He knew I liked Peter and didn't tell me."

"In all fairness, Harley, that wasn't Tony's secret to tell."

"Then why are *you* all made at him?" Harley shouted. "Why do you all get to be mad at him but not me?"

"Because we fought against and with him when he was only 15, Harley. That's a big deal for us. We could have seriously hurt him. Look what happened to Rhodey. Yes, *we* have a reason. Your reason isn't the same."

"He was 15 when you all fought in Germany?" Harley gasped.

"Yeah. Kind of a sore point for Clint especially."

"How could Tony take him to fight you?"

"Desperation can make a person do things they probably shouldn't." Natasha replied simply.

"How can I not think about that when I think about Tony?"

"Because you're not Peter. I think Tony has learned a lot from his time with Peter. Outside of Spider-Man, how has your time with Tony been?"

"Great!" Harley responded quickly. "We worked on my suit, had supper, talked....."

Harley trailed off as he thought about his time since he arrived. True, Spider-Man had been a thorn in his side, but once Tony actually focused on him, he couldn't deny just how attentive to him Tony was.

Any time he got hurt when they were out fighting the Goblin, Tony was always right next to him while Helen patched him up.

Tony cared, even when he was focusing on Spider-Man.

He could see it now when he didn't have his jealousy fueled blinders on.

Even worse, he knew understood just how wrong he was to blame Spider-Man for everything. Peter had every right apparently to avoid Tony.

Tony was clinging to Peter out of a deep rooted sense of guilt, while Peter just didn't care and wanted to avoid it completely.

Talk about issues on both sides.

"So, are you going to go see him?" Natasha asked, watching him intently.

"I don't think he'd want to see me." Harley said, shaking his head slightly.

"I think you should."

"We'll see."

Peter sat up in bed, thinking over things. Matt and May had finally left him to go get food, leaving him alone to his thoughts.

He knew going back had been a stupid thing to do. He knew Matt was capable of handling himself, but an uncontrollable need to make sure had come over him, shutting down all rationality.

He knew he had hurt Wade when he ran off. He had caused Wade to fail in what Matt had instructed him to do, and it was growing more and more apparent how Wade felt about it. Each second that passed without him sat heavy in his chest.

Maybe this was the time he ran Wade off for real.

A knock on his door had him looking up in hope, only to be slightly disappointed in who entered.

"Not who you were expecting I see." Steve said with an understanding smile as he walked over to the bed and sat down in the chair next to it.

"Am I that easy to read?"

"I talked to Bucky. He filled me in."

"Of course he did." Peter snorted.

"Apparently you're my new little brother now." Steve grinned. "So I felt like I needed to come and meet you in an official sense outside the suits."

"I keep gaining family members that aren't blood related." Peter smiled. "I can't say I don't like it. I never really had a big family, so it's kind of nice."

"Yeah, it is. I didn't have a big one before the ice, and until the Avengers, I didn't have *any* after it."

"I can't imagine how that must have felt."

Steve gave a shrug, obviously trying to hide just how much that fact had really affected him.

"I prefer not to think about it as much as I can."

"I gotta say," Peter smirked. "I never thought I'd be speaking so casually with Captain America."

"I never thought I'd get the chance to meet the man behind Spider-Man's mask so, I guess this makes us even." Steve chuckled.

"Please, meeting Peter Parker is *not* the same as meeting Captain America."

"Good thing it's just Peter Parker meeting Steve Rogers then, hu?"

"You're way cooler than your PSAs make you." Peter grinned.

"And there it is. I no longer accept you in the family." Steve said in mock indignation.

"We'll, it's a good thing I still have Bucky then." Peter wiped a fake tear from his cheek.

"You're a little shit, Peter Parker. You know that?"

"Captain America just called me a little shit!" Peter gasped. "What would the people say?"

"Nothing if they got to meet you."

"I'm adorable."

"You're something."

The two stared at each other before bursting into laughter.

As they calmed down, Steve looked over Peter.

"Seriously though, how do you feel?"

"Much better. Super healing is awesome but, you know all about that."

"If I'm being honest, I'd be devastated if I ever lost it. It's probably my favorite thing."

"I'm pretty partial to climbing walls and web slinging so I get having a favorite." Peter nodded.

“So,” Steve started, getting back on topic. “You’re fine physically, what about mentally?”

“I’ve been through worse. This was just a repeat of the last time I fought Norman. Maybe a little creepier this time though, but I’m fine. Everyone I care about made it out alive.”

Steve stared at home a moment before speaking.

“I meant with the consequences of disobeying what you were told and running back into trouble.”

“Wow. Cut right to the bone, Captain.” Peter winced.

Steve shrugged but remained undeterred.

“I don’t know what to think really. I know it was stupid to go back, but I did it—”

“No, I get that Peter.”

Peter looked up as Steve gave him a soft smile.

“It’s not your reasons I’m after. I’d have done the same for someone I love. No, I’m asking about the personal connections. How are you handling accepting their feelings?”

“Some better than others.”

Steve nodded for him to continue.

“I’m ashamed of risking myself when I’m the only legal family May has left. She and Uncle Ben raised me after my parents died. When Uncle Ben died, she fought hard to keep me and raise me on her own. I owe her so much, and that’s how I repay her. Taking a risk for someone I knew deep down didn’t need me to do it.

I go out everyday with both of us knowing how dangerous it is, but this is probably one of the worse things I’ve ever done to her because I knew just how pointless and stupid it was.

She deserves for me to be better than that.”

“I got to talk to her for a bit. She’s a strong woman.”

“The strongest.”

“Anyone else?” Steve asked, wanting to push more but trying not to be too much.

“Obviously Matt. I think I insulted his pride. I *know* I insulted his trust. He made that pretty clear. Hell, Matt makes *everything* clear. You’re never confused about what he’s thinking.”

“He’s extremely protective of you.”

“May loves him. She always feels better when she knows he’s out when I am.”

“It’s never a bad idea to have backup you know.” Steve smiled.

“Vigilantes have a different backup system than hero teams like the Avengers, Cap.” Peter grinned.

“We’re pretty territorial so, just because someone knows you’re out doesn’t mean they can get to you quickly.”

“Being a vigilante seems like a lot.” Steve frowned.

"You get used to it." Peter shrugged. "Besides, God help whoever hurts one of us. The old, 'you hurt one of us, you hurt all of us' deal and our methods are a little.....well, they're *different* from yours."

"Sometimes I hear about some pretty messed up people being literally dragged into stations because they can't walk...."

"I plead the fifth, Captain." Peter smirked.

"Noted. Probably for the best."

"Yeah." Peter said, looking away.

"I really put my foot in it this time. Everyone is mad at me, and I can't even blame them or think they're over doing it. They have every right to be mad at me."

Steve remained quiet as Peter rubbed his hands up and down his face, taking in deep breaths.

"I wish I could offer you some encouragement Peter, but I can't. Not in this case anyway. I've been in your shoes though, so I know how it feels. I guess I can at least tell you that, it'll get better. They're not going to abandon you because of this."

"Clearly you either missed the part in Bucky's story where Felicia slapped me and Wade won't come see me, or he didn't tell you. Maybe you're just ignoring it."

"I'm sure they'll be in to see you soon, Peter. They love you." Steve smiled.

Peter looked at him, then turned away.

"I wish I was as certain as you."

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Matt turned towards May as she sat down at the table, the smell of two burgers reaching him.

"They looked so good, I got one for you too, Matty."

Matt smiled at the nickname. He never minded when May used it.

"Thanks, May."

The two sat quietly as they began eating. They were halfway through before May broke the comfortable silence.

"So, now what?" she asked.

"What do you mean?"

"What happens now? Norman is gone, so he's no longer a threat, so what happens now?"

"I'm guessing things will go back to normal. Peter never had any plans to stay with the Avengers. He'll come back to street level crime fighting."

"I'm worried." May said, placing her burger on the tray. "He could have died. I heard Tony say he blasted Norman off of him."

Matt swallowed his bite, trying to gather his words. He knew he had a penchant for being blunt sometimes, so he wanted to make sure he got this right for May.

"What we do, it's dangerous. Every day is dangerous, and we go into them knowing that fact. Our job is to take out the bad guys, but also to do our best to make it back home. I'm furious at Peter for what he did. It was stupid and rash, but if I'm being honest, I probably would have done the same if I thought he was alone. I didn't worry about the little asshole because I knew Wade would get him out. Maybe if I hadn't known that....."

May watched Matt's face twitch with various emotions before he let out a heavy breath.

"He's not gonna stop going out, but he's damn sure gonna get his ass kicked before he does. I'm gonna put him through the ringer before I let him back out there. I don't care how much of an 'adult' he sees himself as, he's my kid and I'll make damn sure he knows not to test my instructions again."

May smiled as Matt continued to grumble about Peter's impending doom at his hands. It was so obvious just how much the two meant to each other.

Her smile fell just as quickly as she caught a glimpse of Felicia walking around the compound grounds.

"I'm not sure an ass kicking is going to be enough for everyone. I have no idea where Wade is, and Felicia is making sure to stay away from the medbay."

Matt stopped his grumbling.

"I can honestly say I've never experienced that sort of anger from her. I don't know why they didn't work out as a couple. They hop into bed together every chance they get, and are unnervingly close."

May giggled lightly.

"Oh Matty, they've only been platonic bed buddies since Peter and Wade started dating."

"You say that like it's the most normal thing."

"I've spent a lot of time with them in this house." she smiled softly. "I'm more concerned when they're *not* acting that way."

They sat quietly, finishing up their food.

"They'll both see him soon. Felicia will see him before we go back home, Wade may wait till after."

"You don't think he'll see Peter sooner?" May worried.

"Wade and Peter have....an unusual history to their relationship. Felicia and Peter and have been together long enough and seen each other put through enough that she'll come around first. Wade, Wade hasn't had his time with Peter that long, and it was his job to get Peter out. It was his job and Peter didn't let him do it. Wade couldn't even go after him."

"He left Wade behind." May said, suddenly feeling her fears. "Oh, Peter."

"I can say for certain that Peter and Felicia will be fine, May." Matt said, placing his hand on hers.

"I can't speak for his relationship with Wade though. Wade's a wild card with his own issues and insecurities. All we can do is wait."

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"PETER BEJAMIN PARKER!!!!!"

Peter jumped as his door flew open, bouncing off the wall from the force of the push. A furious red head and an equally furious, yet not so physically violent, brunette stormed into the room.

"You better already know what you did wrong you giant butthole, or you're gonna be in even more trouble than you already are!"

Peter watched with wide eyes as Mary Jane glared down at him.

"MJ, I-"

"Shut-up!"

Peter's mouth snapped shut.

"Well? Do you know what you did wrong?" she growled.

"You just told me to shut-up." Peter replied, bewildered.

"Are you back talking me? Is he *back talking* me?" she asked, turning to look at Harry.

"He most definitely is." Harry agreed, smiling smugly from behind Mary Jane's back.

If Peter's vision hadn't been mostly filled by the redhead, he would have glared back at his bastard, so called "best friend".

"Answer the question!"

"MJ, I-"

"Just shut-up! I can't even listen to you right now." she huffed, throwing her hands up and stepping away from the bed.

Harry moved into her place before Peter could even register the change.

"I asked if you were gonna be able to handle him, Pete. You told me you would."

"Harry, I....."

Peter trailed off as he looked up at the tired face of his best friend. What could he say? He *had* told Harry he could handle it, although, given the fact he wound up looking for help from the Avengers, he should have realized things were obviously going to be a little worse this round.

"I'm super pissed at you, Pete. Norman was a father in name only, but you, you're family. *You* matter. You shouldn't have made such a stupid decision."

Peter looked away, a feeling he knew he shouldn't be having starting to fester in him.

He was getting real tired of hearing over and over again how stupid he had been. He *knew* he had been stupid, did he really need everyone else coming in and telling him too?

Harry must have noticed something on his face, because he let out a big sigh and bent down to pull Peter into a tight hug.

"I'm glad you're ok now." He said, relief filling his words.

Feeling the fight drain from him, Peter returned the hug.

Turning from where she had faced the door to the room, MJ looked at the scene before her and deflated. She was still so angry at Peter, but watching Harry and Peter hold each other dimmed her fire.

For all the love she had for her friend, there was no way it could match what Peter and Harry had.

Pushing through her own feelings, she joined the two men, throwing her arms around them both.

"Make no mistake Parker," she said. "I'm so mad, but I'm so glad you're alive. Love you, Tiger."

"I love you both." Peter smiled.

After Mary Jane and Harry left, Peter was once again alone with his thoughts.

Bucky had only stayed long enough to make sure he was ok before leaving. Peter wondered what he was thinking. He obviously hadn't been mad enough to chew Peter out, but he had stayed to talk to him either.

Felicia had not been back after slapping him across the cheek, and Peter wasn't about to pretend he didn't know how she was feeling.

None of the Avengers, outside of Steve, had been to see him. Honestly, it kind of surprised him given the brief words he had heard them exchanging outside his room when he woke up.

As he kept running over people in his mind, he fought hard not to think about one person in particular he hadn't seen.

Wade.

Peter dropped his face into his hands.

Maybe Wade decided he wasn't even worth visiting long enough to yell at. Out of everyone, he had one of the best reasons to be mad. Peter had physically hurt him to be able to get away and run back for Matt.

Maybe he should just go ahead and accept the fact their short lived relationship was over.

Peter looked as the door knob gave a quiet click before the door slowly opened.

Peter's eyebrows rose as he looked at the hesitant form of Tony Stark.

The two stared at each other before Tony fully entered and moved to the chair by his bed.

"How are you?" Tony asked.

"Probably be released tomorrow morning." Peter replied. "I feel like I could be let go now, but Dr.

Cho is pretty insistent."

"Yeah. Been there." Tony smiled.

The two sat in strained silence before Peter broke it.

"Thanks. For, ya know, saving me back there."

"Of course, although, it's not as glamorous a story as it sounds. I wish I could say I knew you were there, from the start, but FRIDAY picked up on the Iron Spider suit when we got closer."

Peter looked at Tony in surprise.

"It's a fail safe for battle. Everyone has one in their comms. It allows me to be able to find them if something happens. Even the ones we gave your friends had one. I don't want you to think there was another intention."

"I guess I owe you anyway." Peter gave a small smile.

"I'd have done it for anyone. It's my job." Tony shrugged.

Peter gave a vacant nod as he looked anywhere but at Tony.

"How....how are you and the team?"

Tony winced at the question.

"It's....things are....tense right now."

"I imagine so. I heard some of it when I woke up."

"Yeah....outside the room of someone with enhanced hearing is probably not the best place for us to have started that conversation." Tony frowned.

"It's not like that was the worse thing I experienced. I'm now *more* than aware now of how bad I fucked up by going back."

Tony stared at him, studying his face.

"I want to be mad at you too." Tony sighed. "I want to be so mad at you for putting yourself at risk, but I also can't be."

Peter looked over as Tony took a breath and rubbed his hands across his pants in a very un-Tony like fashion.

"You went back for someone. Someone important to you. If I had known you were in there, I would have went back for that reason alone. If any of the team were in there, or I thought they were, I would have went back. That said, I can grudgingly agree with Murdock about you. I would have been furious if you came back for me."

Tony gave a breathy chuckle and shook his head.

"You're young, Pete. You've still got a life ahead of you. Me, Murdock, we're the old guys. It's *our* job to do the risky stuff. The stuff like running back into unstable places to find people."

It's hard for us to be ok when the younger crowd does it."

“What about Harley?”

“Oh, you can bet he’d be in trouble. I’d probably ground him from the suit for a bit. I don’t care how old he is.”

Peter smirked.

“Guess I should be glad a suit doesn’t mean anything for me then.”

“It never did, Pete. It never did. Spider-Man exists regardless of what he’s operating in. You showed me that in spectacular fashion. I wish we had really been able to work together in there.”

“Yeah,” Peter grimaced. “Not much good when you can’t really move.”

“You’ve got one hell of a protective network though. I’m glad.”

“Yeah, they’re the best.”

There was another pause before Peter really looked at Tony.

“What about *your* team? You said things were tense. What exactly does that mean?”

Tony took a deep breath, running his hand through his hair.

“They’ve asked to hear your side of the story. They’re pretty pissed at me for taking you to Germany, but everything after that they want to hear from you.”

Peter frowned at thought.

“I don’t really want to talk about it, Tony. As mad as I was, and still am, it has nothing to do with them. That’s us. I know it’s probably not what they’d want to hear given everything they’ve done for me, but I’m really tired of having to deal with it. I really just want to move on. Not to mention you guys weren’t even together at the time. Our personal history didn’t affect our working together. Nothing between us ever hindered us finding Norman, so I don’t feel like that’s information they need. Not what happened while they were gone.”

Tony nodded, hesitant and unsure of exactly what Peter’s “move on” entailed.

“Look,” Tony started. “About the Avengers-“

“I won’t officially be on the team.” Peter said, looking straight at Tony.

“*But, I will* help out if I’m needed. The truth is, this is my city, and I can’t ignore things just to avoid working with you anymore. I’m willing to give at least that much. So, you don’t have to schedule another press conference to explain why Spider-Man doesn’t actually work with the Avengers. I’ll let you keep that one.”

“Honestly kid, I would have called one of you wanted me to.”

“Yeah, but I’m pretty fond of Bucky, and Steve’s grown on me.” Peter grinned.

“Steve grows on everyone.” Tony huffed. “Of course, leave it to you to like the person who dropped an airport gangway on you.”

“I’ll admit our meet-cute wasn’t typical, but it was magical none the less.” Peter grinned. “Enemies to friends to-“

"If you say lovers-

"Brothers." Peter smirked.

"Great. Now it's a trio." Tony sighed dramatically.

Peter laughed. It felt odd. With each new conversation Peter and Tony had, he kept getting the signs of the relationship the two could have had had things gone better.

When Peter put aside the anger and frustration, they were just two superheroes talking.

"I like this, ya know?"

Peter tilted his head to the side at Tony's words.

"I like the easy conversation with you. It's a lot better than the tense ones we've been having."

Peter looked down. He definitely preferred not to have any type of awkward tension between him and anyone, but he didn't know how he felt about Tony's words.

He wasn't quite sure he was ready, or even wanted, to have a casual relationship with Tony.

He could admit he had put a lot of things behind, but to begin an overly friendly relationship was territory Peter wasn't sure he was ok with entering.

He could see the hopeful expression on Tony's face, but he knew he couldn't encourage it.

"Look, Tony, I know we've talked a lot with being together so much—"

"I get it, Pete. I do. I'd love to be able to pretend these past few years haven't happened, but they have. I'm sorry Pete. I wish things were different, but I'd at least like it if we could see each other and speak without the uncomfortable atmosphere we had."

Peter studied the man's face before holding out his hand.

"Well Iron Man, I think Spider-Man can agree to those conditions."

Tony took his hand with a smile.

"I think Iron Man gladly accepts."

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Harley came to an abrupt stop, sliding back behind the wall he had just come around as he caught sight of Tony leaving Peter's room.

He hesitated with his own plans of going to see Peter. Maybe he didn't want any visitors after Tony.

"Just get in there kid."

Harley jumped, spinning around to find Matt Murdock and May Parker standing behind him.

"Get in there, apologize for being a little shit and then do whatever it is you planned to do after. Kids leaving first thing in the morning."

Matt didn't bother to follow up his words with anything other than annoyance towards him.

"Matt." May chuckled, placing a hand on his arm before turning to Harley. "The last time I saw you I was ripping into Stark. You're an interesting conversation piece."

Harley felt his cheeks heat a little.

"I'm sure you have some things to talk about with Peter. Go on in. We'll come back."

"Stark just left, kid. If you walk in there and Pete seems stressed, you get the hell out. I won't be as kind as some of the others."

"Matt!" May chided, pulling him away.

"I wouldn't have let Stark in there at all if I had been nearby. That kids lucky I'm willing to let him go in."

"Remember, we're trusting Peter here. Regardless of our own thoughts, we're trusting Peter."

"I'm on the fence about how good an idea that is right now." Matt deadpanned.

Harley heard the words before the two disappeared from sight.

For a blind man, Matthew Murdock was a rather terrifying person. He knew first hand May Parker could be.

Taking a breath, Harley turned and made his way to the door to Peter's room.

Behind that door was a laundry list of 'what the fuck's.

Peter Parker is Spider-Man.

Peter Parker is.....or *was*, given the fact no one had even seen him, dating Deadpool.

Harley had been attracted to Peter, and now he didn't know how to feel. Should he really continue to harbor feelings for someone who had lied and was also in a relationship?

Again, was there even still a relationship?

Steeling himself, Harley pushed open the door.

Peter looked at him from where he was sitting on the bed. He looked surprised to see Harley walk in.

Harley didn't blame him. He wasn't really sure himself why he was here. He had been lied to about who Peter was, but did he really have a right to complain? A secret identity is just that, a secret. It wasn't like anyone on the team, outside of Tony, and later Bucky, knew who he was.

Besides, he could admit to himself, *he* had been the one interested in getting close. Peter never denied being in a relationship with Deadpool.

He'd be lying if he said he didn't feel a shameful bit of hope that maybe he still had a chance.

What a mess.

"Um...hey..." Harley said, wiping his hand on his pants leg.

"Hey." Peter replied, studying his movements.

Harley made his way over to the chair next to the bed and sat down.

"So, you're Spider-Man."

"In the flesh." Peter shrugged.

"I won't lie and say I wasn't surprised, but it also makes complete sense."

"Well, that wasn't exactly my most graceful identity reveal. Matt can be a bit dramatic."

"*He's* dramatic? *You're* the one in the med bay for going back into a burning, caving in building for him."

Peter raised an eyebrow at Harley's flustered face.

"Look man, I'm done hearing people tell me off about what I did. If that's all you got-"

"I'm sorry."

"What?" Peter asked, surprised at the apology.

"I was kind of a dick to you as Spider-Man, and you really didn't deserve it. You just.....there was a lot going on and I was having trouble with personal things."

Peter didn't know everything that had been going on, but Harley knew he wasn't completely stupid.

One of Harley's biggest issues with Spider-Man was his relationship with Tony.

Tony had been so focused on getting him back, he had pushed Harley to the side more often than not. Having learned a little of Tony's history with how he met Harley and they kept in touch, it wasn't like Peter had any hard feelings towards him.

Truth be told, Peter probably would have felt the same way.

Still, Harley would have to get better about separating personal issues and professional ones. If Peter could put his own issues with Tony aside for the greater good, then Harley could learn to do it too.

But hey, he was owning up to his mistakes now, so, it's a positive start.

"I get it. It's over now. Norman's gone. Things can go back to normal for the Avengers and Spider-Man." Peter said, brushing him off.

"You're not-"

"No. I told Tony I'd work with the team if they need additional man power, but that's it. I'm not going to put Spider-Man on the permanent roster. I have my own life outside the suit and I intend to continue just as it was."

Harley nodded, struggling to think of something else to say.

"What about you?"

Harley raised an eyebrow, unsure of what Peter was asking.

"What's your thoughts on the Avengers?"

Harley frowned, looking down.

That was a loaded question.

"I don't know. I'm worried about how this will end." he frowned. "I wasn't around when Tony first met you. Up until I got here, nothing about you has ever had any impact on me. I don't think I have a right to judge Tony. If I had been you, I would have gone with him too. What kid with superpowers wouldn't?"

Peter watched as Harley continued to gather his thoughts.

"Tony's done a lot for me, you know. While I didn't get to spend any superhero time with him before this, I do have a connection with him. That said, I think I feel about my history with him the same way you do about yours. It's ours. My opinions of Tony are based off what he and I share and my own personal thoughts. I can see things from yours and the others perspectives, but I can't ignore my own personal feelings either."

"If it makes you feel any better, the team isn't going to split up over this." Peter said.

"I didn't really think they would, but things are going to be tense. I don't know how well they'll be able to work together. Maybe it would be best if they did split for a time."

"I think it would be pretty stupid to disband the Avengers over this. They can be mad at Tony for whatever they want, but if they put this above the good of the people, they're not the heroes I thought they were. You shouldn't encourage that." Peter frowned.

"Then what *should* I encourage, Peter? Do you have any idea what I've over heard? This isn't the same as the Accords! This is about you being 15 years old and them fighting you like you were one of them!"

"I was a 15 year old who could stop a speeding car with my bare hands. I realize how they feel now that they know I was a kid when we fought, but it's the methods of getting me there they should focus on. I mean, Ultron, the Accords, me....Tony has a pattern of bad choices. That's what they should focus on if they want to argue about something. Argue about *that*, something they can actually change." Peter sighed.

"What do you mean?" Harley asked, eyebrows furrowed.

"I think Steve needs to take full control for a while. Tony doesn't need to be a deciding factor in things. Have him step back and just follow orders as opposed to trying to put his own two sense in. Tony has a habit of trying to make things go his way. He needs to learn to see things from others' perspective so that he doesn't make the mistakes, instead of having to fix them. Let them argue *that* out."

"You can make that suggestion, but Clint has kids and Sam has nephews. That Scott guy who they keep up with has a daughter. They're not moving past your age."

Peter ran a hand down his face.

"Look, I don't know what you expect from me. Tony did what he did. I dealt with my side of it, and I live with it. Let him handle his own shit."

"He saved you!"

"So what, it's *my* responsibility to bail him out of facing consequences for his own actions? Yes, he saved me, but that doesn't change what he did Harley, and you better learn that lesson quick. Being a hero doesn't excuse you when you do something wrong. If anything, it makes you more accountable for your faults. As a hero, there are expectations for your actions. You can rise and fall in a heart beat, and no one will see your flaws more than your own teammates. They have the right to feel pissed, but they need to use that anger constructively. Remember that, because the public won't give you that opportunity."

"Is that why you hide behind the mask, big shot. So you can get away with more?" Harley glared.

"I don't '*hide*' behind the mask, Harley. I protect my friends and family from anyone who might seek revenge from me. I don't live in a fancy tower with all kinds of high tech security. I'm an average guy with an average lifestyle. A secret identity is what stands between me and more heartbreak."

As Harley went to open his mouth, the door to Peter's room flew open and bounced off the wall with a loud bang, but it wasn't MJ that stormed in.

Frank Castle loomed in the doorway, his slightly bulky frame blocking out a large portion of the light behind him.

Looking between Peter and Harley, his standard stoic face twitched slightly before narrowing his eyes.

"You." he said, pointing at Harley. "Get lost."

"But-" Harley tried to protest before getting cut off.

"If I have to repeat myself, kid, you're not gonna like what happens."

Swallowing hard, Harley skirted past him and out the door without looking back.

Once he was gone, Frank shut the door behind him and made his way over to the bed.

"That kid annoys me." Frank grumbled as he looked Peter over.

"You look like shit."

"Wow." Peter huffed.

"Don't give me lip you little asshole. I'm risking a lot coming in here to see you."

"Why *are* you here?" Peter asked, genuinely curious.

It wasn't like Frank Castle to put forth real effort to check on anyone.

"Figured I owed you one." Frank shrugged.

"*Me?* What do you owe me for? If anything, I owe you!"

A crooked grin slid across Frank's face.

"Oh, *trust me*, I owe you one. It's been a while since I've been *that* busy. Can't believe I almost missed out on all that fun taking down Fisk."

"Of course." Peter puffed out a laugh.

"Anyway, I'm going out of town. So thanks for the fun. I used nearly an entire duffle bag of shit in there."

"You're a man of simple pleasures, Frank. Point you in the direction of someone crooked, in need of a lesson, and just sit back."

"Guy had it coming. Plus, he messed with one of us."

Peter grinned as Frank shrugged.

"So, are we allowed to know where you're going?"

"Sure, if you want me to kill you." Frank smirked.

"I've already survived one near death experience. Not really interested in trying to go two for two."

There was an awkward pause before Frank let out a quiet sigh and placed his hand on Peter's shoulder.

"I'm glad you're ok, Parker, but don't do any of that stupid shit again."

"Well, Norman's dead so-ACK!"

Peter gasped as Frank shoved him off the bed.

"I'm a patient!" Peter grumbled from the floor.

"You're fine. See you, Parker." Frank said, as he waved over his shoulder and disappeared out the door.

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"Stop watching the clock, Peter." May sighed. "You're here until the morning. Then we can go home."

"What about our stuff?"

"Pepper took care of getting it back to the house. I really like her. I don't know how she works with Tony, honestly."

Peter chuckled as May turned back to her book.

Grabbing his phone, he pulled up the latest news, curious if anything had been reported on the arrest of Wilson Fisk, and if any word of Norman had leaked out.

"Nothing about Norman has been said."

Peter looked up as May closed her book and moved to the bed.

"Scoot over. I wanna lay down."

Peter chuckled as he slid over, giving May enough room to lay next to him.

"We haven't done this since I was five."

"And you were scared of the monster in your closet." May snickered. "Ben checked your closet every night for a year."

Peter smiled as May ran her fingers through his hair.

"Do you think-"

"I think he'd be very proud of you, Peter. Never question that. I'm sure Richard and Mary are too."

"I love you, May." Peter said, leaning into her warmth.

"I love you too, baby."

They were quiet as May continued to run her fingers through his hair.

"So..."

"Matt and the others are out rounding up what they can of any of Fisk's men that might have gotten away. I heard from him earlier that Tony and Harley did a number on the lab. Everything was destroyed."

"What about Norman's body? Tony killed him."

"He and Steve went back in after he brought you out. They retrieved Norman's body."

Peter frowned, furrowing his eyebrows.

"Where..."

"He's being kept in something...I don't remember what they called it. Anyway, he's on ice until Harry decides what he wants to do. Tony has offered whatever he can to keep things quiet about Norman's death. Even offered to help Harry with issuing a statement if he wants to announce Norman's death."

"How.....nice of him."

"You know how I feel about the man, but even I can't deny he's being very sincere in his offers to help Harry." May smiled ruefully.

"He and MJ came by earlier today. He was far easier to handle than she was."

May paused before a loud laugh bubbled out of her.

"*Harry?* *Harry* was the easy one to handle?"

"Yeah?" Peter said, raising an eyebrow.

"He must have reigned it in and let MJ have her moment then."

"What do you-"

"I've never heard the amount of profanity leave Harry's mouth as I did when we got you back here. He was ready to fight everyone, *especially* when we all had to wait outside your room for Doctor Cho to check you out."

"Maybe he was burnt out by the time he got to me." Peter said with a nervous laugh.

"Or he's lying in wait, ready to pounce as soon as you're out of here."

"Thanks May."

"You're welcome sweetie." she smiled far to widely.

"Well, how's.....how's Felicia?"

May sighed, pulling away to look at him.

"I haven't spoken her since she stormed out, honey. I saw her walking around outside but haven't seen her since."

Peter nodded, looking down at his hands.

"I really messed up, May."

"Yeah, you did."

Peter's eyes widened as he snapped his head up to look at May.

"But you're not denying it either. We all love you Peter. We love you so much that it was hard to accept what you did. We all know you meant well, and you were worried, but that doesn't make it ok for us."

"I'm so sorry, May. I feel the worst about you. It's just been the two of us since Ben. You've done so much for me, and I almost left you alone. I was so worried that Matt might not have been able to get out, I just....I just didn't think...."

"I understand, Peter. I do. It's just who you are, but don't ever do it again. Matt might actually kill you. *I* on the other hand, will never let you leave the house again. In fact, now might be a good time to tell you that Spider-Man is grounded for a little while." May said firmly.

"I'm not a kid, May."

"No, but you live under my roof and I make the rules. Spider-Man is grounded until I've had some decent Peter Time."

Peter smiled.

"Actually, that sounds nice."

"I know it does. It means you'll be spending time with me and I make the best company. Just ask James."

Peter laughed, snuggling back into his aunt's side.

He wanted to ask about Wade.

Had she seen him?

Had he said anything to anyone?

He needed to ask, but he just couldn't make the words come out.

"James talked to him, sweetheart." May said as though she could read his mind.

"He wouldn't say what they talked about, but I think Wade just needs some time."

"Or maybe he's decided I'm not worth it."

"No! No. I don't think that's it at all. I don't want you think that either."

"Come one, May. I'm sure you heard from Matt what happened. He'd have every right to ditch me." Peter sighed glumly.

"I can't speak for him, but I don't think he's leaving you, Peter. He just needs some time. He'll come to you when he's ready."

"And if he doesn't?"

"Then you have me, Matt, and the rest of your little misfit vigilante band." May chuckled.

Peter nodded, his eyelids getting heavy.

"Go to sleep, baby."

"You didn't check for monsters in the closet." Peter mumbled.

"I like to live on the edge. I'll fight them if any come out."

Peter puffed out a laugh before falling asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Ok, I need to say I KNOW a lot of you are probably upset that Peter didn't demand the opportunity to our Tony for his shitty behavior. I considered it, but it didn't really fit with Peter's character. Only people close to Peter knew the whole story, and that was how he wanted it. When the story started, only May, Matt, and Felicia knew everything. Jess, Luke, and Danny knew part of it. Wade found out after a while. Bucky found out part of it because Matt and Wade told him.

The history of Tony and Peter isn't something either of them go around sharing. Pepper was the only one on Tony's side who knew everything, Rhodey knew a lot.

So, sorry if this disappoints you guys that Peter didn't lay the smackdown, but it would go against the growth Peter has had getting over his anger at Tony and being more at peace with the fact that he will always encounter Tony as Spider-Man and Iron Man, even if its never as Peter Parker and Tony Stark.

The End Part 2

Chapter Summary

And so it ends.....

Chapter Notes

Thanks for waiting. I had planned to get this out much sooner but some things came up that put all my writing on hold.

Also, I'm posting this from my phone so please excuse any mistakes that may have occurred in transfer. 😊

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter let out a breath of relief as he made his way inside.

He missed being home.

While they had only really been gone two total nights, there was still a feeling of having been gone to long.

"Well, maybe things can go back to normal around here." May grinned, brushing past him and towards the kitchen.

Peter smiled, following behind her and sitting down at the table.

"Although," she paused. "The house seems kind of empty without James."

"You're never gonna call him Bucky, are you?" Peter smirked.

"Never." May returned his smirk. "He'll always be my James."

Peter chuckled as he took the cup May sat in front of him. He smiled wide as he looked down to see it full of chocolate milk.

"Matty's not so special now, is he?" May asked. "I can keep this stuff around here too."

"You'll always be number one, May."

May hummed, taking a sip of her own cup.

The two were quiet, both taking in being back home.

"They'll come around, Peter."

Peter looked up as May set down her cup.

"Felicia and Wade. They'll come around. Probably when you least expect it."

Peter didn't respond.

~~~~~

The week seemed to both fly by and drag as Peter endured his mandated hiatus from Spider-Man.

May and Matt had banded together before he had been cleared from the hospital and agreed to keep him on a week's long lockdown.

*"So you don't do anything stupid to early."*

Had been Matt's eloquent explanation.

While he was antsy to get back into the suit, he was also enjoying the extra time with May. He hadn't been aware of just how much time he had been losing out on.

His hiatus was up after tonight, but he had long before decided to limit more of his hours in the suit for May.

Drying his hair from the shower, Peter made his way into his room.

"Miss me?"

Peter gave out a startled yelp, ripping the towel off his head and sticking to the ceiling.

Felicia smirked up at him from where she was stretched out across his bed.

"F-Felicia?"

"That never gets old." she said, sitting up and Peter dropped down.

The two were silent, each waiting to see what the other would do.

After a while, Peter sighed.

"Look, Felicia, I'm sor-"

"I don't want to hear it." Felicia said, shaking her head and standing up.

"It frustrates me to admit that I know why you did something so stupid, and it frustrates me even more to admit I've accepted that you'll probably do it again."

"I don't mean to, it just....happens."

Taking a breath, she pushed Peter on to the bed and climbed in after him, tucking herself into his side and resting her head on his chest.

"Just shut up and give me a few minutes to assure myself you're here and ok."

Nodding, he began running his fingers through her hair as they lay in silence.

"I'm staying over tonight." she mumbled.

"I hoped you would. It would mean you're not as mad at me anymore. I've also missed you."

"I won't be so forgiving next time, Parker."

Peter smiled, as the two drifted off to sleep.

~~~~~

Opening his eyes, Peter looked around the room, momentarily sure last night had been a dream since he was alone in bed. Taking a moment though revealed the faint scent of Felicia's perfume on the sheets.

Smiling, he pushed himself out of bed, feeling the best he had in the past week.

It still wasn't perfect, but he had gotten Felicia back, and that was a positive he intended to hold onto.

Stumbling down the stairs, the smell of bacon and sounds of laughter filtered through the air.

"Morning sleeping beauty." Felicia smirked, placing a kiss to his cheek as she danced around the table setting out plates and cups.

This, this was normal, and he could definitely do with some normal.

May winked smugly at him as Felicia directed him to a seat.

May was always right.

Peter tried hard not to think about a certain person who he hadn't seen.

The three sat, fully enjoying breakfast and company when the doorbell rang. May raised an eyebrow at Peter who shook his head. He hadn't been expecting anyone.

Frowning, he stood up and headed to the door, leaving May and Felicia to continue breakfast.

Peter stared as he took in the sight of James Barnes in his doorway.

"Hey Peter." Bucky greeted.

Shaking himself out of surprise, Peter moved out the way and motioned for him to come in.

"Um....am I in trouble or something? I haven't been out as Spider-Man!"

"Actually," Bucky said, cutting Peter off. "Is May here?"

Raising his eyebrows, Peter nodded and lead him towards the kitchen.

"Who was at the do-James!" May smiled happily, getting up from the table to give him a hug.

"I was wondering when I would see you again."

Felicia raised an eyebrow at Peter, who shrugged in response. A smirk crossed her lips as she moved Peter's plate in front of another chair and pulled his old one a little closer to her.

"Why don't you come have a seat?" she smiled innocently, patting Peter's old chair.

Peter rolled his eyes as he sat down in his new spot while Bucky and May sat down.

"What brings you by?" May asked. "Not that I'm not glad to see you."

Peter watched in amusement as Bucky seemed to shift a little in nervousness before squaring his shoulders.

"I heard there was a possible room for rent here?"

Everyone froze as they looked at former super solider.

"My current residence lacks the.....homey atmosphere."

May snorted.

"Just admit that you missed me and my book club."

"Betty does recommend good reading." Bucky nodded with a grin.

"Well, you're in luck then. We just so happen to have an open room available. The last occupant kept it very tidy."

Peter smiled as May and Bucky continued their back and forth. He wouldn't deny that he was excited about the idea of keeping a close relationship with the man.

He winced as he felt a hand grab this upper thigh and squeeze tightly. Looking over, he caught Felicia's intense expression as she watched Bucky and May talk.

He knew that look.

He knew that look well.

Felicia Hardy was gearing up for conquest.

He wasn't sure if Bucky was fully aware of the situation he had just put himself in. While he may have felt a little uncomfortable at the tower, that was nothing to what he was opening himself up to by permanently moving into the Parker home.

Peter wondered just what was going through her mind as she continued to kneed his leg while moving up.

Grabbing her hand, Felicia shook out of her apparent wet daydream. Looking down to where her hand had wondered up dangerously close to his crotch, she threw him a saucy wink before giving one last squeeze and removing her hand.

Yes, things were definitely back to normal between them.

The four continued to talk and catch up as May fixed Bucky a plate, insisting he have some.

As expected when it was May's order, Bucky did as he was told.

"Couldn't get enough of us, huh?" Peter smirked as he slid into the car Bucky had arrived in.

"More like you need constant supervision it seems."

Peter snorted.

"I assure you that Matt has quite the monitoring system ready for my return as Spider-Man, and

May has me covered at home."

"One more set of eyes won't hurt when it comes to you." Bucky smirked.

Peter shook his head, watching the city pass by. He had been hesitant to offer help moving the rest of Bucky's things from the tower, but he had been promised that Steve would keep Tony busy while they were there.

"You know, I could have just done this on my own." Bucky said, looking at Peter out the corner of his eye. "I was prepared to."

"No, I think this will be good for me." Peter sighed. "I told Steve I'd help you guys out when you needed me, so I need to get a little bit comfortable with everyone at least. I'm just not sure it'll be as easy with them as it was with Steve."

"That's because Stevie has an annoying knack for drawing people in."

Peter chuckled as Bucky rolled his eyes and pulled into the underground garage.

"How did everyone take you deciding to move out?" Peter asked, sliding out of the car.

"Not really their choice. Steve understood."

Peter nodded, following him into the elevator.

"Welcome back Mr. Parker."

"Thanks FRIDAY." Peter replied.

The two were quiet as the elevator ascended. Peter felt his senses heighten as the numbers climbed higher. If anyone was here, it would be the first time he had seen them outside the suit since the brief glimpse of them when he left the hospital wing.

"We're going to my floor. No one will be there." Bucky said, calming Peter's anxiety.

"Wait, you have *your own floor*?"

Bucky grinned as the doors opened to a tidy living area with a hall that branched off it. There was a simple kitchen connected to the open floor plan.

"Well, when we first got back, I shared the floor with Steve but then-"

"I got it." Peter said, cutting him off before he could continue.

"Come on, kid. I don't have much, but I appreciate the company."

Peter followed him down the hall and into a large bedroom. There wasn't much in the room as far as decor. It was rather....plain. If it wasn't for the open closet door with clothes, you could convince yourself this was an empty room.

"Dude, you can never let your room get this boring at May's. We prefer the lived in look we got going." Peter said, copying Bucky's style of shoving clothes into duffle bags.

"Don't offer me that kind of freedom."

Peter laughed, finishing up with the dresser, and wandering around the room. There was nothing

personal in the space that made it Bucky's own.

"First thing we're gonna do is have pictures made." Peter huffed.

"Pictures?" Bucky asked, pausing his meager packing.

"Yes. Pictures. You need some personal touches for your room. May has us take family photos every year. Felicia's in them, and since you're my brother now, you need to be in them as well."

Bucky stared as Peter obviously continued around the room, stopping at the large window.

"Wow, what a view! Nothing like I get swinging through the city of course," he smirked. "But it might be cool to wake up to it."

Peter stared a few more minutes before turning back around, shaking Bucky out of his thoughts.

"So, anything else?"

"Not really."

Peter looked at the three duffle bags, of mostly clothing, that Bucky had packed. He frowned slightly before snatching up one of the bags.

"We gotta get you some hobbies man. Clothes can *not* be all you have."

"It's not like I've had any real opportunity to accumulate stuff, Parker, not to mention I haven't been off ice as long as Steve much less free of mind control. Still got a bit of adjusting to do." Bucky snorted.

"Well, we'll fix you right up." Peter grinned, throwing the bag over his shoulder.

Bucky shook his head with a smile as he picked up the other two bags.

The two made their way towards the living area, surprised to find Steve waiting there.

"Where's Stark?" Bucky asked, noting Peter's tense shoulders.

"In his lab." Steve replied with an easy smile. "I just wanted to see you off. I won't get to see you as often."

"You know you're welcome to stop by whenever you want. We won't kick you out." Peter smiled.

"I'll keep that in mind. Anyway, I'll walk you two out."

The three loaded into the elevator, Peter listening as Steve and Bucky talked casually with each other.

When they finally made it to the garage and Bucky's car, Steve pulled Peter aside while Bucky loaded his things.

"Tell your aunt I said thanks. Things aren't as comfortable here for Buck as if is for everyone else. He seemed genuinely happy when he told me he was gonna move back in with you two."

"I'm not sure who was more excited to have him back, May or Felicia." Peter grinned.

"Felicia Hardy," Steve chuckled. "There's a story I want to hear."

"I'll keep you posted on the details. I know they got a little close during everything, but Felicia hasn't yet delivered the final blow. Bucky will never be ready for her." Peter smiled mischievously.

"I don't like the two of you over there together." Bucky said, staring at them over the roof of the car.

"It sounds like you don't trust us or something." Peter huffed.

"I don't."

Steve laughed, pushing Peter towards the car.

"You heard him, we can't be left alone together."

"Get in the car, Parker." Bucky huffed good naturedly.

Peter laughed as he slid into the car.

"See you later, Captain." Peter grinned, saluting the man.

"See you later, Peter."

"Later, punk." Bucky said, nodding to Steve as he got in the car, cranking it up.

Steve waved, a sad but also happy look on his face as he watched them drive away.

~~~~~

Peter sighed as he sat down on the edge of a roof and rolled his mask up above his nose.

It had been three weeks since his return as Spider-Man, four since the fight with Norman.

Fisk was in jail, Harry had issued a public statement that Norman had died of a heart attack, they had had an awkward and closed funeral, and things were settling down.

Bucky had integrated into "normal" life in the Parker home faster than any of them could have guessed.

He still attended May's book club meetings, much to the delight of the other women and Peter's amusement.

Felicia had practically moved in, hogging most of Peter's bed space and wearing Bucky down with each passing day, despite his denials of such.

May was no help to him as she constantly sent the two of them on errands together.

"Three weeks of babysitting duty is my limit, kid. Everyone else thinks you've done your time."

Peter turned as Matt sat down next to him.

"What? I think Spider-Man and Daredevil patrolling together has done wonders for the streets." Peter grinned.

"Spider-Man takes Daredevil out of Hell's Kitchen to much. I would like to think my idiot kid can handle being on his own again."

"I learned my lesson, believe me."

"That's a lie."

"You're a vigilante *and* a lawyer, you're skeptical by nature." Peter huffed.

"No, I just know you. You severely lack self preservation skills."

"Wow." Peter snorted. "Pot meet kettle."

"You're the worst kid I've ever mentored." Matt grumbled.

"I'm the *only* kid you've ever mentored."

"Exactly."

Peter chuckled as the two continued to look out over the city.

"I saw the Avengers on the news." Matt started.

"Yeah. Steve called me, but I turned him down." Peter replied.

"Changed your mind on working with them?"

"No. He told me they could put me to use, but it wasn't a necessity for me to be there. I think he was testing the waters on if I still felt comfortable enough. I haven't had any contact with anyone on the team since the hospital. As far as the public knows though, Spider-Man and the Avengers are on good terms."

Matt nodded before standing up.

"Well, I officially release Spider-Man into the wild as of tonight."

"You pushing me out the nest again?" Peter grinned, remembering Matt's same phrase the first time he had told Peter it was time to get out on his own.

"No, this time I'm *kicking* you out. I'm done with Queens for a long time."

"Hey, there's nothing wrong with Queens." Peter huffed.

"I prefer my side of town. Don't stay out to late, kid. I don't want a call from May tomorrow telling me you weren't ready to be on your own again."

"Alright, *Dad*." Peter smirked.

"Don't back talk me, son. Keep it reasonable tonight."

Peter watched as Matt disappeared over the side of the building before letting his smile fall.

He had no intention of staying out to late. There hadn't been much going on that local law couldn't handle relatively easily, and there sure wasn't anything else keeping him out.

He still hadn't seen Wade.

Infact, no one had.

The mercenary hadn't been seen since Bucky left him while Peter had been in the medbay.

He knew Wade was going to be mad as soon as he made his decision to go back for Matt, he just

hadn't known he'd never get a chance to apologize and try to explain himself.

Sighing, Peter stood, taking one last look at the city's night life. For the first time in a long time, he felt lonely. He wished Matt had stayed longer.

Felicia wasn't out, having revealed to Peter that this was the last week she was keeping her apartment and that tonight was the night she was going "to show my soldier how a real woman handles things".

Basically, as of next week, Felicia Hardy was going to be a permanent member of the Parker house with plans of sharing Bucky's bed instead of his.

He had wished her luck.

She had smirked mischievously and said her confidence didn't require luck.

Peter was glad someone was having fun.

Moving to pull his mask back down, Peter stopped, sensing an all too familiar presence behind him.

"Wade?"

Peter turned as stared as Wade, in full Deadpool attire stood before him.

"Spider-Man."

Peter flinched at the full use of his name. Wade never called him Spider-Man, always some nickname.

The two stood quietly before Wade spoke again.

"I have something to show you, follow me."

Without waiting for his response, Wade turned and began walking away.

Not about to let the man disappear again, Peter quickly followed after him.

The two made their way to a rather expensive looking apartment building where Wade began scaling the fire escape, motioning for him to follow.

Taking a breath of air, Peter followed him up several stories before the two slipping inside one of the windows.

Peter looked around at the fully furnished apartment, unsure of who it belonged to and why they were in it.

"Wade, who-"

Peter gasped as Wade slammed his back into the wall, pinning him against it and his large frame before ripping both their masks off and slamming their lips together.

Peter moaned into the kiss, having desperately missed the contact.

"Wade," Peter panted as they parted.

Wade leaned in close to his ear, his voice thick with restraint.

"Welcome home, Peter Parker. Now, you're gonna get naked and in bed where I'm gonna fuck you so hard you'll feel it for days over that little stunt you pulled."

Peter felt heat spread throughout his body, his dick twitching at the firm command.

Oh how he wanted it.

"Yes." he whispered as Wade lifted him, wrapping his legs around his waist and carrying him through the apartment to a large bedroom.

"Strip."

Peter shivered at the command, pulling at the top of his suit.

"Slowly." Wade growled. "I want a show, Parker."

Swallowing hard, Peter slowed his movement, revealing skin inch by inch, feeling himself growing harder.

As soon as he was completely naked, Wade pushed him onto the bed before stripping himself. Digging into the night stand and pulling out a bottle of lube.

"First rounds gonna be fast and hard, baby boy." Wade said, climbing onto the bed. "Everything after that is a surprise."

Peter gasped as Wade flipped him over, pulling his hips up to put him on display.

He listened with growing anticipation at the sound of lube bottle cap popping.

He flinched as Wade's cool, lube soaked fingers circled his opening before pushing in.

One.

Two.

Three.

Peter panted as Wade pumped his fingers in and out at a fast pace. He could feel his release building as Wade suddenly pulled his fingers out, leaving him stretched and empty.

He whimpered at the loss and the fact Wade seemed content to go no further, leaving him to squirm.

After what seemed like forever, Peter finally caved.

"Please, Wade. I'm sorry!"

There was a grunt before he felt his hips grabbed roughly and pulled back as Wade buried himself inside him.

"Ahh!" Peter shouted in both surprise and relief.

Wade set a brutal pace, slamming in and out of him.

Despite the roughness of Wade's actions, Peter moaned in pleasure. He had missed Wade, and being like this with him. It had been far too long, and the fear of never having it again had sunk deep

into Peter's mind.

The sound of skin slapping skin tore the thoughts from his mind.

"M-more, Wade." he gasped. "I-I can take it."

"I know you can," Wade growled. "The Amazing Spider-Man can handle anything."

Though the words could have been cruel given the situation, the tone was full of love and longing.

Wade had clearly missed him, and was making up for lost time. With every thrust and grunt he could feel and hear Wade's desperation and fear of losing him for real.

Peter smiled, begging for more as Wade picked up the pace and force, causing him to see stars before shouting and releasing himself onto the sheets.

With a groan, Wade pounded into him a few more times before spilling inside him.

Peter felt Wade's dick throb inside his used hole before falling forward into darkness.

~~~~~

Peter blinked slowly, trying to figure out what had roused him. He looked around the dark room, realizing it wasn't his, and someone was in the large bed with him.....rubbing his clearly lubed dick in between his ass cheeks.

Peter made to move when a muscular arm circled his waist, pulling him back into a hard body.

"Not planning on leaving, are you Petey-Pie?"

Peter's eyes snapped open wide as he looked over his shoulder at Wade face.

"Wade?"

"It must have been good, baby. You passed out."

A blush spread across Peter's cheeks as everything came rushing back. The way he had begged Wade for more before finally finishing harder than he ever had before.

"Y-yeah." he stuttered.

"I'm not done with you yet." Wade whispered in his ear, his hard cock catching Peter's still loose hole.

Peter whimpered as the tip slipped inside him with ease. Pulling back and pushing forward, taking Wade further each time.

"Good boy." Wade praised, reaching around and wrapping his fingers around Peter's growing arousal.

"Wade."

"I've got you." Wade mumbled, placing kisses along his shoulder.

"You feel so good, taking me like you were made for me."

Peter shuddered as Wade pumped him a few times before stopping.

"Wade?"

"Oh no, Petey. You're still in trouble. You have a lot to make up for."

Peter moaned as Wade pushed in completely, rolling them over so Peter lay on his belly. Wade stayed buried inside him.

"This times gonna be a little slower, honey. You're gonna be a good boy and stay still. No squirming. You'll come when I let you. Understand?"

Peter nodded, feeling Wade start to move.

He clenched the sheets tightly as Wade moved infuriately slow. Always hitting just the right spot, but never enough to bring him to take him over the edge.

He struggled to keep his hips still as Wade instructed.

"You're doing so good, baby boy." Wade breathed into his ear.

"Actually following directions this time. Maybe I should give you directions this way all the time. Make sure you listen good."

Peter moaned as Wade gave a quick thrust to emphasize his words.

"But I don't think I'm gonna have that problem again, will I? You're gonna be my good little spider from now on."

"Y-yes!" Peter gasped.

Wade chuckled as he continued his slow, torturous movements.

"P-please Wade."

"Please what?"

"Please let me move."

"You can shake that luscious ass in front of me next round baby, but right now you're gonna stay put."

Peter buried his face in the sheets to stifle his groans as Wade continued to thrust in and out, clearly enjoying himself.

When he finally thought he couldn't take anymore, Wade leaned back, lifting his hips and grabbing his cock.

"Come together with me, love."

That was all it took for Peter to come all over Wade's hand as Wade filled him up.

He shivered when Wade finally pulled out, lube and cum sliding down his thighs. He took in a breath as cool air brushed his hole as Wade held his ass cheeks apart.

"I'm getting hard again just looking at you like this. You're tight little hole leaking my cum. I'm gonna need to fill it again soon."

Peter's dick twitched.

"You like that baby boy? You like the idea of me filling your greedy little ass over and over?"

Peter whimpered, unable to stop the nod of his head.

"Of course you do. You're gonna be a little slut for my cock by the time I'm through with you, baby boy."

Peter grasped the sheets tighter.

The mattress moved as Wade got up and walked into the connected bathroom. As Peter went to lower his hips, Wade yelled out.

"Don't even think about it. You keep those perky little cheeks in the air."

Peter stopped, raising his hips back to where they had been. He watched as Wade left the bathroom, a rag in hand. Peter relaxed as the warm rag ran over his skin, cleaning him up.

When Wade was done, he pushed lightly on Peter's hips to lower him back to the bed.

Peter winced though as his chest made contact with the soiled sheet.

"We should change the sheets."

"Why? We're not done yet. No reason to mess up a whole new set." Wade grinned as Peter looked at him.

"Fine," Wade scoffed with a smile. "I'll clean you up. Stand up."

Peter did as he was told, standing up while Wade positioned him in between his legs and ran the warm rag over his chest.

"There. All better."

Peter smiled as Wade place his hands on his hips.

"Now, on your knees."

"What?"

"I said, on your knees, Petey."

Peter swallowed, dropping to his knees, right in front of Wade's cock.

"I cleaned it up real good for you, baby. Now, wrap those pretty little lips around it."

Peter nodded, leaning forward and licking the slightly flaccid shaft.

"My refractory period is fast, but no quite as fast as yours, so give it some love till its fully ready."

Peter hummed, taking Wade into his mouth, running his tongue all over. He could feel Wade growing larger as he worked.

"That's it. Damn, Petey. You're so good at this."

Peter pulled off, running his tongue up and down Wade's length as Wade tangled his fingers in his

hair, giving light tugs occasionally.

Taking Wade back into his mouth, he swirled his tongue around, sucking off and on as Wade groaned, his hips bucking slightly.

He could tell Wade was nearing release as the grunts increased and the hair tugs got a little harder.

Just as he could tell Wade was about to finish, Wade yanked his hair, pulling him off just in time for Wade to come all over his face.

"Now that's a pretty picture." Wade grinned as Peter looked up at him.

"As much as I'd love to have you stay like that for me to look at, I think we both need a shower."

Peter agreed, allowing Wade to help him up. He lifted his hand towards his face when Wade stopped him.

"No, no, Petey-Pie. That stays until I wash it off of you."

Peter nodded as Wade pulled him towards the bathroom.

It was large with a walk in shower and a tub that could easily fit two comfortably.

Peter waited while Wade adjusted the water temperature before pulling him in under the spray.

"I hate to see it go, but close your eyes, baby. I'll clean your face up."

Peter closed his eyes as Wade carefully ran a wet rag all over his face, making sure everything was gone.

"All done."

Peter opened his eyes, looking up into Wade's nervous blue ones.

The confidence the man had had while ordering Peter around in the bed was gone, replaced with a more subdued feeling.

Peter smiled, placing his hands on Wade's cheeks.

"I was beginning to think you were never going to come back."

"I needed time to think. I almost lost you."

Peter frowned.

"I'm so sorry Wade. I never meant to hurt you. I just...."

"Couldn't leave Double D. I get it. Took a while, but I get it. I would have done the same for someone I love. I missed you, Pete."

Peter gave a small smile, rubbing his thumb across Wade's skin.

"I missed you too. I know what I did hurt you so," Peter started, a grin crossing his lips. "I'll accept any more punishments you think I need."

Wade smirked, pulling Peter flush against him.

"Is that so, because I think you're in need of quite a bit more punishment."

Peter gave a mischievous look before his face turned innocent and scared.

"Please, sir. I didn't mean to do anything bad. Please be easy with me."

"I don't know. Bad boys don't get treated easily." Wade said, spinning Peter around and pressing him into the shower wall.

"I might be able to be convinced to be nice though."

"Please sir, what can I do?"

"Spread those cheeks and hold them apart."

"S-Sir?" Peter asked, looking over his shoulder with wide eyes.

"You heard me. You want me to be nice, don't you?"

"Y-yes sir." Peter nodded, reaching his hands around and spreading himself.

"Now, stretch yourself for me."

Peter circled his rim before pushing a finger inside, slowly pumping in and out.

"Add another."

He pushed another in, feeling the tingle of the abused flesh.

"Another."

Peter followed the order, his mouth falling open as he fingered himself open.

"I think you need a little help." Wade said, sliding up to him and pushing his own finger inside as well. "You're gonna have to be good and loose for me."

"But sir, I-I've never-"

"You shouldn't tell lies." Wade growled, slapping Peter hard across the ass. "The way your needy little hole is taking both our fingers, you're just a greedy little whore. Bet you'll take it from anyone."

"No! No sir!" Peter moaned.

"Listen to you. Such a slut. I'm gonna teach you a lesson about lying and taking orders."

"Ye-yes sir. Please teach me."

Wade smirked, pulling their fingers out and sliding in with one thrust.

"You're gonna be a good boy from now on, aren't you."

"Yes sir! Yes!"

"And every time you disobey, I'm gonna make you remember why you shouldn't."

"Yes, sir!" Peter cried, his body sliding up and down the wall as Wade thrust in and out of him.

The two finished in a flustered mess of heavy breathing and contentment. Wade stayed buried inside him as the water cascaded over them.

"Now we *really* need this shower," Peter chuckled.

Wade snorted into his shoulder as he pulled back and out.

"Alright Petey-Pie, let's get you cleaned up first."

Peter sighed when he felt Wade's fingers slide through his hair, massaging in the shampoo.

"I could get used to this." he mumbled.

Wade fingers paused for a brief moment before continuing.

"Me too."

The two continued the shower in easy silence, enjoying the moment.

Letting the water just run over them for a while after cleaning up, they finally got out, where Wade wrapped a large, fluffy towel around Peter's shoulders.

Peter pulled the towel close before drying off and following Wade out the bathroom.

Once back in the bedroom, he took in the sight of the messy bed and his costume strung about the room.

"Wade, I don't have any other clothes here."

Wade didn't reply as he walked to the dresser and pulled out a shirt, boxers and pajama pants before tossing them to him.

Peter stared at the clothes, noting the perfect size of them.

Furrowing his brow, he looked up to where Wade was getting into his own set.

"Wade, where are we and why are these clothes my size?"

Wade turned to look at him, an uncertain expression on his face.

"Wait, did you welcome me home earlier?" Peter asked.

"I.....*may* have overstepped on that one....." Wade shuffled.

"Wade....is this *your* apartment?"

"Well, it was supposed to be *our* apartment....."

Peter didn't respond as he looked around.

Wade had gotten them an apartment?

"But after every thing...."

"Are you kicking me out?" Peter asked quietly.

"No. But you're welcome to leave if you don't want to be here." Wade said, eyes looking off to the

side.

Peter smiled, dropping the clothes as walking up to him, cupping his cheek.

"I'd really like to stay, besides, I don't think I would have joined you in bed if I didn't. Nor would I be willing to do it all again. I love you, Wade."

"Damnit Petey, I just got dressed." Wade growled, lifting Peter by his as, causing Peter to wrap his legs around his waist.

"I'd really rather not get back in that bed. It's a mess."

"Oh, don't you worry baby boy, there's a guest room with a clean bed all ready for you to get dirty again." Wade smirked, turning and carrying him out the room and across the hall before throwing him onto a new bed.

"Wade, as much as I-"

"We're gonna take a long nap before the next round." Wade grinned.

Peter laughed.

"My clothes are on the floor in the other room."

"To bad. No one's going back for them."

"But you're dressed."

"I am. I am dressed and you're gonna sleep naked. Consider this further punishment. I have easy access to you, while you'd have to work a bit harder for me"

"You said we're going to sleep." Peter pouted.

"We are, but some times I can get a little handsy when someone's with me." Wade said, running his hand up Peter's thigh.

"Wade-"

"Nope. Sleep."

Peter grumbled as Wade pulled back the covers, forcing him under them and pulling him back to his chest.

They lay there for a little while before Wade's hand moved, groping his bottom before running a finger to his hole and circling the rim.

"W-Wade."

"Just checking things."

Peter moaned, arching his back to present himself a little more.

Wade chuckled, slipping the tip of his finger in and swirling it before pulling out.

"Nice try baby, but I told you we're gonna sleep, and I mean it."

Peter sighed in frustration as Wade hugged him a little tighter.

"I love you, Peter."

Peter smiled as he relaxed into Wade's hold and listened to his breathing even out into slumber. Smiling, he felt his eyes slipping shut before springing wide open.

He had just practically begged for Wade to take him for a fourth time.

Oh God, maybe he really *was* becoming a slut for Wade's cock!

~~~~~

The next time he woke, early morning sun was filtering through the curtains. He could feel a delicious soreness in his body from last night.

Stretching, he noticed for the first time he was alone in bed aside from the box set at the end of it.

Curious, he picked the box up, opening up the folded note on top.

*Wear this. That's an order.*

Reading the short note one more time, he carefully opened up the box and moved aside the tissue paper.

His eyes widened as he took in the contents.

One the top was a more official looking form of the shirt he had seen Felicia wearing the first time he and Wade had gotten together. A white shirt with a large heart featuring one half of each other masks. The word SPIDEYPOOL was written in large, flashy letters below the heart. On the back of the shirt was his signature spider symbol.

He pulled off the smaller note pinned to the shirt to find the familiar writing of Felicia.

*This is the 'Spider Version'.*

Shaking his head with a chuckle, he laid the shirt aside, looking back into the box and freezing.

Sitting blow the shirt had been a skimpy pair of lacy red and black panties.

Peter swallowed hard, his face heating up as he lifted the small scrap of fabric out and held it up.

There was no way it was going to cover anything.

Slipping the shirt on was embarrassing but easy.

The panties though, were a whole different story.

The lace was silky, nice against his sensitive skin. As expected, it didn't cover a damn thing. Half his ass was hanging out and the rest was glued to his like a second skin. Any cover a shirt could have provided was pointless since the one he'd been given barely brushed the top of them.

There was no way Felicia hadn't had her hand in this.

Taking a breath, he walked out the door and down the hall. The sounds of Wade bustling about in the kitchen made his stomach tighten.

He felt more exposed in his ridiculous outfit than he had naked.

After a few minutes of shuffling, he straightened his shoulders and turned the corner into the kitchen.

"Well, good morning baby bo-" Wade froze, dropping a plate of pancakes on the floor.

"I must have done something right in a past life."

Peter's breath caught as Wade was instantly next to him, pulling him flush against his body while running his hands up and down to his backside.

"Very right." he breathed out, giving a squeeze.

They stood, Wade massaging the exposed flesh of his rear before he spoke with a strained voice.

"How hungry are you?"

Confused, Peter looked at him.

"Not particularly-

He gasped as Wade lifted him, wrapping his legs around his waist and rushing back down the hall and into the master bedroom. He had enough time to notice there were new sheets on the bed before he bounced on top of them.

"I'm gonna owe our kitty cat so much." Wade muttered, leaning over Peter and kissing up his neck and down his jaw before pulling back.

"You look mighty fine in my colors, Petey-Pie. I almost hate to remove them."

Peter's breathing picked up as Wade bent his legs at the knees, running his fingers lightly up and down his inner thigh.

"But they are in my way, so I can't have that."

A wicked grin crossed his face as he slid the silky panties down his thighs.

"I never really enjoyed unwrapping presents much. What was the point of taking that kind of time? Turns out, I've just been unwrapping the wrong kind of present!"

"Wade-" Peter groaned as cool air brushed his heated member.

"Don't worry, honey. I'm gonna take good care of you, but I gotta take good care of *these* too. Inspirations comes in many forms."

"In-inspiration? What are you-"

"I'm gonna keep you in nothing but silk and lace panties, Petey. Have your pert little ass on display all the time. Well, all the time at home. Like hell will I know you're outside in *my* special clothes."

Peter chuckled before yanking Wade down into a kiss.

"A little possessive there, big guy."

"Oh baby, you have *no* idea." Wade smirked.

Peter smiled, cupping Wade's cheek.

"I'm not going anywhere."

Wade's face softened as he lay his hand over Peter's.

"Its not you I don't trust, it's all those perverted old ladies on the street ogling that delicious spider booty."

Peter burst out laughing.

"You don't understand the dangers of New York old ladies!"

"I'll keep that in mind the next time I help one cross the street." Peter snorted.

"Are you mocking me, Mr. Parker?" Wade asked, running his hand up Peter's shirt and flicking the nipple. "Do you need to be taught another lesson?"

Peter jerked, instantly back at attention.

"Maybe I need to go out and escort a few older ladies around town."

Wade's eyes narrowed as he swiped his thumb over the tip of Peter's dick, gathering up the precum and smearing it around.

"Definitely need a lesson."

~~~~~

Felicia stretched languidly, feeling the wonderful soreness in her lower back. She didn't get that level from anyone but Peter due to both of their powers, but last night had added a new name to her list.

Looking down, she grinned mischievously at the naked form of James Buchanan Barnes.

For some bizarre, totally unarranged reason, May had had to pickup a night and early morning shift, leaving the two all alone since Felicia was well aware of the fact Peter wasn't going to be coming home.

A little eye make-up. A little dark red lipstick. That gorgeous, skin tight black teddy she had wowed Peter with.

The super soldier didn't stand a chance.

Sighing, she wrapped herself around him, pressing her naked chest against him. She held her laugh in as she felt him stir.

"Wha-"

"Good morning Mr. Barnes." she breathed into his ear.

Bucky flailed in surprise, throwing himself out of bed and onto the floor. Felicia raised an eyebrow as she looked down at him before smirking.

"Looks like it's gonna be a *very* good morning."

Bucky's face lit up as he yanked the blanket over his exposed morning wood.

"Don't be shy now, lover. You sure weren't last night when you bent me over this bed and-"

"I get it!" Bucky exclaimed, keeping the blanket around his as he stood, only to realize it left Felicia completely exposed, not that she looked at all like she minded.

"I...I didn't....*hurt* you....did I?"

"Oh baby, I've had sex with Spider-Man. You wouldn't *believe* the things we've done. It'll take a lot more than a little rough sex to hurt me." she winked.

Bucky stared at her, unsure what to say and slightly distracted by the sun bouncing off her pale, naked skin.

"Don't worry though, I'd got plenty of time to teach you all the ways of getting close to."

"You *want* to be hurt?"

"Pain comes in various forms." she grinned. "The pain I'm talking about is the best kind."

Bucky swallowed hard as the blonde stood, wrapping one arm around his neck and running her other hand down to stroke his ridged shaft.

"Now, how about you get this back in bed and let me show you another good time."

~~~~~

May smiled as a plate of pancakes were placed down before her. She poured syrup and began cutting as someone sat down across from her.

"Enjoying breakfast out?" Matt asked.

"The kids are all busy. Figured I'd treat myself."

Matt raised an eyebrow, but didn't question further.

"So, you turned him loose last night?"

"Yeah, he'll be fine. At least, it'll be a long while before he'll do something *that* stupid again."

May chuckled, taking a bite of food.

"Not many people he would have done that for, you know."

"And unless it's you or Felicia, he better not do it again." Matt grumbled.

"Good luck Mr. Murdock." May smiled softly. "You know, you're the closest thing Peter's had to a father figure since Ben and don't think I don't know how you feel about him."

"Yes. He's a thorn in my side."

“Sure he is. A lovable but sometimes incredibly dumb one.” May chuckled.

“I’ve accepted he’s my kid. Just don’t make it a point of confirming it with him.”

“It’s cute that you pretend he doesn’t already know.”

Matt didn’t reply, picking up an extra fork and stealing some of May’s pancakes.

“You’re lucky I love you.” May said, narrowing her eyes.

“I don’t generally tolerate food stealing when it’s mine.”

“I have court in about an hour. I need the energy.”

“You *need* to get to work.” May said pointedly.

“I work best under pressure. Besides, I have somewhat of an advantage.” Matt smirked.

“Get out of here and let me enjoy my free time and meal.”

“Enjoy the rest of your day, May.”

“Good luck in court, Matty.” May smiled.

~~~~~

Tony sighed as he brushed away the screens displaying Spider-Man’s movements since Norman.

He knew Peter had been down for the first week after, but he had been surprised by the amount of sightings of Daredevil and Spider-Man together since he returned to the suit.

A suit he had, once again, made himself.

He had left the Iron Spider suit behind when he left.

While Tony had expected it, he had wished Peter would have kept it in case of an emergency. It had helped find him in all the chaos.

Still, couldn’t force any of his tech on Peter, he knew it wouldn’t go well.

“Hey, Tony.” Harley smiled as he entered the lab.

“Hey kid.” Tony smiled, turning to him. “Ready to upgrade your suit? That last mission showed some flaws.”

“Yeah, and I have a few ideas of my own.”

Smiling, Tony stood up and made his way over to the table where Harley was laying out sketches.

He and Peter were so alike, yet so different. He knew he had messed up when it came to Peter and all he could do now was make sure he didn’t repeat the same mistakes with Harley.

~~~~~

Peter smiled as he stepped back inside May’s house. He had left Wade at the apartment, wanting to have time to talk to May alone.

He had always known a time would come when he would leave his childhood home, but he also

He had always known a time would come when he would leave his childhood home, but he also had always brushed the thoughts aside to avoid the anxiety it brought.

It had been just him and May for a long time. Yes, Harry, MJ and Felicia had all been blessings, but he and May were at the start. The heart of the found family that had gathered around them.

Now he would be leaving the other half.

His smile slipped.

"May?" he asked, looking around.

It was obvious she wasn't home.

"I guess she worked a morning shift." Peter mumbled, heading up the steps and into his room.

He had pulled out two duffle bags before it finally registered that his bed was empty and he hadn't seen Felicia.

"Looking for someone?"

Peter jumped, spinning around to see Felicia smirking from where she was propped up against the door frame.....wearing nothing but a silk robe, tied closed below her breasts.

"You did it."

"I did." Felicia replied victoriously. "And I must say, once I teach him a few more tips and tricks, he might just dethrone you on the sex scale, Parker."

"Not my coveted spot!" Peter gasped.

"The same. Not that it much matters. I'm sure you're not lacking on that end of things." she said, throwing herself on the bed, the shoulder of her robe slipping down and partially exposing herself.

"Should you be flaunting your assets to me so easily now? Where is Barnes?"

"First of all, you've seen more of my assets in various degrees and positions than anyone. It's hardly news worthy to be naked in your room at this point. As for the location of my super soldier, he's giving us some time and recovering from his sampling of what's to come. Gotta ease him into the full Felicia Experience." Felicia gave a sharp grin.

"Risky move to jump to that so soon."

"You made it out ok when you first tried." She winked.

"But I know where it goes from there. May had a fit when she came back from her conference. It took almost a week to get the webs cleaned up and get a new bed since we broke my old one! Not to mention the loss of clothing and bedding from....well, I lost a lot of shit. And that wasn't even the full show!"

"I hear you're making bed breaking a habit."

"Don't you dare try to dodge the subject. Are you sure Bucky is even alive?"

"Of course he's alive. He's a big, strong man. He can handle little ole me."

"*No one* can just *handle* 'little ole' you." Peter sighed, falling onto the bed next to her.

Felicia giggled as she looked at him.

"So, I take it everything is ok now?" she asked softly.

"Sure seems like it." Peter snorted with a smile.

"Here to talk to May about moving out?"

"Of course you knew." Peter rolled his eyes.

Felicia shrugged with a smirk.

"Does May know?"

Felicia scoffed. "Of course she knows. It was just the question of when..."

Peter didn't miss the way her voice trailed off, the uncertainty of if Wade would come back hadn't just been on his mind.

"I'm glad you and Bucky are gonna stay here." he smiled, lacing their hands.

"Who said I'm staying?"

"Please. You practically live here already, and now that you and Bucky are sharing sheets—"

"How do you know this isn't just a fling?" Felicia asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Because there's no way you'd put this kind of effort into a fling."

"You know, if it wasn't for the fact I *know* you're an idiot, I'd think you were pretty clever right now."

Peter smiled, looking up at the ceiling.

"I can't believe I'm moving in with Wade."

"It's about time. My hard work has finally paid off for the ultimate ending. Oh! How did you like my little gift?" Felicia asked, throwing a mischievous smirk at him.

"Wade certainly enjoyed it." Peter snorted.

He could feel Felicia's heavy gaze as she studied his face.

"Oh, I see." she grinned sharply. "Those silky lace panties felt good on that sensitive skin, huh?"

Peter felt his face heat up as he avoided looking at her.

"Well, you're in luck my kinky little spider!" she cheerfully bounced off the bed. "I bought you more!"

"What!" Peter shouted, shooting up with wide eyes.

"I've been with you enough to know how you operate. I knew those panties would suit you, so I made sure to pick up extra! Just didn't want to send them all at once."

Peter watched, slack jawed as she skipped out the room and returned a few minutes later with a sleek black box.

"There's ten other pairs in here. Try one on for me!"

"Are you crazy?"

"I'd try them on for you." she pouted.

"Because you'd want me to compliment you on how great your ass looks."

"And now I want to return the favor!" she clapped. "Now strip for me and show me how good they look on you!"

"Fine." Peter sighed, standing up. "But just one pair!"

"Let me shut the door. The only ass Barnes is seeing in this house is mine."

The blush he had felt fading returned full force as he realized the door had still been open.

"There. Now entice me."

Peter rolled his eyes, dropping his pants and boxers.

"Oooooh!" Felicia purred. "Theres a sight I haven't seen in a while."

"You've seen it enough." Peter huffed, slipping on a pair of red and blue panties.

"Nice color choice. I-holy shit! Peter! I knew that ass was thick but damn!"

Felicia rushed over, spinning his to put his backside on display to her.

"If I had know this was how you'd look, I'd have put you in these long ago. I need to calm down. We're taken people now."

Peter shifted as Felicia fanned herself.

"Th-there. You've seen. I'm gonna change now."

Before he could grab his boxers, Felicia snatched them up.

"No way. You're wearing those the rest of the day."

"What!"

"I'm gonna text Wade that you have a surprise for him when you get back. It'll keep him in suspense all day. He'll lose it when you drop those pants."

Felicia grinned, smacking his ass.

"Now, put your pants on. May will be here and second."

Peter sighed as he heard May's car pull up, right on time to prove Felicia right.

"Tick Tock, Spider. Put on the pants."

"This is going to be so awkward."

"It's not like she's gonna check your underwear." Felicia scoffed, rolling her eyes.

Grumbling, Peter pulled on his pants and followed her out the room.

“Peter!” May smiled before her look shifted to a knowing smirk.

“How was your night?”

Apparently preserving his dignity wasn’t an option today.

“It was good....”

“Good. I was afraid you were going to be living here forever. Wade sure took his time.”

Peter watched in awed silence as May bustled about the kitchen putting away the few groceries she had brought in.

“Where is he by the way? He defiles you and doesn’t have the decency to face me?”

“May!” Peter blanched.

“I know you’re not about to act like I don’t know what you get up to Peter. I’ve dealt with you and Felicia.”

Peter buried his face in his hands, embarrassment flooding him.

“Yeah, Petey. Where is the defiler?”

“Shut up.” Peter grumbled as Felicia cackled.

“I told him to give me time to talk to May. I didn’t realize I was the only one who didn’t know what was going on.”

“You’re a sweet boy, Peter.” May smiled, patting his cheek. “But also oblivious.”

“How was I supposed to know he was going to ask me to move in. How was I supposed to figure that out?”

“You’re right. Maybe it’s just women’s intuition.” Felicia shrugged.

“I refuse to believe anyone other than you two would have known this. I bet Bucky wouldn’t have caught it.”

“Caught what?”

The three turned as the disheveled man walked into the kitchen. Felicia threw him a predatory wink, causing a light blush to dust his cheeks.

Peter snorted before responding.

“Wade wants me to move in with him. They claim they knew it was going to happen.”

“Felicia did. He showed her the apartment.”

Everyone stood in silence before Peter wheeled on the unfazed woman.

“You cheated! Women’s intuition my ass!”

May and Felicia burst into laughter as Bucky just shrugged, moving to the coffee pot to put some

on.

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It didn't take long to find out he was the last to know of Wade's living arrangement plans.

Traitors.

All of them.

Still, it made the move much easier knowing he didn't have to deal with all the teasing while he told everyone.

Matt, of course, had had the least to say. Preferring to know as little as possible.

The adjustment hadn't been as hard as he thought. He talked and saw May regularly.

Felicia kept him up to date on the going ons at the house, and her relationship with Bucky.

Those bits of information always seemed to mysteriously make their way back to Steve who took great pride in asking the former soldier questions he already knew the answers to.

New family pictures adorned the walls of the Parker home.

Pictures of Peter, Wade, Felicia and Bucky together.

"Shots of the children" as May liked to refer to them, despite the fact Bucky was technically older than all of them.

Pictures of all of them, including Matt and Steve, we're also there.

A favorite of Bucky's was a picture of him, Peter and Steve. The self appointed brothers.

~~~~~

Outside of his family, things on Spider-Man's side we're going great.

He had teamed up a few times with the Avengers, but always left before questions could be asked by any media.

His relationships with members of the team varied. Most of them treated him friendly but casually, while a few were more talkative.

The one everyone took note of though, was always when Iron Man and Spider-Man were near each other.

No one knew what their exchanges consisted of, but Spider-Man never got more involved with the team, nor did Tony ever make a move to get any closer to Peter.

It appeared a truce had been reached, and while it was obvious Tony wanted more, the respect of Peter's feelings had clearly taken hold.

~~~~~

Things were finally going good for Peter Parker, especially things between him and Wade.

Well, they would be if he didn't keep finding his boxers being replaced with various different

forms of panties and his pants crumpled on the closet floor while to short plaid skirts and other risqué costumes hung in their place.

Professor Wilson had a thing for school girl Peter, even more so when said school girl was naughty.

He also wasn't adverse to being cared for by sexy nurse Parker either.

Peter had thought his time with Felicia had uncovered all his hidden kinks, but he had apparently been hiding a few more.

~~~~~

Harry and MJ's wedding had gone off without a hitch.

The two were obviously happy and made sure everyone knew it.

Oscorp was flourishing under Harry's leadership and Peter loves everything about his job and the people he worked with.

For the first time in a long while, Peter felt content and truly happy.

And he had every intention of keeping that feeling.

#### Chapter End Notes

Wow...what a ride.

I appreciate you all stick with me through this, what was only supposed for be 16 chapters, story.

While this main storyline has finished, I do plan to revisit Tony and Peter in a one shot. I know there are some mixed feelings about how things have "ended" between the two and I'd like to go a little further.

Also, if you have any pov requests from any of the other characters, let me know in a comment. May will be the next one.

Thank you all so much for the love and support you've given this story!

It's bittersweet to see it end.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!